

Current Literature



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A Review of the World

PLAYING with fire" is the phrase in which President Roosevelt is said to have characterized the attitude of San Francisco towards the Japanese. The press of the country has been doing something of the same sort. Especially in the despatches sent out day after day from Washington, peaceable citizens have found themselves confronted at their breakfast tables with the specter of a war which no one seems to want, but which many see approaching as Mark Twain sees monarchy approaching—by force of circumstance. "More than nine-tenths of the war talk and the stories of warlike preparations on both sides is anonymous," observes the Minneapolis *Tribune*. "What is the origin of it? Who is pulling wires in the dark to put two friendly countries by the ears?" It intimates that the desire of "the steel trust crowd" and the shipbuilders for large military and naval appropriations may be responsible, but this is evidently a mere guess. Some of the Japanese, it is said, attribute the bellicose talk to the war correspondents who were turned down so hard by the Japanese military authorities in the late war, and who are now alleged to be seeking revenge. This also is a guess and seems like a pretty poor one. In still other quarters the origin of the scare is said to lie in what President Roosevelt has said to the California congressmen; but his language is not quoted and the reports of what he said vary. Only one bit of direct information has come to light as a basis for the scare, and that is the assertion of Congressman Hobson, of Merrimac fame, that he had seen with his own eyes an ultimatum from the Japanese ambassador at Washington to the effect that the United States must place those Japanese children back in the San Francisco schools or "suffer the consequences." This is denied in Washington, tho not as explicitly

as might be, and the general opinion is that Hobson's zeal for a very big navy has caused him to "see red" without adequate reason. England, he insists, wants Japan to fight the United States in order to check our industrial progress, and Japan will pick a quarrel if she can before the Panama Canal is completed.

THE controversy over the Japanese school-children has progressed in the last few weeks far toward an amicable settlement. Various conferences have been held with the President by Mayor Schmitz and his board of education, who went to Washington for that purpose, and an agreement was reached subject to the assent of Congress, of Japan, and of the people of San Francisco. Congress has already assented to its part of the agreement that was reached. By it the younger Japanese children who speak English will be readmitted to the public schools. In return for this the immigration law has been amended so that Japanese coolies can be barred from our shores at the discretion of the President. A plan for this purpose was evolved by the President, Secretary Root and Senator Lodge that will enable Japan to "save her face." Japan does not now grant passports in any considerable number to her laboring classes for emigration to the United States. Such emigration is, in fact, discouraged. But passports are granted to Hawaii and to the Panama Canal zone and the Philippines. Once in any of these places, there is now no law to keep the Japanese coolies out of the United States. The plan gives to the President power to keep them out of this country unless their passports are to the United States direct. Then Japan, by refusing passports to this country, herself bars the way of her coolies, saves her face and maintains friendly relations with this honorable nation and its hon-



HAS HAD EMINENCE THRUST UPON HIM

The test case taken to the courts by the Japanese to prove their rights, under treaty, to send their children to the public schools of San Francisco, is made up over the exclusion of this little Jap, Keikichi Aoki.

orable President. The Butte *Inter-Mountain* derives a lesson from the war scare:

"It has been a useful lesson, this tempest in the Japanese teapot. Perhaps the Pacific Coast will be fortified now. Perhaps, in place of the vacillation of the past nine years, vigorous politics in the Philippines and Hawaii will be initiated. It is well enough to speak lightly of the result of a war in the Pacific; every American believes in the martial supremacy of this nation;

but who would relish an opening year of humiliation? David bumped Goliath; Japan might bump America if we should be caught unprepared."

AS FOR San Francisco, this war-talk has aroused very little interest and no excitement out there, strange as it may seem. That, at least, is the statement of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and it is confirmed by the special correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, William Inglis. The vital question out there is not the war with Japan, but the war with the grafters. "In the present furious state of the public mind in California," writes Mr. Inglis, "such a minor question as whether or not there may be war with Japan is here thrown aside as a mere academic problem." Not so the question of Japanese exclusion. That arouses intensity of feeling, not only in San Francisco, but throughout California. The correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* asserts that since the President issued his message on the subject the women have started an anti-Japanese crusade, and fifteen hundred Japanese house servants have been discharged. "Every woman who is healthy and able," so runs the women's war cry, "shall do her own work unless she can get a white girl to serve her family." Dennis Kearney, the sand lot agitator, has lifted up his voice in lurid warnings of the woe that will come unless Japanese immigration be at once stopped. The convictions of the California people are put in moderate but forcible language by the San Francisco *Bulletin*:

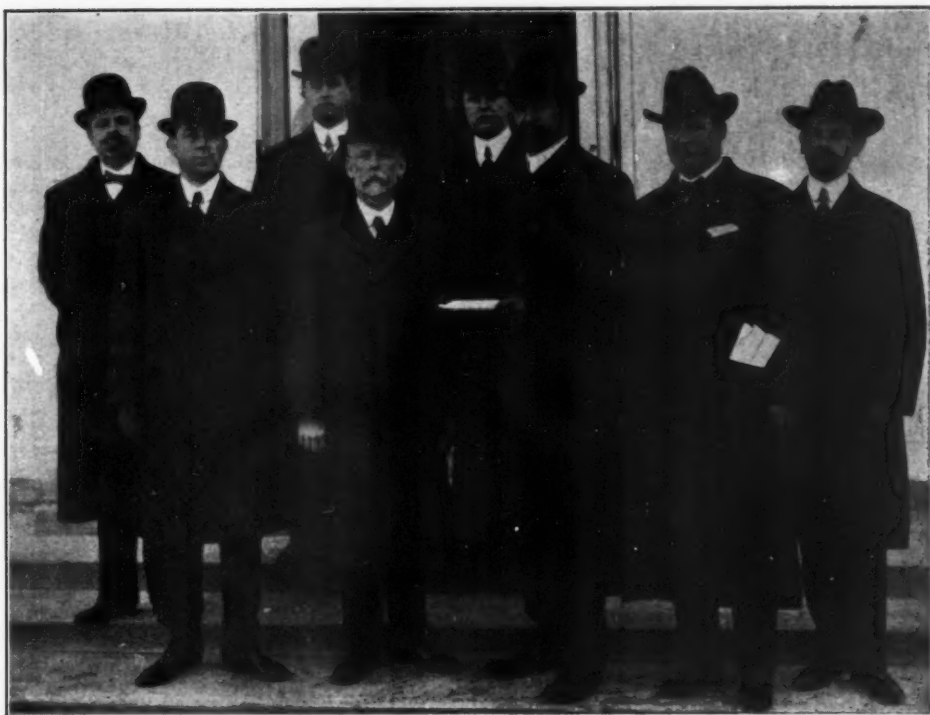
"We have learned a lesson from the experience of the Southern states. Their race problem is an ancient inheritance; a condition with which they must struggle. What amount of foreign commerce would the South not gladly sacrifice if by the sacrifice the blacks would be persuaded of their own free will to migrate to Africa or some other congenial clime? Our race problem is still in the future. We can prevent it from developing further if we act firmly and sanely now and put aside the counsels of doctrinaires and academicians.

"Californians do not hate the Japanese any more than the Southern whites hate the negroes. We respect and admire the Japanese for their



WILL THERE BE A WAR WITH JAPAN?—AN INTERVIEW WITH THE NATIONS.

—Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.



THE MEN WHO EXCLUDED THE JAPANESE CHILDREN

Mayor Schmitz (third from the right), with his assistant city attorney and members of the San Francisco Board of Education, made the trip to Washington to consult with President Roosevelt about the Japanese school children, and after many interviews reached an agreement that it is hoped will suit all parties. By it the Japanese children (not the young men) who speak English will be readmitted to the public schools and Japanese coolie labor will be practically excluded from our shores.

valor, their intelligence, their enterprise and their success in the world. But we see clearly that the copious immigration of Japanese coolie labor to the United States will in a short while cause very grave industrial evils, will tend to degrade white workingmen to the coolie plane of living, on which alone they can compete with the Japanese, and, in the long run, because of the reasonable or unreasonable refusal of the white and yellow races to intermarry, will breed a race problem of infinite difficulty.

"Excluding Japanese coolies is no more an insult to the Japanese nation than excluding Japanese goods. . . . There is no desire in California to insult or humiliate Japan. All we want is exclusion, and whether we get it from Washington or Tokyo, from Congress or the Mikado, by statute or by treaty, does not matter so long as we really get it."

ALWAYS a sprightly and a gay and very often a good-natured prime minister, the Marquis Saionji, in the notable address which he delivered to the Japanese diet recently, assumed a virtuous severity of expression when he pronounced the name of California. Every seat in the semi-circular

tiers into which the deputies are packed like an audience at a play was occupied long before the Marquis put in an appearance. Emperor Mutsuhito himself did not face a greater throng when, a month before, he read his speech from the throne to a legislature which deemed him still divine, tho his Majesty was in the ungodlike dilemma of needing money and had come to say so. The subject of the Prime Minister was peace. Having depicted Theodore Roosevelt in a light scarcely less fascinating and lambent than that of the moon, Marquis Saionji referred to the treaty rights of his country in the United States, to the interests of justice and humanity, and to the necessity of increasing the military and naval forces of the empire until they are adequate to vindicate the national honor and dignity. Peace, affirmed the Marquis, presupposed the efficiency of the army and navy. The safety of Japan depended upon the execution of the plans of the Minister of War and the Minister of Marine. The strength of the

Courtesy of *The Independent*

EXCLUDED

Here are some of the Japanese children who are not admitted to the public schools of San Francisco, except the one Oriental school, and who are now in attendance at a private school. The picture (which includes also a number of teachers) was made by Mr. K. K. Kawakami, whose investigation leads him to believe that a little tact on the part of the school authorities, when the children were sent home, would have saved the whole situation.

Japanese army is to be increased by fifty per cent. Moreover, three special forces must be organized at once—namely, heavy field artillery, quick-firing field artillery and cavalry horsed with the best cattle. The navy is to grow at an even more rapid rate. By the time the Marquis resumed his seat every deputy in the chamber was convinced that the

government contemplated a Japanese efficiency of preparation for peace.

JAPAN not long since completed the largest battleship in the world, a fact overlooked in this country by many who have read all about the huge British *Dreadnought*. But the *Satsuma* exceeds the *Dreadnought* in displacement, in speed and, it is said, in armament. The *Satsuma* was built with Japanese labor alone, except that some of her plates were rolled in the United States. Yokosuka, where the *Satsuma* was launched, is said to be the best equipped plant in the world to-day for the construction of warships. Two big battleships recently completed for the Japanese navy in England went into commission last month. Simultaneously came the announcement that two ships of more than the colossal size of the *Satsuma*, with the same tremendous broadside fire of twelve-inch guns, are approaching completion. Their construction was not supposed to be so far advanced. Sir William H. White, one of the highest living authorities on naval construction, professes surprise at the speed with which Japan is putting one great battleship after another into blue water. The financial strain must be severe, but the estimates laid before the diet



WHAT SAN FRANCISCO OBJECTS TO
—T. S. Sullivant in *N. Y. American*.

last month point to a state of unexampled national prosperity. Profits accruing from the nationalization of the railroads will, it seems, be devoted to naval development. But the Prime Minister wished it distinctly understood that Japan's expenditure upon her armaments is not made with any one power in view. "It is intended," said the Marquis, "solely to preserve peace." President Roosevelt, as the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung* rather dryly observes, has faith in the Japanese mode of attaining peace. He has written a letter to the chairman of the naval committee of the Senate advocating the construction of battleships of 20,000 tons displacement each, with liberal complements of twelve-inch guns.

A JAPANESE squadron was to have visited the port of San Francisco this month. The Marquis Saionji had allowed a quarter of a million dollars for the expenses of this cruise. Vice-Admiral Kataoka, famous as an entertainer, was to take a battleship and two cruisers right into the great American harbor of the Pacific and proceed to the conciliation of the natives. The federal officials in San Francisco had been instructed from Washington to extend every courtesy to the officers and men of the squadron. Suddenly the affair was called off. Sensational dailies abroad scented a local trade union conspiracy to provoke some unpleasant incident while the ships were in port. Tokyo was compelled to deny officially that it had any idea of this kind. Now it is intimated that the Japanese squadron may arrive after all, not this month perhaps, but probably in April or May. Racial hatred has attained such virulence, according to the *London Standard*, that the cautious Tokyo government must yet decide that this cruise of conciliation would be hazardous. What if there were another Maine incident? There is scarcely a newspaper in Europe which does not reflect, in some such form as this, the prevalent view that the relations between Japan and the United States, altho not in the least strained diplomatically, are approaching a crisis that will intensify ere it assuages. San Francisco has become, for the time being, the most important factor in world-politics. The local officials of San Francisco, from the Mayor to the members of the Board of Education, have sprung into international prominence.

FOR a sink of sensual defilement grosser in corruption than San Francisco, as certain dailies abroad reflect conditions in that



"THE WORST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES"

That is the way Frederick Palmer, *Collier's* correspondent, characterizes Abe Ruef, of San Francisco. His unenviable reputation as a political boss, grafter, and attorney for resorts of vice has lately become international. French and British papers speaking of it with amazement. He (as well as Mayor Schmitz) is under indictment. Young Rudolph Spreckels has guaranteed a fund of \$100,000 to put him behind the bars.

metropolis, Dante might explore the darkest circle of his own hell to no purpose. "Things



THE YELLOW PERIL

Japanese scholars at the head of their class.
—Macaulay in *N. Y. World*.



UNCLE SAM AND THE LITTLE JAP

UNCLE SAM: "If you will persist in coming to school here, I'll end by giving you a lesson."

—Pasquino (Turin).

are done here," observes the British daily of the birthplace of "Abe" Ruef, "that would cause horror in the Eastern states or in Europe." Ruef himself, transformed, for the nonce, into a Californian Nero, is described as a man of forty who looks fifty, "the most cunning and unscrupulous boss the United States has so far produced," a little slender mortal who goes about in old clothes and has held Mayor Schmitz in a vise-like grip politically. The men now serving as minor officials under the present municipal government of San Francisco are held up as a disgrace to the city. "The majority of them can not speak a sentence in correct English, and some of them can hardly read or write. Barroom politicians, roughs, ward-healers, bullies, they form the most extraordinary assortment of officials ever seen in a great city." Ruef has dominated them all. Since the fire consequent

upon the earthquake, we are further assured, unblushing and systematized plunder has displayed the pride of public spirit. Gambling resorts make no pretense of concealment. Street railways strung trolley wires where they pleased, because they had paid \$750,000 to Ruef and his tools, the men who are loudest in demanding that the Japanese be excluded from the United States.

THE tall, handsome, genial man who crossed the country last month to discuss with President Roosevelt the segregation of Japanese with Chinese and Koreans, enjoys at this moment a European renown not less sinister than that of Mr. Abraham Ruef. Eugene E. Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, is admitted in European dailies to be glib of speech and pleasing in address. When he visited England last October he was quoted in the London newspapers as a high authority on the crisis. Since his indictment on charges of extortion from San Francisco restaurant proprietors, his international importance has accentuated itself. "He is about the same age as Ruef," remarks an unfriendly London biographer, "and is a native of San Francisco, the son of a German father and an Irish mother." Schmitz's maiden performance as mayor was the composition of a letter beginning "My dear Ruef," and stating that throughout his term of office the dear Ruef's advice and judgment would be the inspiration of the municipal administration. The consequences were encouraging to local pickpockets and confidence men. "They were protected so thoroly



THE BOGEY-MAN OF THE WORLD

The nations in chorus: I wonder if he is looking at me!

—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

that they were regularly organized." There were squads of these operators, each officered by an expert, who conducted them to their respective spheres of interest. The necessary cash and the benevolent neutrality of the policeman on the beat never failed. Royalties of a princely magnitude were collected by the agents of Mr. Abraham Ruef. "One man who ran a small 'game' at the back of his cigar shop paid a hundred dollars a week." Stories of this kind have been circulated in Europe until the name San Francisco is becoming inseparable abroad from an abominable odor of moral putrefaction.

PEOPLE in San Francisco, according to the London *Times*, have been incited to frenzy against the Japanese through an agitation that is "causeless, artificial and wicked;" but other British dailies do not take such a view of the matter. Competent authorities on such a theme as the Japanese native character side with Mayor Schmitz on the issue of ethics, the moral point. The Japanese in San Francisco belong, as a rule, to that proletarian class now swarming over Korea and pressing into Manchuria. They are petty traders and peddlers from instinct, lenders of small sums after the usurious fashion of the Greek pettifoggers who bled the fellaheen of Egypt until Lord Cromer drove them out of the land. The Japanese Prime Minister has himself striven to prevent the influx into Korea and Manchuria of multitudes of his countrymen of the undesirable kind now streaming into Hawaii, and of which an advance guard has reached San Francisco. Stockily framed, heavily built, square shouldered, the emigrant Japanese, affirms Mr. F. A. McKenzie, who knows him well, is of the lowest grade, morally and physically. Hordes of disorderly Japanese, destitute of civilized instincts, beat men, assault women, rob and murder all over Korea. Their brethren are piling into California on every available steamer. "It was the freedom they had to assault the Koreans," writes Mr. McKenzie in the London *Mail*, "that led the Japanese to think they had an equal right to ill-use the white people." Outrages on American missionary women in Korea, invasions of Roman Catholic religious institutions by crowds of roughs, the subjection of native ladies to the last foul affront that can be heaped upon their sex have been the accompaniments of Tokyo's supremacy in this unhappy country. The incidents are characteristic, not exceptional. The perpetrators of these crimes are in their native land on a social



THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

From telegraphic description, as seen by the war correspondent at the front.


—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

level with the Japanese proletariat of California.

JAPANESE who emigrate are said by those who know them to be more ambitious of success as traders or officials than of anything else. The men will, indeed, turn their hands to anything for a time—bricklaying, fruit-picking, menial service—but they invariably set up shop in the end. The tales told of the cruelty of the Japanese in Manchuria and in Korea would be incredible were they not so well authenticated. "The courtesy and breeding of the better classes in Japan veil and lessen racial antipathy. There are few Europeans knowing the truth but can relate stories of bullying, of ill-treatment and of petty tyranny from the emigrant Japanese. The stories I have heard and have verified of white men and women assaulted and abused have more than once made my blood boil." Thus Mr. McKenzie. His reports do not vary in essentials from the accounts of correspondents on the staff of the Paris *Temps*. The demand of the Tokyo government for "fair" treatment of the Japanese in California is said by the Paris *Journal des Débats* to reflect humorously upon the educational discrimination practiced in Korea. The Marquis Saionji, while insisting that Japanese proletarians sit side by side with American girls in San Francisco's public schools, will not educate Japanese and Koreans side by side in either Tokyo

or Seoul because the Koreans are an inferior race. Nor does the Marquis reveal in Korea any such scrupulous regard for treaty obligations as he is at present demanding in California. That, at any rate, is the view of the French daily, which supplies details concerning the refusal of Japanese magistrates to grant redress to Koreans when appeal is made to treaty stipulations. Nothing is easier for those who maintain that the influx of the Japanese into San Francisco is a moral menace than to give chapter and verse. The only difficulty, according to the *Paris Figaro*, is to conceive of any form of pollution capable of befouling the moral atmosphere of San Francisco with a grosser filth than its natives themselves supply.

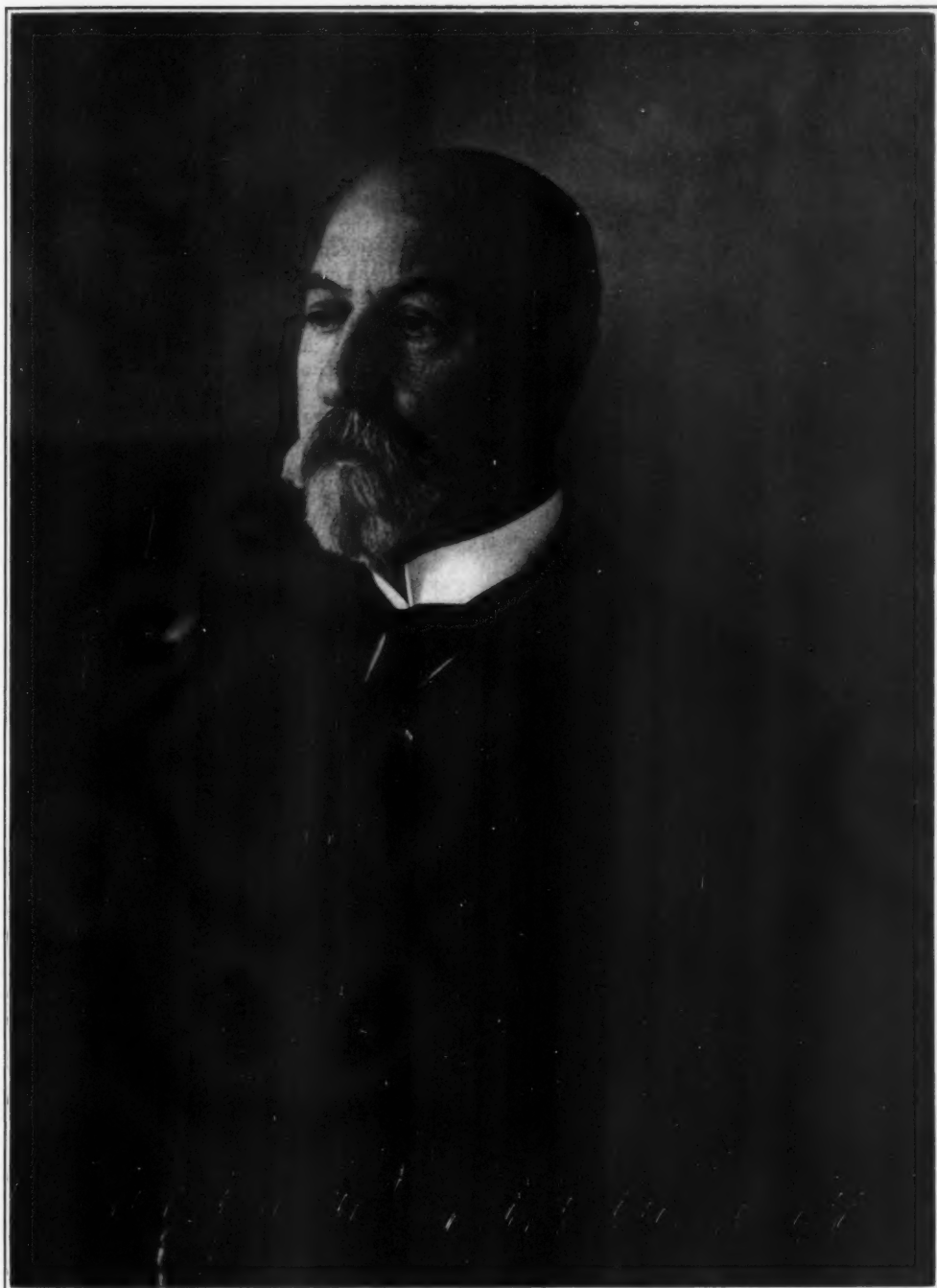
AMERICANS in the eastern states are thought in Europe to be still influenced by impressions of the Japanese character derived from the progress of the late war in the Far East. It has still to be realized here that the army of Japan is composed of men belonging to the class known in England as "upper middle." No man of the class to be met with in the Japanese neighborhoods of San Francisco would be admitted to the ranks of the army of his own country. "The relative social grade of the Japanese soldier," says Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, one of the best informed of living authorities on Korea, in his new work, "The Passing of Korea," "is much higher than in any other country." Mr. Hulbert confirms all that is said by other observers concerning the moral character of the Japanese masses. The instances of cruelty given in his book are as shocking as any recorded by London or Paris dailies. No appeal to the Tokyo authorities is seriously considered by a ministry which, according to the Washington correspondent of the *London Post*, is not at all disinclined to have a substantial grievance against the United States. Those Berlin dailies which do not take the Marquis Saionji's San Francisco school complications very seriously have begun to hint that Japan, feeling that she has caught the United States unprepared in the Pacific, is preparing a great national humiliation for the American people.


 OW that both the Jamaica earthquakes—the one caused by the trembling crust of the earth, the other by the efforts of Governor Swettenham to be "jocular"—have passed into

history, both the humorous and the serious side of the event come out in clear perspective. So far as Sir Alexander himself is concerned, the appeal he makes to the American sense of humor is irresistible, especially since the explanation that his famous letter was meant to be "jocular" in part. What the result might be if the Governor ever took it into his head to write a letter wholly jocular one can hardly imagine. Mr. Dooley gives us one of his best productions on the incident, and sketches the career of the Governor during the forty years of his official service. "Iverywhere he went," says Mr. Dooley, "he made friends where he had been before." One newspaper paragrapher, commenting on the remark that Sir Alexander's ears must be burning, observed that that cannot be so, for a conflagration of that size would reveal itself in a glow all along the Southern sky-line! Still another scribe, recalling the fact that it was an Englishman who said that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman, remarked that this process might well be necessary for a man of any nationality if the joke were a British joke. The same journal—the *Baltimore Sun*—observes that there is in all of us some latent force that is brought out only under the stress of a great shock. An earthquake shock was necessary to bring out the jocular propensities of Sir Alexander:

"Perhaps in the early days of the world there was a Swettenham who had the tiny germ of a joke imbedded in his subconsciousness. For innumerable generations this germ had been transmitted from Swettenham to Swettenham. The germ may have had its origin at the time when the earth had not cooled off, and may have been introduced into the Swettenham brain by some seismic convulsion. From that period of remote antiquity until a few days ago no Swettenham had been in the region of earthquakes, and the germ had had no opportunity to respond to the seismic call. But at last the man with the dormant joke-germ and the earthquake met, the joke emerged and Sir Alexander Swettenham stood revealed to the world as the one person who could jest in the face of earth upheavals, conflagrations and sudden death."

SO FAR as the relations of the two governments are concerned, the incident was stripped of its importance almost as soon as it became known. Secretary Haldane, the British secretary of war, immediately cabled to our secretary of state to express the gratitude of Great Britain for the assistance Swettenham had spurned. President Roosevelt at once announced that the incident would be regarded by us as closed. And then, after much prying, the British government succeeded in



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HE CARED MORE FOR HUMANITY THAN FOR RED TAPE

Rear Admiral Davis, whose haste to relieve suffering at Kingston gave the Governor an epistolary fit, is an officer who has been received with deference at many of the European Courts. All that he did at Kingston has been approved by President Roosevelt and defended by the Professor of International Law at Cambridge University, England.



SHE IS PROBABLY USED TO EARTHQUAKES

She has been married two years to Sir Alexander Swettenham, and her fortitude and gracious way of rendering assistance to the needy won general praise.

eliciting from Sir Alexander his belated apology to Rear Admiral Davis and his retraction of the offensive letter. At no time, therefore, has the incident assumed a serious aspect so far as the relations of the two governments are concerned. But so far as the relations of the two peoples are concerned, it has a more serious side. Cordial relations between the British and the Americans are regarded by many as the most important of the forces that shall determine future international relations

throughout the world. The courtship of the United States by John Bull during the last five or ten years has been so marked and open as to excite rage in Europe, a coy and gentle derision here, and impatient jealousy in Canada. The selection of one of Great Britain's foremost statesmen for ambassador to this country is generally accepted as a further proof of the importance attached to a good feeling between the two countries. Now comes the Swettenham incident, and on top of that the report of the American refugees from Kingston of brutal treatment by Sir Alfred Jones and his party, and on top of that the reports from Great Britain to American papers of the slurring comments made in English clubs and social gatherings upon the part played by the American admiral.

AMITY and good-will do not seem to have been advanced by our efforts to play the part of the Good Samaritan in Kingston. Here is an extract from a letter sent to the *New York Times* by its London correspondent:

"If Americans think Great Britain and the United States have been drawn closer together because of the visit of Admiral Davis to Kingston they are greatly mistaken. There is a good deal more anti-Americanism in Great Britain today than there was before the earthquake. From the lips and pens of British men and women of intelligence and refinement have come expressions relating to the Kingston incident that have caused some of us to hark back to that remark of Bishop Potter that there was a lot of gush in British protestations of friendship for America. If it is desirable to have good feeling between the British and American peoples, it is devoutly to be wished that America, on all future occasions when Britishers shall be in trouble, may leave them alone and let them wiggle out as best they may."

The Philadelphia *North American* derides

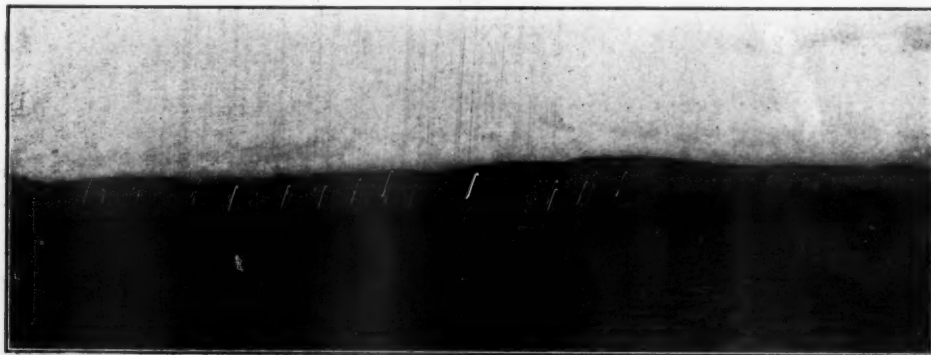


Photo by Brown Bros.

THE LAND SUBSIDED

Photograph of Port Royal after the earthquake, showing palm trees (at the point) now partly submerged.

the idea that any tension can be produced between the two nations by this incident, but it proceeds at length to observe that Swettenham is a type of Englishman perfectly and painfully familiar to Americans,—the type of those “who hate everything that is not English, and who reserve their bitterest animosity for Americans. It says further:

“Americans have not forgotten, even if long ago they have forgiven, the various methods in which these feelings were venomously expressed. We may recall how Mrs. Trollope, and many other British literary tramps came over here, looked at us for a while and returned to scoff at and fib about us. Men are living who remember how Dickens, as perfect a specimen of the British cad as ever lived, accepted our profuse and kindly hospitality and then filled volumes with scurrility in pretending to tell about us.

“Swettenham represents the class that was responsible for these things. The old envy and jealousy and hatred rankle in his British soul. He is ‘down on’ Americans in a broad general way, because they are foreigners; he sickens at the thought that they are going to dig the Panama Canal; he boiled over when Admiral Davis tried to give American food and American medicine and American good treatment to Jamaican subjects of King Edward who were hungry and sick and suffering. The type is constant. Swettenhams will exist and hold place and be perfectly absurd and singularly unpleasant so long as the British islands are inhabited.”

“THE fact is,” says the *New York Evening Journal*, “that England doesn’t like America very much, and it is also true, which we should also remember, that America doesn’t like England very much.” The *New York Sun* thinks that the situation was saved by Governor Swettenham’s epistolary ambition. It says:

“If Governor Swettenham’s dismissal of the visiting Yankees had been unattended by the in-



THE GOVERNOR WHO DISSEMBLES HIS LOVE

Sir Alexander Swettenham is a Cambridge graduate and has written a book of merit on the Malay archipelago. The hardest thing he ever did, it is safe to say, was to write his apology to Admiral Davis for his “partly jocular” letter to the latter.

comparable portrait and self-revelation which he has seen fit to give to us and to the rest of the world the consequences might have been more serious. . . . If the Governor’s personal equation had remained undisclosed to us there might have resulted some strain to the tie that binds. As it is, the ardent literary impulse of the Governor and his uncontrolled desire to send Rear Admiral Davis and the rest of the Yankees away from Kingston feeling mean and cheap has solved the situation. After a single perusal of



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER IN JAMAICA

Camp of earthquake refugees on the race-track at Kingston. The American flag marks a camp of a patriotic American who wishes to make Governor Swettenham happy whenever he comes that way.



ANOTHER SALOME
—Oppen in N. Y. American.

the letter of Governor Swettenham to Rear Admiral Davis sensible Americans will understand the author about as well as if they had known that extraordinary person all their lives."

The *Baltimore Sun* is gratified over the common sense view taken of the affair on both sides the sea, and it recalls an historical incident of another sort that occurred in the same part of the world a generation ago:

"It is worthy of remembrance that about 33 years ago, namely, on October 31, 1873, a British warship sailed over precisely the same course [as



THE SECOND SHOCK
—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

that taken by Admiral Davis] but in the opposite direction, to rescue Americans. The *Virginus* had been captured by the Spanish, carried into the harbor of Santiago, where Captain Fry and 52 of his men were condemned and executed with scarcely the form of a trial. Just as the remainder were being marched to death the British warship *Niobe*, commanded by Sir Lambton Lorraine, sailed into port. As soon as Captain Lorraine learned what was going on he swung his ship about, broadside on, and sent a brief note to the Spanish Governor, informing him that if the execution went on he would open fire upon the city. The lives of these Americans were saved by the friendly act of this British naval officer, and at a time like this it is well to remember these things."

TO EXPRESS in adequate words the sense of astonishment with which the people of England read the Swettenham letter is, declares the *London Telegraph*, most pro-American of British dailies, impossible. "We can as little hope," it adds, "to convey to the citizens of the United States a just impression of the pain and utter regret with which national opinion upon this side of the Atlantic regards one of the most deplorable and unintelligible incidents in the record of Anglo-American relations." Nor can the jingo and bellicose *London Mail* dissent from the *Telegraph's* condemnation of Swettenham. "He has dealt with the situation in an altogether wrong frame of mind," it avers, "and compromised the credit of his country in so doing. American help had been freely and generously tendered. It should have been accepted with equal generosity of spirit and acknowledged with the fullest courtesy. France did not refuse the help of the British cruisers when they were sent to Bizerta under very similar circumstances." The daily to which Britons refer colloquially as "the thunderer," namely the *London Times*, has its rod in pickle for Swettenham, too. "Perhaps the most charitable explanation of the extraordinary wording of Sir Alexander Swettenham's communication," it conjectures, "is that he was overwrought and unstrung by the terrible events of the week." One temporizer, the *London Standard*, which is so fond of halting between two opinions, hesitated long before finally permitting its evening edition to remark that "from whatever point of view one regards his action, Sir Alexander Swettenham committed a gross and unpardonable blunder." But, it adds, we must remember the shock he suffered.

IT IS true, according to the Liberal and anti-imperialist *London Tribune*, that the Swettenham letter is "sharply written" and in-



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

WHERE THE AMERICAN REFUGEES WAITED AND WATCHED

From the yard of the Hamburg-American docks, the refugees appealed for assistance to Sir Alfred Jones, whose yacht was moored near by. Sir Alfred says they were treated with great consideration by him, but the refugees didn't become aware of it, and they united in a statement charging brutal treatment and giving specifications.

correct. "It betrays some of that tendency to smartness which came in with the new diplomacy a few years ago and was productive of trouble." But the daily hoped against hope that later details would put a new face upon the incident only to find, in the end, that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. "A regrettable incident," is its summing up. The *London Morning Post*, ever alarmed because the British navy is too small, blames everything upon the weakness of his Majesty's squadrons in West Indian waters. The lone British warship in these wastes was a thousand miles from the spot where it was needed. "Is it likely that the American squadron would have acted as it did only that Admiral Davis understood our deplorable weakness? The presence of a British warship or a white garrison would

have enabled the governor courteously to decline any American help."

THE letter which caused all this hubbub has already obtained a reading so wide as to make even the circulation statistics of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" seem meager in comparison. But it invites repeated perusal for the same reason that induced Johnson to read Cervantes again and again—for its language. Sir Alexander, surrounded, one must remember, by the same sort of turmoil and panic and distress that followed in the wake of the San Francisco disaster, paused from the arduous labors of relief long enough to indite as follows:

"Dear Admiral,—Thanks very much for your letter, for your kind call, and for all the assistance

you have given and offered us. While I most heartily appreciate your very generous offers of assistance, I feel it my duty to ask you to re-embark the working party and all parties which your kindness prompted you to land. If in consideration of the American Vice-Consul's assiduous attentions to his family at his country house the American consulate should need guarding, in your opinion, altho he is present, and it was unguarded an hour ago, I have no objection to your detailing a force for the sole purpose of guarding it. But the party must not have firearms or anything more offensive than clubs or staves for this function. I find that your working party this morning was helping Mr. Crosswell to clean his store. Mr. Crosswell is delighted that this work should be done free of cost, and if your Excellency will remain long enough I am sure all private owners will be glad of the services of the navy to save them expense.

"It is no longer a question of humanity. All those who are dead died days ago, and the work of giving them burial is merely one of convenience. I shall be glad to accept delivery of the safe which the alleged thieves took possession of. The American Vice-Consul has no knowledge of it. The store is close to a sentry post, and the officer in charge of the post professes ignorance of the incident. I believe the police surveillance of the city is adequate for the protection of private property.

"I may remind your Excellency that not long ago it was discovered that thieves lodged and pillaged the house of a New York millionaire during his absence in the summer. But this would not have justified a British admiral in landing an armed party to assist the New York police.

"I have the honor to be, with profound grati-

tude and the highest respect, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM,
(Governor.)"

TWO things had aroused the ire of the governor. He had requested that Admiral Davis's ships fire no salute, lest the panic of the populace be increased. The salute had been fired. Again, the admiral, as now seems certain, had not waited for the governor's permission before landing a small force of his men. From the official statement made by Secretary Metcalf, after the receipt of the full text of the correspondence, it seems that six men were landed "for the purpose of guarding and securing the archives of the American consulate," and another party of ten men "for the purpose of clearing away the wreckage." There is nothing to indicate that permission was asked up to this time. The next body of men, fifty in number, was landed "upon the earnest entreaty of the colonial secretary and the inspector of police to prevent the escape of prisoners in the penitentiary," the governor being at the time absent from the city and the secretary speaking for him. As for the salute, that was at once explained by the admiral as the result of a misunderstanding in the transmission of his orders, and he apologized for it. The land-

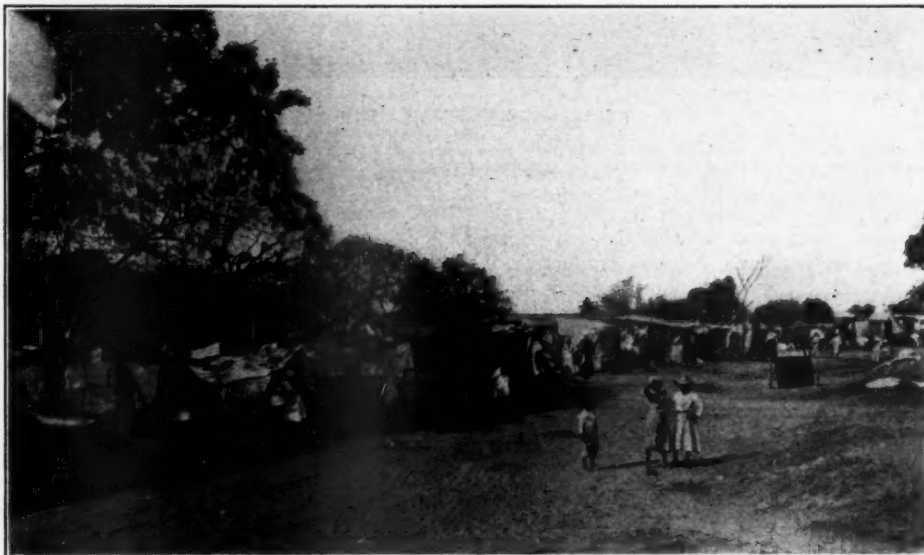


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"HOME IS WHERE MOTHER IS"

Camp of refugees on the race-track, at Kingston, established a few days after the earth had its ague-fit and shook the city to pieces, burying nine hundred victims in the ruins.



Photo by Brown Bros.

JUST ONE TELEGRAPH POLE WAS LEFT ERECT

And from the top of it this photograph was taken, giving a view of Port Royal street, Kingston, after the earthquake. Evidently it was a bad day for brick buildings.

ing of the first two squads of men, before the permission of the authorities was received, furnishes the real subject of debate on the question of international law.

OUR government maintains that the landing was according to precedent in such cases. President Roosevelt has officially expressed to Admiral Davis the "heartiest commendation of all that he did at Kingston." Dr. John Westlake, professor of international law at Cambridge University, declares that there is nothing in international law to forbid the landing even of an armed force to assist in the work of rescue in the cause of humanity. The remark of the *London Morning Post*, that "one does not expect an exact knowledge of diplomatic etiquet or international law from a sailor," drew a response from an Oxford Don, Prof. Louis Dyer, to the effect that Admiral Davis, son of a rear-admiral as eminent as himself, and one of the members of the international commission that settled the North Sea incident and averted war between Great Britain and Russia several years ago, probably knew as much about international

law as a Swettenham whose official experience is the result of executive service in British Guiana, the Straits Settlements and the isles of the Caribbean. Davis has been welcomed with deference at the courts of three European potentates. Swettenham has shown his mettle in the mastery of Chinese coolies and the subjugation of tropical blacks. Davis is pre-eminently a scientific officer, having been connected with the various expeditions for the determination of the difference of longitude by means of submarine experiment. Swettenham, with a stick in his hand and a crew of natives in front of him, looks like a schoolmaster of the old-fashioned kind converted into a tropical despot. His record as "an empire-builder" is described in glowing colors by his friends, however, who point out that he is a Cambridge graduate, that he has served forty years in the colonial service, that he has published a book of much merit on the Malayan Archipelago. He makes enemies by the score, but even they concede his fairness, his justice, his disinterestedness and his ability in handling men of a backward race. He is sixty-one years of age, a non-smoker, a non-drinker,



Photo by Brown Bros.

STRUGGLING TO DISBURSE THE ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS

Rev. Wallace Buttrick, D.D., secretary and executive officer of the General Education Board, is a Baptist preacher, and has been general agent of the Slater Fund for several years. He was in the railway mail service for five years.

a great believer in pedestrian exercise, a splendid horseman, a fine sportsman and a lavish host. Such is the gentleman as presented by his friends.

WITHOUT doubt, however, Governor Swettenham was fully prepared to find fault with anything the Americans might do in Jamaica and to distrust their motives. It was Swettenham to whom President Roosevelt referred in his recent Canal message to Congress when he wrote the following: "At present the great bulk of the labor on the isthmus is done by West India negroes, chiefly from Jamaica, Barbados and the other English possessions. One of the governors of the islands in question has shown an unfriendly disposition to our work, and has thrown obstacles in the way of our getting the labor needed." The governor's attitude to Secretary Taft in the near past is described in Washington as outrageous. He is held mainly responsible for the failure to expedite the digging of the Panama Canal with Jamaican negro labor, and the Kingston correspondent of the *London Daily*

Mail reports a conversation between him and Admiral Davis that furnishes more light, possibly, upon the inner workings of his mind than is to be found in all the official documents of the case:

"Gov. Swettenham—I am grateful for the aid you have given.

"Admiral Davis—I am sorry that I am unable to give more.

"Gov. Swettenham—I understand. It would redound to your glory. Keep your glory at home."

AS FOR the earthquake itself, almost lost sight of for the time being because of the flurry resulting from Governor Swettenham's course, no such event ever happened with timelier reference to prophecy. Long before Kingston was transformed from the gayest of tropical cities into a funeral pyre bright with the flames that cost nine hundred lives, the earthquake had been predicted with considerable accuracy by two seismologists of note. Dr. Joseph F. Nowack, after twenty years' study of the laws governing "critical" natural phenomena, predicted last year, before the assembled Academy of Sciences at Havana, just what has happened at Kingston. The time limit fixed by Dr. Nowack, whose seismological researches have been encouraged by the Austrian government, proved correct. Not less impressive was the forecast of that well-known student of terrestrial phenomena, Mr. Hugh Clements, an Englishman. His prophecy of a seismological upheaval in the West Indies specified the day of the event and was published in the *London Standard* some little time before its fulfillment. The Clements theory is that the joint attraction of the sun and the moon upon the earth from a common center produces oceanic tides. These tides cause the waves or quakes to which seismologists refer as tremors of the terrestrial crust. The Nowack theory has to do with the growth of the abrus plant, found in Cuba and Mexico. There is a direct relation, according to Nowack, between the rate of growth and the state of dryness of the abrus plant in any given season and the atmospheric conditions that precede an earthquake. Two Austrian noblemen have become so impressed with the Nowack theory that they have defrayed the cost of its further development. Havana, according to Dr. Nowack, will be the next conspicuous sufferer from the series of disturbances for which the shrinkage of our cooling globe is responsible. The Cuban capital, it is averred, is built upon a submerged volcanic crater. It is the inter-

secting point of the two lines along which the island will be split by an earthquake that can not be long delayed.



FIFTEEN American gentlemen, educators, financiers, editors and publicists, have suddenly found themselves organized into an educational "trust," with a capital of about forty-five million dollars. This trust is called the General Education Board, and a few days ago it received, without previous warning, the announcement that Mr. Rockefeller was ready to turn over to it income-bearing securities to the amount of \$32,000,000. This sum, added to the \$11,000,000 already bestowed by the same gentleman, makes up, according to the Board, "the largest sum ever given by a man in the history of the race for any social or philanthropic purpose." This statement is doubtless true if it be taken to refer to donations made at one time or to one organization. Mr. Rockefeller's own mind evolved the scheme of the General Education Board as a medium for his philanthropic purposes, and the plan is singularly like that which he evolved in the financial world and which has been so extensively imitated by financiers ever since. It is the Standard Oil Company plan of consolidation and concentration applied to educational institutions. If it will work as successfully in the latter case as it has, from a financial point of view, in the former, we are on the eve of a stupendous educational development.

CONSIDER what it is that the General Education Board is to do and how it is to do it. It is to have an annual income of about \$2,500,000 to bestow. There are about five hundred colleges and universities in the country that are eligible to become the recipients of this money. The Board decides which of these to help and which not to help. It makes whatever tests it may see fit, and a college must meet that test in order to become a beneficiary. The Board is already picking and choosing which of these institutions shall be built up and which shall be allowed to die, for it may be a difficult thing for an institution not aided by the Board to continue an indefinite existence in competition with those institutions that are to receive aid. The map of the country is being studied in order to decide (1) what sections are now neglected and (2) what sections are oversupplied with colleges. For instance, Fred-



EVERY SPOT MEANS A DONATION

Map on which the General Education Board keeps tab of the educational institutions to which the Rockefeller (and other) donations go. Different colored pegs indicate at a glance the different sums given and the location of the colleges receiving them.

erick T. Gates, chairman of the Board, tells us that one mistake that has been made heretofore is in the neglect of the cities. He says:

"The ancient and mistaken tradition that colleges, for efficiency, should be located in the deep country has prevailed to an extent so alarming that to-day the great centers of population and wealth, to which the people are more and more flocking, are almost wholly neglected in our system of higher education. We have something like 400 colleges in this country located in small country towns. The first work of the General Education Board for higher education has been, and will continue to be, to assist the great centers of population and to make them the pivots in fact, as they are in all true educational theory, of the future system of higher education in this country."

Then it has been ascertained that all colleges, including even the large universities, draw over fifty per cent. of their students from a radius of one hundred miles. Consequently another conclusion reached is that where two institutions are within the same zone one hundred miles in diameter, one should be eliminated. This duplication, according to Dr. Wallace Buttrick, secretary of the Board, is quite extensive throughout the country, and "the Board wants to overcome this." In other words, the Board will decree, so far as it has power, where new institutions should be located, what standards of efficiency they ought to conform to, what institutions are needless and should go out of existence, what small institutions should be built up into large ones and which should remain small. Says the *New York Tribune*:

"While certain colleges will be selected for contributions or endowments, forming a chain of educational institutions across the continent, others not so favored will be left to their fate by the Rockefeller fund, and many of them, it is ex-



LIBERTY'S RIVAL
—Philadelphia Ledger.

pected, will be forced to close their doors in the face of such strong support to their fortunate rivals. It will become a question of the survival of the fittest, it is said, for which it is believed a better and higher standard of education will result. And on the maps in the William street office of the Rockefeller fund the little colored pins will probably seal the fate of many a college and work out the destiny of others to prosperous ends."

THE power that this educational body of fifteen men is likely to exert will not be limited to that which attaches to the appropriation of two and one-half million dollars a year. In the first place the conditions on which the appropriations are being made require that the recipient of a donation secure two or three times the same amount from other sources also. So that the financial power of the Board to carry out its comprehensive plans for the development of the educational system of the country is indicated by a figure three or four times as large as the sum it directly appropriates. Then the moral power of the Board is likely to become dominant. Says Mr. Gates:

"The Board aims to be better acquainted with every college in the United States than is any member of its own board of trustees. The information at the command of the board has many times astonished the president of a college himself when he has come to search our files for what we know of his institution. Not a few of the

eminent philanthropists of the country who are constantly giving money for education are availing themselves of the information we have. Several of the recent gifts by distinguished philanthropists have been made after conferring with our secretaries."

THAT is to say, other benefactors than Mr. Rockefeller are beginning to make the Board the medium for the bestowal of their gifts. It has already in its employ a force of skilled experts to advise philanthropists in these matters, and this force, it is announced, "undoubtedly will be increased." If its affairs are wisely administered, it is not too much to expect that most of the benefactions to colleges and universities in the near future will be found flowing through this General Education Board, and be in a large measure directed here or there according to its decisions. When that times comes our higher educational institutions will be as thoroughly systematized and as harmoniously and efficiently administered, it may be hoped, as are the business affairs of the Standard Oil or any other great trust. But already the members of the Board are feeling it incumbent upon them to deny that there is any intention of interfering with the liberties of teachers. That is quite likely, but will it be possible, either now or hereafter, to avert suspicion such as has persistently attached itself to the Chicago University despite numerous denials? The suggestion has already found public expression, for instance, that the purpose of Mr. Rockefeller's large gift is to head off, if possible, the teaching of socialism, which is on the increase, it is said, in a number of universities. This purpose is disclaimed by the officers of the Board, but it will be strange if the disclaimer silences the charge.

* * *



HE discovery of Canada by Elihu Root six weeks ago has created something of a sensation in England. Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State, swathed in furs, skated freely among the Canadians, whose reception of their visitor recalls how Cortez was taken by the simple-minded Aztecs for a superior being. The London *Saturday Review* is disgusted. "Mr. Root was on a flapdoodle expedition," it explains, "and it would be absurd to suppose he attached the smallest importance to the propositions he was pouring forth. Probably no one is more amused than Mr. Root himself when he reads over his own bunkum the next day. He would enjoy a hearty laugh

over it with any intimate he could trust not to give him away. The object of all this is to get the Canadians out of a critical mood. They have suffered a good deal from the United States and they are now on their guard. So Mr. Root had to talk them into a good temper." That Mr. Root's demonstrations of friendliness to the people among whom he found himself quieted much suspicion in the native mind seems clear from comment in the *Ottawa Citizen*, the *Toronto Globe* and numerous other dailies which now anticipate that sources of friction between the Dominion and the republic will be removed when Ambassador Bryce and Mr. Root go over them together. But that is not at all the idea of the London weekly just quoted. It does not, to be sure, overlook the efficacy of that "arrogance of the most vulgar and ignorant type" which, it feels confident, is the foundation of Elihu's Root's personal character. Yet it hopes much from what it describes as "a popular feeling in Canada that no more concessions ought to be made" to the United States.

IT WAS to return that official visit which Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, paid to this country a year ago that Mr. Root became the guest of the Dominion. "For eloquence and broadmindedness," the *London Times* assures its readers, the equal of the speeches of the American statesman at Ottawa have "seldom been heard in Canada." Mr. Root revealed the exquisite spontaneity of his tact, it was thought, by referring to Sir Alexander Swettenham's gratitude for American aid after the earthquake in Jamaica. The applause following Mr. Root's reference to the cordial understanding between the French republic and the British empire as a guaranty of the peace of the world was deafening. But the hit of his trip was Mr. Root's reference to the courage, fortitude, heroism and self-devotion of the men of Canada in early times. Such a tribute from the citizen of a country which Canada refused to join in rebellion against Great Britain was, indeed, praise from Sir Hubert. Everyone born and bred under the common law of England, said Mr. Root, and under the principles of justice and liberty that the English-speaking races had carried the world over must breathe freely in Canada. "Mr. Root certainly plays the part well," comments the *London Saturday Review*. "He understands the emotional appeal, he knows the value of platitudes and of a great volume of words." He counted himself happy, Mr.



THE CONCILIATOR OF THE CANADIANS

Elihu Root, Secretary of State, in the long skin coat and round fur hat with which he assimilated himself with the rest of the Canadian population during his recent tour. British dailies conjecture that Mr. Root dressed himself like this to curry favor with the people, but the Canadian papers think he wore the furs to keep out the cold.

Root went on to say, to be one of those who could not be indifferent to the glories and achievements of the race from which they sprang; and to his pride in his own land, to the pride that, as part of his inheritance, he was entitled to take in England, was added the pride he felt in this great, hardy, vigorous, self-governing people of Canada, who love justice and liberty. (Cheers from the audience, sneers from the *London Saturday Review*.) Above all, said Mr. Root, he saw a people trained and training themselves in discussion, which differentiates latter day civilization from all the civilizations of the past, and must give to the civilization of our time a perpetuity that none of the past has had. "On one side Mr. Elihu Root's dispensation lasting forever," says the *London Saturday Review*, "and on the other the trumpery little days of Egypt, China, Babylon, Rome."

HOWEVER, neither Earl Grey nor the Prime Minister of the Dominion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, took his cue from the tone of this anti-American British weekly. There

was no evidence anywhere in Ottawa of any alarm created in Canada by recent reports that a comprehensive settlement of all outstanding disputes with Washington is to be effected by London regardless of Dominion protests. The most critical of all the questions at issue, according to the Canadian press, is still the ancient quarrel over the respective rights of all parties in the fisheries. Earl Grey furnished Mr. Root, during the latter's stay at Ottawa, with a copy of the debates on this fisheries question in the Canadian House of Commons. Mr. Root affirmed in one of his speeches that he had been much impressed by "the thoughtful, temperate and statesmanlike tone" displayed by the legislators. He was sure that whatever conclusions Parliament reached would be dictated by a sincere, intelligent and right-minded determination to fulfil their duty as representatives towards the people whose rights they were bound to maintain and protect. Such language has set the Canadian press wondering whether the "joint high commission," appointed to settle so many disputes in 1898, but which reached a deadlock over the Alaska boundary, may reconvene. That commission was never dissolved. Technically, it stands adjourned until the arrival of a moment sufficiently psychological for Washington, Ottawa and London to seize simultaneously.

THAT sore controversy between Canada and the United States regarding the distribution of the water powers derivable from the boundary lakes and rivers is said to have been aggravated in the past by the influence of great electrical companies in the Senate at Washington. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government did not mend matters by its somewhat sudden abrogation recently of the postal convention between Canada and the United States. That step was taken, it seems, at the solicitation of publishing interests in London. American periodicals were too pervasive in the Dominion. The population was undergoing Americanization in consequence. Sir Wilfrid has redressed the balance of postage in favor of London periodicals. The most serious of the month's reports, from an American point of view, relates to Sir Wilfrid's desire, or alleged desire, to withdraw the privilege of participation in the Canadian coast trade from the ships of the United States. The question of reciprocity with Canada, which used to come up daily in one form or another, seems, from what the *Toronto Globe* hints, to have entered a phase of

obscurant. It is nevertheless clear to the *London News* that American opinion in favor of better trade relations with Canada is steadily growing stronger. But Mr. Roosevelt has still to declare himself categorically on a matter which divides his own party. Canada appreciates the President's position.

EVEN Senator Lodge, who once thought the reciprocity proposal "an insult to the Republican party," and who is cordially detested throughout Newfoundland as the perverter of the presidential mind on the subject of herring, announced not long since that he is "in favor of the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada advantageous to both countries." High protectionists thereupon flocked towards Washington. Remonstrations were directed to Roosevelt against any relaxation of schedules. But Mr. Root, according to a report in the Canadian dailies, did broach the subject of reciprocity. If so, Sir Wilfrid probably explained that times have changed since those days when he was glad to say of reciprocity that "if the United States should make an advance we owe it to our own self-respect to meet them in a fair and generous spirit." A few weeks back the Canadian Prime Minister told his fellow citizens "they would have no reciprocity in trade for many years" so far as the United States is concerned. The *London Saturday Review* finds in this utterance the only consolation suggested by Mr. Root's trip to Ottawa. "Trade or tariff reciprocity between Canada and the United States," it says, "would be gravely prejudicial to the commercial interests of the British Empire. More than that, it would make the consolidation of the empire impossible, and might easily be the first step in its dissolution." Until now, we read further, Washington has been unwilling to relax any schedules in the Dominion's favor. "The plan was by keeping Canada out of all trade advantages to put on the screws so severely as to shake Canada's British allegiance." The plot was foiled. Mr. Root went to Ottawa too late. Canada can dispense with his reciprocity now.

* * *



HAT ails our railroads? From almost every point of the compass complaints of inefficiency, of schedules disregarded, freight blockaded, trains wrecked and lives lost have come within the last few weeks in surprising frequency,

as if for the express delectation of "muck-rakers" in search of a new job. Many of the stories of insufficient service in the Northwest may be put down to the exceptionally hard winter in that region; but the weather does not account for the story of 1,500 carloads of coal held up at Minneapolis because of a dispute between the railroad and the consignees, nor for the 4,000 empty cars said to be standing a few weeks ago on side tracks in Kansas City, nor for passenger trains on Southern roads twelve hours or more behind schedule time day after day, nor for the apparent increase in the number of railroad wrecks. "A freight blockade of enormous proportions" is the way James J. Hill describes the general railway situation in the country. "Knocking" the railroads has now become the fashion in the press, and it seems as if the railroad men themselves have joined the corps of "knockers." The traffic manager of one of the transcontinental lines is reported to have told the Interstate Commerce Committee recently: "We are short of both cars and locomotives. A year ago all the traffic managers urged the purchase of more cars and locomotives, but the presidents of the roads insisted that the traffic at that time had reached high tide and that rolling stock was unnecessary."

PRESIDENT FINLEY, of the Southern Railway, tells of cars and locomotives contracted for in 1905 and not yet delivered. President Stickney, of the Chicago & Great Western, apprehensively points out that the average railway dividends in 1905 were but 3.02 per cent., and that a decrease of rates of one mill per ton per mile will wipe out the dividends on the strongest roads, and put into bankruptcy most of the minor lines in competitive territory east of the Missouri. And the first vice-president of the New York Central, W. C. Brown, in a letter recently made public, warns all of us of moderate means not to invest any money in railroad securities at the present time. He writes:

"I do not think you or any other man of ordinary prudence would for a moment think of investing money in a business against which every man's hand, from the President down, seems to be raised, and in the defense of which few men hoping for political preferment dare raise their voices. I do not at the present time own a share of railroad stock as an investment, and, in fact, have never owned any stock of this character. Such money as I have been able to accumulate in nearly thirty years of business life is invested in farms, in banking stock, in manufacturing enterprises, and the least profitable investment I have

of this nature pays a better return than the best railroad stock in the United States to-day, based on the actual cost of the railroad, what it would cost to reproduce it, or the market value of its securities. The only people who can afford to invest money in railroad bonds or stock are those whose means are large enough to make an investment attractive which gives a comparatively low return, but which is reasonably safe."

THE point which Mr. Brown and other railroad officials who are joining in this sort of talk wish to make is that the public hostility against the roads is responsible for their deplorable condition. Says Mr. James J. Hill, in a letter that has attracted general attention:

"It is not by accident that railroad building has declined to its lowest mark within a generation, at the very time when all other forms of activity have been growing most rapidly. The investor declines to put his money into enterprises under the ban of unpopularity, and even threatened by individuals and political parties with confiscation or transfer to the state. This feeling must be removed and greater confidence be mutually established if any considerable portion of the vast sum necessary is to be available for the work."

Vice-President Brown makes an appeal to the public for fair play and urges President Roosevelt to issue a similar appeal. Not only railroad interests but all corporate interests are suffering from "indiscriminate" attacks upon them. He writes:

"Personally, I believe that the attacks on nearly every class of great corporate interests in this country are commencing to bear their legitimate and inevitable fruit, and that already we can begin to see the slowing down of the wheels, and that within eighteen months from this time the chill which the commerce of the country will have received will make possible a very substantial reduction in Mr. Hill's figures."

"I do not wish to be understood as justifying any wrongdoing on the part of railroads or other corporations, but while the offenses have been local and occasional, the condemnation has been universal and indiscriminate; and while I believe such abuses and hurtful practices as did exist have been stopped, the prejudice and condemnation continue and will continue until the President makes an appeal for fair and reasonable treatment for them. Such an appeal would clear the atmosphere and restore confidence as nothing else can do."

LITTLE effect from this and similar appeals is as yet discernible in the tone of the press. Not the hostility of the public but the poor judgment or rapacity of railway officials themselves is the cause of the present condition, if most of the newspapers diagnose the case correctly. Mr. Hill's statistics showing but 21 per cent. increase in mileage in the last ten years, 23 per cent. increase in pas-

senger cars, 35 per cent. in locomotives and 45 per cent. in freight cars, while during the same period the number of passengers has increased 95 per cent. and the freight mileage has increased 118 per cent., is construed by the *New York Journal of Commerce* as evidence of bad judgment on the part of railway officials. It says that it has been the deliberate policy of the roads to "condense their traffic," by increasing the power of locomotives and the capacity of freight cars, and to run trains at shorter intervals, rather than to increase the track mileage. This policy had much to justify it in 1895, but it has been carried too far and the country is now suffering from the error of judgment. It adds:

"We do not believe that the 'ban of unpopularity' has anything to do with it or that the investor has been any more indisposed to put his money into new trackage, where it was needed, than into new equipment. Of 'that feeling' there is not the slightest evidence. When new capital has been sought the boards of directors have determined the use to which it was to be put, and have made whatever discrimination has been made

against additional construction. The investor has not been influenced by the distinction. If construction has not kept pace with equipment the companies are responsible and not the public.

If greater confidence needs to be 'mutually established,' the railroads are responsible for the need and will have to do their part in the process of rehabilitation. It cannot be done by acquiring huge values in mining property and using their resources in accumulating each other's stocks, 'cutting melons' and watering stocks to be enriched by future earnings or marking up dividends for stock market effect, instead of turning their resources above a fair return to the investor into needed construction, equipment, terminal facilities and effective systems for expediting traffic."

Another conservative paper, the *Philadelphia Ledger*, places the blame upon the frenzied finance methods of the men who dominate the railroad systems of the country. It remarks: "If all the railroads of the country had been controlled, in these later years, by railroad men, and had not been made mere counters in a vast game of speculation, it is conceivable that they would now be in better condition to carry on their business."



WHAT THE PRESIDENT PROPOSES TO DO TO THE RAILROADS

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MORE radical journals, such as the New York Press, the Philadelphia North American, the New York World and the Hearst papers, are more caustic in their criticism. *The World* thinks the gravest railroad evil has been discrimination, and that were it not for secret preferentials and a consequent building up of commercial monopolies the railroad business would now be in a healthy condition. *The Sun* (New York) comes to the defense of the railways, and finds their present plight to be a result of federal interference. It speaks ominously of the future:

"Where are they to get the money to buy the additional trackage, the need of which is now so painfully apparent; the money for additional rolling stock; the money for more motive power, and the money for enlarged terminals? The pressure to acquire all these is the most acute that has ever existed in our railroad history. How can the money be forthcoming in the presence of the destructive plans of the Federal Government? What is the prospect for the wage earners? As a highly privileged class they have some interest in knowing whence these things are to come. The apparent prosperity of the present must give way before the certain paralysis of the railroads. As it is, we see no signs of building the new trackage. Indeed, we are disturbed by the ominous fact that, in spite of the well-known and obvious conditions, the market for steel rails is slackening. It could

not possibly do so if the railroads were doing what under normal circumstances they could have no choice but do."

SEVERAL magazine articles on the railway question have attracted unusual attention. Charles E. Russell is the author of one of these, entitled "The Record of the Railroads for Nineteen Days," that appeared in the final number of *Ridgway's*. He deals with the casualty statistics for the first nineteen days of January, and then turns to the casualty figures for the last few years on the railways of this country, Great Britain and France. His figures show one passenger out of 1,375,855 killed on American roads in 1905, and but one out of 7,223,024 killed in Great Britain. In the same year one passenger out of 70,554 was injured in America, and but one out of 380,641 in Great Britain. What is still more portentous, the chances of a passenger in America being killed have increased 40 per cent. in nine years, and his chance of being injured have increased 20 per cent. Mr. Russell's comment is caustic. Here is a part of it:

"In the nine years in which these slaughters beyond the record of any modern battlefield have



"DO YOU KNOW, THEODORE, WE'RE GETTING BETTER ACQUAINTED EVERY DAY!"

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

been piling up, there has been injected into the American railroad system at least \$2,000,000,000 of watered stocks, and it is for the sake of this fictitious, illegitimate and baseless speculation that these lives have been lost and these persons mangled. It is for the sake of this gambling that your life is exposed to all these risks every time you travel on an American railroad train. It is for the sake of high finance and the swollen fortunes of Chancellor Day's adoration that all this needless blood is spilt."

One defect in Mr. Russell's figures he does not seem to be conscious of. The comparisons he makes between different countries and between different years lack a material element because he does not show the mileage figures. The railway men insist on the falsity of such comparisons for that reason. It is evident, they say, that if American railroads carry passengers ten times the distance, on an average, that British passengers are carried, then, other things being equal, the injuries and deaths on American roads would naturally be ten times as great. This feature of the case Mr. Russell ignores entirely.

ANOTHER severe arraignment of the railroads is made by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*. Dr. Shaw, by the way, is a close personal friend of President Roosevelt, and is also one of the fifteen men of the General Board of Education in whose hands Mr. Rockefeller's recent big donation was placed. Unless, he remarks, railway conditions now prevalent change soon for the better the advocates of government ownership will be able to point "to the complete breaking down of efficiency in the actual business of transportation in this country." The mismanagement of insurance companies, he thinks, has been "a mere passing trifle" compared with that of railway companies. He sees "very great" objections to public ownership, but "it would be better than the indefinite continuance of an irresponsible and uncontrolled private management in the interest of a ring of plutocrats." It is now "the most slovenly of all our great business organizations, whereas it ought to be the most precise, methodical and alert." Further:

"There are vast networks of railroads in this country where it is a needless expense to print timetables, because there is no longer any such thing as the operation of trains on schedule. There are sections of the country where the railroads are refusing to receive freight for shipment, either because they cannot supply the cars or cannot see any reasonable prospect of having them conveyed to the point of destination. It is true that there has been rapid growth of population and traffic in the West, but this recent growth

has been nothing like so rapid relatively as was that of the seventies and eighties. The railroads have had plenty of warning and abundance of opportunity to keep well abreast of the development of the country. No condemnation of their failure to do this is likely to be too drastic or to state the facts with serious exaggeration. Even the great Eastern trunk lines, serving a country that has been wealthy and prosperous for two generations, have come far short of showing reasonable foresight and due attention to the strict requirements of a legitimate transportation business. One or two fast trains to Chicago,—at the expense of general demoralization of all the remaining volume of passenger business—have been about the only thing to which the managers of these roads could point as an example of enterprise."

The trouble with the roads, in Dr. Shaw's opinion, is that they "have been used for making a set of individuals enormously rich at the expense of the country's prosperity."

ALL this is in the way of castigation and warning. Remedies for this condition of affairs are not as abundant as the reasons given for it. The advocates of government ownership are, indeed, the only ones who are positive and specific in speaking of general remedies. An interesting contribution to their side of the question appears in *The Arena* (January) by Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., the noted British scientist and radical social reformer. Dr. Wallace has put before the people of Great Britain and now puts before the people of America a method of acquisition of the railways by the nation founded, he says, "upon a great principle of ethics which, when it is thoroly grasped, is seen to solve many problems and to clear the way to many great reforms in the interest of the people at large." We quote further:

"This principle is, that the *unborn* can have, and should have, no special property-rights; in other words that the present generation shall not continue to be plundered and robbed in order that certain unborn individuals shall be born rich—shall be born with such legal claims upon their fellow-men that, while supplied with all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life they need do no useful work in return. It is not denied that the present generation may properly do work and expend wealth for the benefit of future generations: that is only a proper return for the many and great benefits we have received from those who have gone before us. What this principle says is, that it is absolutely unjust for our rulers (be they a majority or minority) to compel us to pay, to work, or to suffer, in order that certain *individuals* yet unborn shall be endowed—often to their own physical and moral injury—with wealth supplied by the labor of their fellow-men. As this is, I consider, perhaps the most important of all ethical principles in its bearing on political reforms and general human progress,



THE SAD OLD MAN OF GERMANY

August Bebel, veteran leader of the Social Democratic party, sustained the worst defeat of his career last month, when the German people reduced the representation of his followers in the Reichstag by almost one-half. The result will weaken Bebel in his conduct of the factional struggle within the Socialist organization.

it will be well to show that it is in harmony with the teachings of some of the greatest thinkers of the age."

DR. WALLACE proceeds to quote Herbert Spencer and Benjamin Kidd to show that this principle is in accord with their conclusions, tho the application he makes of it was not made by them. His application is as follows:

"Having thus firmly established the principle of not recognizing any claims to property by the unborn, it follows that in all transfers of property from individuals to the state we have only to take account of persons living at the time of the transaction, and of the public interest both now and in the future. When therefore the government determines, for the public good, to take over the whole of the railways of the Union, there will be no question of purchase but simply a transfer of management. All trained and efficient employees will continue in their several stations; and probably their numbers will for some time be steadily increased in order that shorter hours of labor may be adopted and the safety of the public be better guaranteed.

"The first step towards an equitable transfer

will be to ascertain, by an efficient and independent inquiry, the actual economic status of the shareholders of each line, dependent largely on the honesty and efficiency of its previous management. As a result of this inquiry the average annual dividends of each company or system which have been honestly earned while keeping up the permanent way and rolling-stock in good repair and thoro working order, would be ascertained. The amount of this average dividend would, thereafter, be paid to every shareholder in the respective companies during their lives, and on their deaths would, except in special cases, revert to the railway department of the state for the benefit of the public."

This method of acquiring the railroads Dr. Wallace considers more just than an outright purchase and more beneficial to present owners of stocks, who would thus be more certain of a return on their property than they now are or than they would be if their interest were purchased and they had to find ways to reinvest the money. The question whether government ownership, even after it is effected, would be desirable he does not go into at length. He has long been convinced that it is desirable, and the chief purpose of his article is to show how it can be accomplished.

* * *



IN ALL the forty years expended by August Bebel upon the creation of a compact Socialist vote of three millions out of straggling groups of poverty-stricken wage-earners and inarticulate laborers, his beloved proletariat has never put upon him a humiliation so personal as that embodied in the final results of the national election throughout Germany. With his trusted lieutenants in absolute control of forces disciplined into military subordination, with ninety daily Socialist newspapers denouncing "absolutism," "meat famine" and "bread usury," with candidates running in every one of the 397 election districts (the Socialists alone were sufficiently well organized to achieve that feat), with an army of canvassers so vast that 3,000 of them were concentrated in a single constituency, Bebel, the organizer of victory, sat, on the closing night of the struggle, like Job among the messengers. The eighty Socialists sent to the Reichstag some three years ago, after the most brilliant victory achieved in the whole history of Bebel's leadership, have been reduced to forty-three. Hamburg, which has kept Bebel in the Reichstag for twenty-six years, sent him back with a reduced majority, altho a Socialist colleague from the same city secured an increase of over twelve thousand in his majority. In Breslau that brilliant fol-

lower of Karl Marx, Bernstein, one of the prides of the party, lost his seat to a radical. The failure of the Socialist effort to capture the Berlin constituency in which stands the imperial palace was abject. Direst of all was the Socialist Sedan in Saxony. Three years ago the party swept that kingdom, carrying all the twenty-three seats but one. This representation is reduced one-half. Bebel's mastery of his party seems a thing of the past.

THAT Roman Catholic political party, representing the thirty-six per cent. of the population of Germany which acknowledges the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, returns strengthened to the new Reichstag. Its gain is three, making the number of its deputies 105. Pius X had a "Te Deum" sung in Rome on the morning after the first ballots. This triumph of the clerical German "Center," following the failure of the anticlerical campaign in Italy and the collapse of an anticlerical ministry in Spain, tempers to the Vatican the winds of adversity in France. A Roman Catholic political organization remains, therefore, the strongest party in the parliament of the foremost Protestant nation of continental Europe. These, explains the Berlin *Vorwärts*, are the practical results of a gerrymander—for the political slang of America is not unknown in the fatherland—according to which some sixteen thousand votes are made to elect a Roman Catholic deputy, whereas thirty-seven thousand votes barely suffice to get a Socialist into the Reichstag. But the *Vorwärts* resembles Bebel in the consternation with which it reflects that the Roman Catholic Center is becoming democratic with a rapidity most distasteful to Emperor William. His Majesty's hostility has been a trump card in many a Socialist hand. The Center is now beginning to play it with effect, for the conservative elements have lost their old hold upon the clerical organization. But the popular vote shows the same relative stagnation in the clerical body that seems to prevail among the Socialists. Bebel's party did add to its vote in the country at large. It was an increase so slight as to have all the moral effect of a decline. The clericals had no increase at all. An instance of the mode in which they conducted their campaign is reported in the London *Standard* from Inneringen, where the Roman Catholic priest, Father Hecht, publicly warned his parishioners that when they reached Heaven they would be asked whether they had given their votes to the candidate of the Church.



THE PRINCE DOFFED HIS HAT, WITH A SMILE

It was a gesture of that graceful kind for which the German Imperial Chancellor is renowned in all the European capitals. To hold a stick in one's hand—the hand gloved at that—and to lift a high silk hat from one's head at the same time is the most difficult thing in the world to do with perfect distinction. Yet here behold the German Imperial Chancellor, arriving at the polls to vote the radical ticket, performing this feat.

THE "only man alive who could walk on the keyboard of a piano from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Reichstag without sounding a note," namely, the imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, emerges from the fray like Napoleon after Austerlitz. No more will von Bülow exploit his lively loquacity and his incomparable felicity in the quotation of the classics for the mere purpose of charming away the ill-humor of the clericals in the Reichstag. Ultra-Protestant sentiment in Germany has been affronted by the terms upon which the Chancellor has secured the support of the Center heretofore, especially when those terms were found to include a partial repeal of legislative discrimination against Jesuits. The Socialists on the "left" and the agrarians and conservatives on the "right" represented the extremes of political thought in the Reichstag so angrily dissolved by Emperor William. The Chancellor's course between the parliamentary opposites was to bait the left and conciliate the right. The expedient proved relatively simple, altho occasionally embarrassing owing to the support given to von Bülow by the clerical "center." From the Reichstag that came into



THE HOHENZOLLERN JEWELS

The only daughter of the German Emperor, Princess Victoria, aged fourteen, is seated on the arm of the chair, holding the hand of her mother, the German Empress. The sixteen-year-old youth is Prince Joachim, the most poetical and artistic of all the children of the German imperial couple.



THE ISSUE IN THE GERMAN ELECTION

The territorial aristocrat had to choose between his beloved fatherland and his beloved pork.
—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

being last month it is numerically possible for von Bülow to conjure a majority without reference to either clericals or Socialists. This implies that in practice the Chancellor must combine conservatives of all shades with liberals of many shades, and effect their harmony with radicals who detest everything they stand for. In the divine establishment of monarchy, in the supremacy of the military over every other authority in the state, and in the investiture of themselves with the higher offices of the administration, the conservatives behold the great principles which the contest at the polls has vindicated. They have some eighty seats. The liberals, or, rather, the "national liberals," have very little in common with the party so designated in England. They are protectionists in the main, very largely conservative, not to say Tory, altho there is a relatively progressive faction, and they are suspected of a secret dislike of universal suffrage. They have fifty-five votes in the new Reichstag, a slight gain.

EXQUISITE, indeed, must be the art of the Prince's diplomacy if he is to harmonize the policy of so rigid a pillar of monarchy as the conservative leader, Count von Kanitz, with that loud Herr Bassermann, who is to the National Liberal party what Hector was among the sons of Priam. The pair might be found to agree in a scorn of those radicals with whom they must be brought into line somehow. German radicalism, or "Freisinn," as the political jargon of the fatherland has it, has made greater gains, relatively, than any of the other seventeen political organizations that went into last month's battle. Their membership of forty-six in the new Reichstag and the interest taken in their policy by Prince von Bülow—he voted for a radical candidate himself—point to a bright parliamentary future for the only party in Germany advocating principles with which the name of our own Lincoln is associated. German radicals have hitherto been sundered into somewhat discordant groups. These united on a common platform last year. How permanent their cohesion can be when the conservatives who despise their democratic ideas invite them to stultify their convictions depends upon von Bülow's comprehension of the dilemma he will then be in. The imperial Chancellor had threatened, during the campaign that preceded the great Socialist setback, that Reichstag after Reichstag would be dissolved, if necessary, until a "national" majority evolved itself. It has

turned out as "national" in von Bülow's sense as even William II, who wore a grave face on election day, could have hoped.

POLITICAL campaigning of the energetic description to which the imperial Chancellor openly resorted within the past few weeks constitutes a departure from many German traditions. Von Bülow's predecessors in office held more aloof. They would have been rendered dumb by the bold references of their successor to his sovereign. William II, declared von Bülow in one address, aims at no personal absolutism in his government today. His imperial Majesty, adds that Bismarckian mouthpiece, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, has been profoundly impressed by German criticism of his autocratic ideals. He is determined that in future no act or word of his shall give point to further discontent on that score. The imperial will subordinates itself to constitutional limitations. This change of heart took shape in the edict of last month modifying the rigors of the punishment inflexibly meted out to all in Germany who refer disrespectfully to William II. His imperial Majesty is graciously pleased to decree that only those persons shall suffer the penalties of the law against lèse-majesté who speak scornfully of himself with premeditation and evil intent, and not merely from ignorance, thoughtlessness or haste. As Emperor William thus broke with his own past, the imperial Chancellor contravened all Prussian official tradition by haranguing a crowd beneath the palace windows. The election returns were pouring in, and Bebel was in a back room at the other end of the capital staying himself with flacons.

GREAT as is the personal triumph of the result for the Emperor, gratifying as must be the verification of his political prophecies to Prince von Bülow, it is to Herr Bernhard Dernburg (who, to the astonishment of Germany, was made director of the colonial department last year) that one must turn to find the Wellington of Bebel's Waterloo. Dernburg was undoubtedly a burning issue in this contest, whose issue many radicals deem an endorsement of the most anomalous figure in the whole range of Germany's official life. The conspicuous place he held in the battles of the month induced the Conservative *Kreuz Zeitung* to beg von Bülow that Dernburg be relegated to the background. He is hateful to that sheet, hateful to the Prussian territorial lords who have witnessed the



"I KNEW A MAN AND HE HAD SIX SONS"

This quotation from Walt Whitman might have been applied to the German Emperor, who is here revealed marching through the streets of Berlin in line with five of the striplings who have blessed his union with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The youngest and sixth son of the couple has not yet attained military rank of sufficient dignity to parade thus splendidly.

rise of a wealthy merchant class with horror, hateful to the court cliques who loath the business man in public office. Bernhard Dernburg began the world vulgarly enough as a clerk in a Berlin business office. His record was made additionally disreputable by a period



FROM BISMARCK TO BULOW
A bigger task for a smaller man.

—London Punch.

of service in a New York financial establishment. Returning with a comprehensive American experience, Dernburg had the ill-luck to rise from the post of foreign correspondent in a Berlin banking establishment to the management of the concern, which assisted in the rehabilitation of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Another great enterprise which disgraced Dernburg in the eyes of the conservative aristocracy was the successful liquidation and reorganization of those Berlin mortgage companies which were involved in the collapse of the notorious Pommern Bank some five or six years ago. If the wretched man had not always been actively engaged in business, if he were not essentially self-made, if one of his great-grandfathers had not been a Jew, the shock of his appointment to succeed a hereditary Prince von Hohenlohe—in direct descent from Everard, Duke of Franconia—would have seemed less American in those aspects which rendered it a stench in the nostrils of all Prussian junkers.

THE direct challenge of this appointment of a bank director of Jewish lineage to so exalted a post under the imperial government was at once taken up by the aristocratic bureaucracy, whose supremacy, hitherto unquestioned, had received a tremendous blow. All the forces of agrarian conservatism and of violent protection in tariff matters and of autocratic reaction in political policy flew into revolt against such open recognition of the importance of Germany's commercial classes in official life. Dernburg's campaign addresses in behalf of the German colonies were resented as conferring too much prominence upon so low a person. It was hinted by various agrarians that in his dubious past, that is, before he became Director of Colonial Affairs, Dernburg belonged to the most advanced of the radical groups—that Freisinnige Vereinigung which boldly advocates many of the same democratic abominations to which the moral and mental perversion of the American people is solely attributable. Dernburg is furthermore the son of a journalist, Herr Friedrich Dernburg, who many years ago edited the Berlin *National Zeitung*, and who impenitently contributes to the diffusion of progressive ideas in the Berlin *Tageblatt*. The *Tageblatt*, which probably has a larger circulation than any other political daily in the capital of the Hohenzollerns, happens to be the leading organ of the party to which the colonial director is accused of having attached himself when accumulating his considerable fortune.

IN SACRIFICING a business income exceeding sixty thousand dollars annually for an office of which the yearly salary is less than four thousand dollars, Herr Bernhard Dernburg enabled Emperor William to make the boldest experiment of his reign. Dernburg does not seem to have attained even the lowest rank as an officer of the military reserve. For a captain, therefore, not to speak of a colonel in the colonial service, to take orders and reprimands from a military inferior or from a mere civilian is a thing abhorrent to the spirit of Prussian institutions. Dernburg is known to be a man of uncommon energy, impatient of contradiction, somewhat short of temper and bent in every contingency upon having what he considers the right prevail. Herr Dernburg has carried all before him so far. It was upon a vote involving his department that Emperor William appealed to the German people against the Reichstag that had put von Bülow on the adverse side of a majority. It was Dernburg who, according to a belief prevailing in quarters where the facts should be ascertainable, precipitated the crisis between the imperial administration and the Roman Catholic Center party. Herr Dernburg's personal campaign has been directed against the "blacks," as the clericals are called. But the blacks come to the new Reichstag in better shape than they were in when Dernburg first took the field against them. Von Bülow, on the other hand, was in command of the forces that marched against the Socialist position. Bebel is unhorsed. The conservatives argue, as a consequence, that it is von Bülow, not Dernburg, who should be hailed wearer of the victor's wreath. In any event, the newly elected Reichstag assembles on the eve of a revolutionary change in the parliamentary policy of William II. It has actually been hinted that a mere steamship magnate may be the next imperial Chancellor.

* * *

NEWS more unexpected than that of George Clémenceau's possible retirement as Prime Minister of the French republic has not reached the Vatican for a long time. The ill-health attributed to the head of the anticlerical ministry in Paris is thought to coincide strangely with rumors that Briand may become Premier and with the determination of certain extreme groups in the chamber of deputies to deal more energetically with the church. Emile Combes, so long Premier and now leader of

that party which complains that the Pope is treated with too much toleration, is said in the organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, to be scheming for his own return to power. "France ought to have avoided," avers Combes, "the feeble and undignified policy of running after the church with facilities and concessions," by which he means the successive compromises offered by the Minister of Public Worship, Aristide Briand, in the course of the past month. The Pope himself consented a few weeks ago to something that looked at the time like a modification of his original position. The Roman Catholics of France had been told explicitly that there can be no settlement of the dispute between church and state until the republic consents to negotiate directly with the Pope. "It is a fight," to quote the *Temps*, "for retention by the Vatican of the purely secular power of negotiating with the French state upon all sorts of subjects which belong to the province of the state." M. Briand refused to yield.

FRANCE was astonished, consequently, to learn later that her bishops had expressed willingness to enter into contracts on the subject of the church buildings. The contracts must secure them in the use of the sacred edifices. They must run for eighteen years. They must provide for transfer of rights from one priestly incumbent to another. The authority of the bishop over every incumbent must be conceded. Interference by the municipal authority must be excluded. The contracts must be general. No commune can declare itself exempt. "Unless the form of contract be thus made universal, the bishops decline to have anything to do with it anywhere." The last provision is occasioning discord. Should the government go over the heads of the municipal authorities in such fashion it enters into a relation of contract with the Vatican. Technically, it gives up the point upon which Clémenceau has taken his stand. Practically, insists the *Journal des Débats*, it abandons nothing essential. The Pope, it feels confident, is anxious for a settlement. Clémenceau is unwilling to prolong the crisis. The new attitude of the Vatican is thought in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* to denote some loss of prestige on the part of those papal councilors who act through Cardinal Merry del Val.

A MINISTERIAL crisis resulting in the fall of Clémenceau could only be brought about, says the anticlerical *Action*,

by the exercise of Vatican influence upon the financiers of Paris. This anticlerical daily hopes much from the impending publication of documents seized at the papal nunciature when the last representative of the Vatican in France was driven over the frontier. The documents prove, it is further hinted, that Vatican ecclesiastics have precipitated political crises in Madrid, Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The Vatican was enabled to exert such pressure upon the Spanish ambassador in Paris that he acted directly contrary to instructions from Madrid. The episode is still obscure, but the papers soon to see the light will reveal sensational aspects of it. Emile Combes says so, and he is mainly responsible for the seizure of these files of correspondence. "The Holy See," says the Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, "declares that it declines any responsibility for such publication, leaving it to persons who think themselves injured to use the means they judge best to protect their rights." The anticlerical ministry, notes the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) had evidently a powerful weapon at its disposal in these documents. It suspects that the very unexpected modification of the Vatican's attitude towards the French government may be connected with the anxiety of many exalted personages to keep these documents out of the newspapers. The clerical *Gaulois* (Paris) is amused at the innuendo. It urges the premier to give his sensation to the world which has waited breathlessly so long for it.



HOME RULE and the extinction of the House of Lords gave tone to the sensational speech from the throne read a fortnight ago by King Edward when he opened the new session of his Parliament. His Majesty did not use the words Home Rule. He refrained from saying the Lords would lose their hereditary right to legislate. But the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, could be blunt. Not that the words Home Rule passed even his lips. He had a better word for his purposes, "devolution." Ireland, it seems, is to have a parliament sitting at Dublin to make the laws of the country. That is not Home Rule; it is devolution. John Redmond, the Irish leader, said in the sort of speech that is expected from one in his position, at the opening of Parliament, that self-government for Ireland is coming. He would never have said this without previous consultation with the Prime Minister. Mr. Bal-

four, still the Conservative leader, after sustaining the worst defeat at the polls ever inflicted upon a party commander in England, declared that neither Home Rule nor a modification of the House of Lords is possible without a fresh election. The Prime Minister told how the education bill got through the House of Commons after protracted debate, how it was mutilated in the House of Lords, how the Commons rejected the amendments of the Lords, how the Lords stood to their guns and how the ministry gave up the attempt to pass the bill. "This question of the House of Lords," concluded Sir Henry, amid resounding cheers, "must be settled." But it can not be settled, if the unanimous verdict of the English press counts for anything, without unsettling all that is fundamental in the political institutions of the kingdom.

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THREE irreconcilable sets of election returns bewilder the student of the month's contest throughout Russia for control of the new Duma. There is, first of all, the accurate report of the result compiled by the secret police but inaccessible to all not enjoying their implicit confidence. There is, next, the result as announced publicly by Premier Stolypin, indicating a safe ministerial majority. Finally one has the figures somewhat confusedly presented in the very partisan native press. By his juggling with the election laws, his threats to dissolve the newly chosen Duma unless it be "obedient," his prohibition of the right of meeting to parties of a democratic tendency, and his refusal to permit the use of printed ballots, Prime Minister Stolypin, writes Professor Maxime Kovalevsky in the *London Post*, has imperilled the prospects of the parties that support him. The great mass of peasants voted against Stolypin's candidates. The same hostility was manifested in the Siberian constituencies, in the Caucasus and in the outlying districts of southwestern Russia. So Kovalevsky affirms. He seems to have followed the month's developments carefully, and he is known to be a Russian politician who weighs his words. Among the landed proprietors, he admits, there exists a current of opinion friendly to Stolypin. Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias, is said to have boasted, as the long drawn out election proceeded, that his empire is the only country in the world permitting its peasantry, to choose representatives of their own order as a class apart from the rest of the population.



THE GREATEST ENEMY OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister of Edward VII, has just declared that the question raised by the House of Lords when it threw out the Education Bill in defiance of the House of Commons involves the gravest constitutional crisis. Sir Henry himself, it seems, has a Home Rule Bill in reserve.

UNTIL Nicholas II reached Tsarskoe-Selo from Peterhof, the real autocrat of Russia, we are assured by the *Paris Temps*, was Prime Minister Stolypin. Immured since last summer in the seclusion of Peterhof, his Majesty, disposed by disposition to retirement, had seemed to sicken of his own autocracy. Stolypin waxed into a vice-despot, an irresponsible dictator. It was the condition he had imposed upon the Czar before accepting the responsibilities of office. He guaranteed the ultimate success of his policy, if everything were left to his discretion. Wearied with taking arms against his sea of troubles, worn to a shadow by the insomnia that has grown upon him, the autocrat relinquished all authority to Stolypin, the greatest optimist in Russia. Nicholas went so far as to refer every minister to the Premier. Stolypin has given every order since last summer. "It was constitutional government in all its vigor," observes the *Paris Débats*, which furnishes these particulars, "but it was constitutional

government without a constitution. The Czar reigned, but he did not rule." The absolutism to which Nicholas had aspired Stolypin attained. The Prime Minister told a French journalist not long ago that the press was nowhere so free as he had made it in Russia. In another week the *Russ* had been suppressed because someone wrote it a letter protesting against an execution. "The fact is," says that observer on the spot—Hon. Maurice Baring in the London *Post*—"the press would be free if martial law did not obtain everywhere."

NOTWITHSTANDING Stolypin's reputation as the finest type of gentleman evolved by Muscovite civilization, in spite of his personal prestige as the chivalrous son of a stainless soldier and of a princess who combined wit and beauty with ineffable goodness, his performances during the past month have slightly tarnished his renown as a champion of fair play. The disillusion came when he required the publishers, editors and principal members of the staffs of newspapers to sign an undertaking not to criticize the Stolypin mode of conducting a national election. The newspapers were likewise ordered not to interpret the development of the political campaign in a sense unfavorable to the authorities. They were called upon to soothe the public mind. All newspapers that proved refractory were either suppressed forthwith or subjected to heavy money fines. In some instances, the writers of unpalatable comment upon the Stolypin "explanations" were sent to prison. The most drastic step was enforcement of a military censorship of the press that had spread far and wide by the time the elections entered their last stage. It is hardly too much to say that for the past six weeks authentic news of what is happening in the interior of Russia has been all but unprocurable. Yet Prime Minister Stolypin has remained the most accessible of mortals to the St. Petersburg correspondents of newspapers published outside his native land. Interview after interview has impressed readers of British, French and American dailies with that firm purpose to do just the right thing for which Peter Acadievitch Stolypin is so esteemed.

NICHOLAS II reached Tsarskoe-Selo at a moment when the initial phases of the creation of the new Duma indicated its final appearance as a stormy, undisciplined and refractory body doomed in advance to a speedy dissolution. Stolypin had taken five million dollars from the national treasury for

the campaign. His efforts to eliminate the Constitutional Democrats—the party led by estimable professors like Milyoukoff—had resulted in a probability that they might elect their ticket in St. Petersburg and make gains in Moscow. The peasants were restive in spite of the government's offer on easy terms of some 23,000,000 acres of land in different provinces of European Russia and 55,000,000 in Siberia. But the peasants were warned from Siberia by the campaign literature circulated surreptitiously in every hut. They were told that the poorest farmers must wait longest for land at home because they were crowded in provinces where farms were to be had only by dispossessing their landlords—a policy frowned down by Stolypin himself. The emergency was met with a law which even the organ of the Constitutional Democrats, the *Retch*, concedes to be fraught with far-reaching benefits, not only for the peasantry but for the whole Russian people. Peasant ownership was decreed in village communes wherever any farmer called for it. Individual ownership is thus to supplant community of land. "No more important act," asserts one of the highest living authorities on modern Russia, Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the London *Telegraph*, "has emanated from the Russian government since Alexander II emancipated the serfs forty-five years ago." The fetters of the peasant had been but partially struck off before. He will be henceforth, and to the extent that the word is applicable to any Russian, free. So tremendous was the political effect that the agitators in that group of toil which hails Aladin, the educated peasant, as its hero, noted a marked disaffection among their supporters.

SO VEXED was the autocrat by the dilemma that drove him to this act of emancipation that he looked about, say the correspondents, for a successor to Stolypin. Rumors of Witte's restoration to the post he had quitted in humiliation intercepted that statesman himself as he journeyed to his estates in the Caucasus. He seems to be a very sick man. His name has been connected with desperate efforts to float a fresh loan in Paris—a loan that will remain unnegotiable, as the Rothschilds are said to have assured Stolypin, until wholesale massacre of Jews are punishable in fact as well as on paper. When the news that Witte had actually been invited to St. Petersburg was confirmed, the organs of reaction pronounced him the head of a conspiracy to slaughter the entire governing caste,

an unhappy miscreant who, raised to posts of the highest honor in the state, had sold his sovereign to foreign Jews. Witte reached St. Petersburg when the effervescence of such furies hissed hottest. Not long afterwards he was on his way to Brussels, where his married daughter makes her home. He is said to have lost the power of speech during one stage of his recent illness. He told a correspondent that his return to the anxieties of the time when bombs were smuggled into his study disturbed him less than the thought of the shattered health which would make assumption of official responsibility an act of self-destruction. The reactionary organs likened him to Cataline proclaiming his own lack of guile to the Roman senate.

ALL THE leaders of the thirteen political parties involved in the struggle for control of Russia's new Duma predict the outcome with a confidence worthy of William Randolph Hearst when he foretold a majority of 200,000 for himself in New York State. Only one Russian political leader, Aladin, soul of the peasant labor group in the late Duma, consents to obscurity. He was duly heard from in London, foretelling confusion for Stolypin in a long article printed by *The Times* of that city. Aladin had been informed that he would be placed in a dungeon if he showed himself within his constituency of Simbirsk. Aladin has spent much leisure in prison at Kazan, but he is now anxious to avoid any renewal of his former associations with Russian penal rigor. Cossacks, he averred, have invaded Simbirsk to keep him out of the new Duma. His rhetoric was as fervent as his rage when he told New York audiences last month of all these things. Count Heyden, the landed aristocrat of venerable appearance and ample wealth, who abjures recourse to political methods punishable by law, has organized what he calls a party of peaceful regeneration upon the basis that only a responsible ministry enjoying the confidence of the new Duma can establish order and good government. Mr. Michael Stakhovich, some time leader of those moderate Octobrists who derive their name from the month made glorious by one of the Czar's innumerable manifestoes, has gone over to the party of peaceful regeneration and back again to the Octobrists with such speed and frequency that the *Russ* became quite sarcastic until it was suppressed and had to appear under another name.

THAT fervent orator and genial giant, Dr. Rodicheff, who performed parliamentary prodigies for the Constitutional Democrats before the military locked the late Duma out of the Tauride Palace, hopes to baffle the Prime Minister's efforts to balk his election from St. Petersburg. The distinguished writer on Russian institutions, Professor Milyoukoff, who was kept out of the first national representative body ever chosen by the Russian people only through a technicality, hopes to get in this time. So, too, does Professor Kovalevsky, whose clear, instructive discourses in the Tauride Palace, combined with his typically Muscovite appearance and manner, made him a great favorite among the peasant deputies and who is now insisting that the first act of the new Duma must be the impeachment of Stolypin for dissolving the last. Dimitri Shipoff, so often named as a possible Prime Minister, had nailed his colors to the mast as an Octobrist until Count Heyden won him over to the party of peaceful regeneration with a view to the combination of all constitutional groups in the coming Duma. The irreconcilable Alexander Guchkoff, leading spirit among the Octobrists, emphatically declares that "in Russia the monarchical principle must be constitutional or nothing," and he is deemed certain of election. These, and a multitude besides, are running the gantlet of Prime Minister Stolypin's electoral savages, "the union of Russian men," which has vowed the death by assassination of many an opposition candidate. But the terrorists have shown in the past few weeks that they understand the art of assassination. Count Alexis Ignatieff, the Czar's disciplinarian, General Litvinoff, a provincial governor famed as a flogger, Prefect Pavloff, organizer of spies, and some lesser lights, have died the death of Plehve. Bombs have been thrown at candidates for the Duma here and there, but the bearers of distinguished names yet live—Rodicheff, Milyoukoff, Kovalevsky, Shipoff, Heyden, Guchkoff—all leaders, some in the same political group, yet united in little except the idea that Stolypin must go. It is this very fact, say all observers, that commends Stolypin to the Czar.

By an inadvertence last month, the copyright notice was omitted from the ten photographs of President Roosevelt on pages 130, 131. They were made from stereographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York, 1906.

Persons in the Foreground

THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

* * * * *
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.



IT WAS about two weeks before the election of 1894, in the State of Wisconsin, that a meeting was being held of the leaders in the La Follette faction of the Republican party from different parts of the state. The burden of all reports was the same—failure. Then “the little lion of Wisconsin,” as his admirers call him, rose to the full height of his five feet and four inches and began to recite that most famous of Henley’s poems, quoted in part above. His eyes were blazing and his voice quivering, and his diminutive stature seemed to loom higher and higher as he proceeded to cheer his downcast lieutenants. “In ten minutes,” says a former law partner of La Follette, who tells the story, “he had swept away their dejection and filled them with new zeal.” Of course there is but one right way for such a good story to end. This story ends in that way. His followers “rushed back to the firing line,” and when the election had been held the La Follette Republicans had become the dominating factor in Wisconsin politics.

Robert M. La Follette, now the junior Senator from that state, and, according to Newton Dent, writing in *Munsey's*, the most isolated and prophetic figure seen in that body since the days of Sumner, began his life in a log hut, a few miles from Madison, Wisconsin, fifty-two years ago. He is of French Huguenot extraction. His boyhood was spent on a farm. He worked his way through college—the University of Wisconsin—for his father died when Bob was in the cradle, and he had to help support the family as soon as he was in his teens. “He was the poorest student in his class,” says one of his biographers, “and the ablest.” Part of the time he taught school and part of the time he edited the university paper. He captured the championship for oratory in an interstate collegiate contest, and greater

glory than that can no man in a western college acquire. He graduated in 1879 in the science course and in 1880 from the law department. He had had visions early in life of a career on the stage, but a tragedian told him that a Hamlet only five feet four in height was out of the question, and, with a sigh, he turned to law. At the age of 25 he was elected district attorney, at the age of 29 he was made a congressman. He has served three terms in the lower house of Congress, and has been elected governor of his state three times. Now in the United States Senate he may be lonely, but he doesn't seem to let that fact prey upon his mind. He has friends outside the Senate, and a good many of them think they have him as good as nominated for president on the next Republican ticket. The most popular Republican paper in New York City—*The Press*—is strenuously for his nomination.

In personal appearance he is described by the writer in *Munsey's* as “more like a missionary-bishop than a hard-headed man of affairs.” Here is the way one Washington correspondent describes his appearance: “He is a well-built, athletic, energetic, good-looking man with a high, broad forehead, a square jaw, a pair of keen brown eyes, and an aggressive, wavy pompadour. He has a ready smile and a handshake that makes the other fellow remember the day his fingers got caught in a door.” Another observer speaks of his having the face of a Savonarola and the physique of a Daniel Boone. And still another, one of his admiring constituents, has much to say of his flashing eyes, his leonine head, his square jaw and his clarion voice. He has also a stomach,—the kind, that is, that makes itself known. It is an insurgent stomach, and it is said that it kept him flat in bed for six months each year during several years of his fight to reach the governorship. The hardest fight he ever had, in fact, was to conquer “Little Mary” by diet and regular exercise.

As a political leader La Follette's characteristics are now fairly well known in the country at large. He is an effective orator, but his oratory is not of the flowery kind. Despite the fact that he is, as a writer in *The Arena* says, “familiar with all the masterpieces of literature” and lectures on Shakespeare's

plays, he "quotes no poetry or literary gems of any kind, uses no figures of speech, has no climaxes, tells no stories, indulges in no humor," and "uses no historical examples or allusions." But his delivery is "graceful," his English "pure," his thought and expression "vigorous" and his ideals "lofty." It goes almost without saying that he is a fighter from way back. The main issue on which he has fought his way up is that of "representative government," which has meant, with him, opposition to the machine which he found in his party, and opposition to the railroad and other corporations that supported the machine. Direct nominations by the people has been one of his strongest weapons, and to secure it took years of hard combat even after his party had adopted it in its platform and elected him governor. His temper is supposed, especially in the East, to be very radical, so radical indeed that President Roosevelt distrusts him and all the Republican Senators are afraid of him. If the writer in *Munsey's* is correct, he is far from what the real radicals would consider one of themselves. Says Mr. Dent:

"His unique merit as a social reformer is that he has a long record of building up, not tearing down. He is not a socialist, Populist, or single-taxer. His ideas come from the people whom he meets day by day, and from his own reflections upon events. No matter how eloquent his peroration may be, it does not prophesy the coming of a golden age of universal affluence. The only millennium that interests him is the time when we shall have common honesty, and plenty of it, in the administration of our public affairs.

"In fact, La Follette is essentially a conservative with regard to American institutions. He is well satisfied with the handiwork of the men who built this republic. When a friend said to him, recently, 'We must abolish the Constitution,' he was horrified. He has no sympathy whatever with those who assail the Senate in general terms. And as for being a social revolutionist of the Bebel or Jaurès type, nothing could be more foreign to his practical mind.

"His idea is not to change American institutions, but to make them work. He wants to clean up the machinery, and oil it, and make it run. In Wisconsin there are few cranks and faddists among his adherents. The red-flag socialists are so strongly opposed to his moderate proposals that they have on several occasions joined forces with the railroads against him. His attitude, in general, is rather that of a business man than of a politician or social reformer."

The three qualities that most distinguish the man, according to the *Arena* writer, are his absolute honesty, his first-class skill as an organizer, and his effectiveness as an orator. His arch-enemy is Senator Spooner. Congressman Babcock, now ex-congressman, was



COMES HONESTLY BY LOVE OF THE STAGE

Miss Lola La Follette, daughter of Senator La Follette, is a member of Ada Rehan's company. Her father would have gone on the stage if his short stature had not been such a handicap.

another of his foes. But with them all in mind, after his last nomination for governor had been made by unanimous vote of the Republican convention, following, however, on a bitter contest, he concluded his speech of acceptance as follows:

"I do not treasure one personal injury or lodge in memory one personal insult. The span of my life is too short for that. But so much as it pleases God to spare unto me I shall give, whether in the public service or out of it, to the contest for good government."



HIS PERSONALITY IS SAID TO BE AS DELIGHTFUL AS TAFT'S

Prince von Bülow, imperial German Chancellor, is deemed the hero of the Waterloo inflicted last month upon the Socialists of the land. The Prince is so urbane that his speech is irresistible, his courtesy is so perfect that he has not a personal enemy in the world, and his culture is so fine that he enters into the spirit of every art and all literatures. He has only recently recovered from a long illness. No one seems to know what foundation there may be for rumors of his coming retirement.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR

IT IS said of Prince von Bülow, now hailed even more than is his master William II as the real victor of the recent German elections, that he never was a boy. He became a man by the time he had cut his teeth. His mother used to say, as she combed the long flaxen hair for which he was locally illustrious at the age of eight, that Bernhard would become a celebrated artist. The prophecy, if anything may be inferred from German press comment of the sarcastic kind, has been abundantly fulfilled. The particular art in which he has not merely an enthusiastic ambition to excel but a mastery that speaks volumes for the length of his training, is the art of trifling. Yet he could stand on his head in a clown's motley without forfeiting a trace of that personal distinction which gives atmosphere to his character. He does it metaphorically all the time. Big and heavy physically, the Prince nevertheless conveys an impression of lightness—his critics say frothiness—that seems to have nothing German in it. Accepting the views of his enemies, indeed, one must believe that Prince von Bülow is German neither in his outlook upon life nor in his training.

He has sprung from a very ancient and distinguished house. His genealogy goes back eight centuries. Generation after generation of the Bülows have held lucrative public office. But Bernhard von Bülow was not born a prince nor even a count. He has never possessed vast landed estates. He has never held a commission in the German army. His university career was French. The land of which he knows most is Italy. He even possesses what the French call "esprit"—a word feebly transliterated into liveliness of wit and fancy, and therefore inapplicable, according to Parisians, to any genuine German. Yet no one who reads the monologs with which the Chancellor delights the Reichstag, affirms the *London Times*, can hesitate to allow that he is abundantly endowed with the winning Gallic quality in question. Nothing could be gayer, lighter or more adroit than the fashion in which this responsible statesman ensures his triumph as an artist by trifling with the weightiest international interests with which Europe is concerned. The Prince does try hard to be

serious upon occasion, and then the whole Reichstag is dissolved in merriment. "The expansive good nature of his whole attitude and the exquisite art with which it is used to cloak and to relieve the playful malice of some of his ingenuous-looking sentences," says the *London Times* again, "have a flavor—it is true a trans-Rhenane flavor—of La Fontaine."

The Prince has large, expressive blue eyes, the gaze whereof is pronounced keen and penetrating. His complexion is blond, inclining slightly to the florid. He is some six feet tall, with a tendency to plumpness. The Germans do not like his fondness for English modes. They make fun, too, of the poodle to which he is so attached. The Chancellor is a good deal of a pedestrian. Clad in a tweed suit, with a heavy stick in his hand, a short pipe between his teeth, and followed by the faithful dog, the imperial German chancellor will wander for hours in highways and byways. He has footed it all over northern Italy, the region he seems to love above all other portions of the world. The Prince prefers Italian cooking to German cooking, Italian artists to German artists. He thinks in Italian, we are told, and translates into German. His wife is an Italian of Italians. She was a Princess Maria Camille, daughter of one of the most brilliant women in Roman society years ago, and stepdaughter of the Italian statesman Minghetti. They have no children.

Von Bülow makes no concealment of his love for Italy. He agrees with Theophile Gautier that the grand canal of Venice is the most wonderful thing in the world. He has spent day after day amid the ruins of Pompeii, the frescoes therein filling him with delight and inspiring his sympathetic interest in the project for the excavation of Herculaneum. For every form of Italian art—painting, music, sculpture, poetry, architecture—he has a passion. His tastes in this direction were influenced by Marco Minghetti, the stepfather of his wife, an orator of brilliant talent, a lover of the great classical authors from whose writings he quotes with unexampled felicity. From Minghetti von Bülow learned that art of quotation which he employs with such effect in the Reichstag. It is well known that the Chancellor will re-

solve all debate into a poetical quotation, well timed. Goethe, Homer, Shakespeare, he seems to have them all by heart. Theocritus is another author that he loves. Taine he commends highly because that Frenchman comprehended Italy.

Brilliant as are the talents for which the Chancellor is famed—sprightliness in conversation, readiness of wit, facility in negotiation, brilliance as an orator—there is some doubt as to whether they are wholly genuine. He is deemed somewhat ostentatious of the abilities, such as they are, which he possesses. He never tells anything but the truth. But he does not think himself bound to tell the whole truth when some—political opponents mainly—think he ought to tell it. He seems to have no great capacity for friendship. His brother is said to be his most intimate chum. The Emperor is said to admire him immensely without exactly loving him. Von Bülow is of that type which lives upon approbation, which detests the notion of being guilty of a rude act or an impolite remark. He never affects to be above even a Socialist member of the Reichstag. He respects, with an almost religious scrupulosity, all the established decorums of German life; but the flexibility of his manner, while making him most agreeable, is alleged to denote some capacity for slyness. And if Boileau be right in affirming that no truly great genius was ever wholly satisfied with himself, von Bülow lacks the highest type of human ability. For he possesses the characteristic, or, rather, the personal trait to which the immature refer when they say that so-and-so is "dead stuck" on himself.

From the lips of von Bülow the German language falls in sentences of perfect clarity. It has been affirmed that parliamentary oratory is unknown in the fatherland. It is certainly non-existent in any sense intelligible to Anglo-Saxons. But von Bülow and Bebel between them have brought into being a kind of public speaking quite new in the political life of their common country. Each makes free use of simple gestures, but both abstain from the awkward and the obscure, from those divagations and involutions that render the talk of a German professor so ponderous. Bebel and Bülow are further kin in the mordant quality of the humor of each, in an irony that is both grim and unstrained. The sentences flow in a steady stream, without harking back or stumbling forward. Germany has come a little late into her national parliament, as she has come a little late into her national navy, but in von Bülow and in Bebel she has speakers of such power and brilliance that their superior does not exist in the parliament of any other land. An oratorical duel between the pair is always an international sensation. Nothing could be more characteristic or more killing than the courtesy of the Chancellor throughout these crises. Bebel is always so terribly in earnest and von Bülow is always so thoro a trifier that the contrast between them would be striking even tho the Chancellor refrained—which he never does—from quoting something or other from the poets by way of illustration that makes Socialistic aspirations seem like gelid beams plucked on the pale-faced moon.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



TWELVE years ago, at the age of fifty-five, John D. Rockefeller, having amassed the largest private fortune of the world, decided to retire from active business. Up to that time the world in general knew little of his personality, and that little was the result of guesswork and deduction. The figure that had taken its place in the public mind was that of a remorseless man, driven by a lust for power, unfeeling and unyielding. Miss Ida Tarbell's conscientious endeavor to find the real Rockefeller from his record resulted in the portrayal of a man who became in early manhood "money-mad," and had been ever since dominated by the obsession of a fixed idea. When Mr. Rockefeller

began his series of donations to Chicago University the paragraphers and cartoonists represented him as squeezing the unfortunate "common people" just enough tighter to reimburse himself for his beneficence. Had Mr. Rockefeller died ten years ago he would have died in public execration. The term is hardly too strong.

But there has been a marked change in the public feeling of late years, and especially in the last two years. One reason for it, perhaps, has been the contrast forced upon the world's attention between his own unostentatious private life, with its freedom from scandal, and the life of certain other frenzied financiers whose ideas of "high life" seemed to

be to break the bank at Monte Carlo, to keep the divorce courts busy, and to supply racy material for the columns of *Town Topics*. Another and still more potent reason for the change has been due, probably, to the growing belief that Mr. Rockefeller actually cares a little for the good opinion of his fellowmen—cares for it not as a financial asset, but as any other normal human being on the way down the slope of life might care for it. Pity is akin to love, and even the socialists began to pity John D. Rockefeller for his supposed loneliness and heart-hunger! "The loneliest man in the world" he has been called by Frederick Palmer, and a touching picture was given by one magazine writer several months ago (and reproduced in these pages) of Mr. Rockefeller surrounded by guards, in constant fear of assassination, a sort of prisoner in his own home and a stranger to all the joys of open-hearted human companionship. Napoleon, standing with folded arms, grand, gloomy and peculiar, looking out over the waves as they broke upon the shores of Elba, was never a more pathetic figure than this Napoleon of finance that the public has been picturing to itself of late, hairless and hopeless, longing for a word of real sympathy and the touch of a hand that was not reaching for his pocketbook.

Already the picture fades and another is taking its place. The Great Inaccessible no longer wanders in solitary grandeur. Another magazine writer has broken down the barriers that hedge him about, and we now find him playing golf, riding a bicycle, whistling, singing, and throwing his hat in the air with the abandon of a sixteen-year-old boy. Lonesome? Miserable? Far from it. So far from it, indeed, that he is now proclaimed, on the testimony of "a close associate," as "undoubtedly the happiest man in the world."

It is *The Woman's Home Companion* that has given us this later, and, we are bound to believe, truer, picture of Mr. Rockefeller. Its representative went with letters of introduction to see him last August at his Forest Hill home in Cleveland. The scribe was stopped at the lodge gate. He went back to his hotel and wrote a letter to Mr. Rockefeller, telling him that he was the most hated and least understood person in the United States, and that here was his chance to set himself right with the world! Result: an invitation to play golf with the rich man, followed by another and another. And now we get "for the first time an accurate picture of the human side of the remarkable Mr. Rockefeller." At least one side of him, therefore, is human.

The humor of the situation is rather fetching, but there is no evidence that the writer in *The Woman's Home Companion* is conscious of it, tho it is not impossible that Mr. Rockefeller saw it and enjoyed it. "He said to me one day," says the writer, "We ought to be thankful for simple tastes—to be able to enjoy sunshine, blue sky like this, leaves, grass and our game of golf." He meant it, too. He is fond of discovering things for which he should feel thankful." We know not which the more to admire, the naiveté of Mr. Rockefeller or that of his companion. The fact that indictments and subpoenas were already beginning to hurtle through the air of Ohio at that time gives us the right kind of background for the picture, and for this touching expression of gratitude for sunshine, blue sky, leaves and grass. It was not for nothing, perchance, that Mr. Rockefeller had become a year before an honorary member of the association of American press humorists!

But let the game of golf proceed. It was a four-ball four-some, the other two players being two Cleveland preachers, both Baptists. The scribe was selected as Mr. Rockefeller's partner. "He knows how to make every one feel comfortable and at home," is the commentary on this. Very soon Mr. Rockefeller made an accurate approach thirty yards away from the fourth hole. "What a handclapping! He was as tickled as a boy with a new toy. He threw up his hat and danced a jig on the spot." Mr. Rockefeller and his *Home Companion* companion were beaten at the end of the course of nine holes. Then the millionaire wanted to play four more holes, which he and his partner won, and the solemn assurance is given us: "He is not superstitious. Thirteen holes is his favorite number every day." The biographer gives us another Boswellian touch:

"Mr. Rockefeller plays golf from a wheel, riding from shot to shot. He has three boy attendants, not that he needs so many, but this system seems a natural result of his ingrained sense of personal economy. This economic theory is especially well sustained in the case of Willie. Willie supplies part of the motive power for the wheel, running behind and pushing, as they move over the soft sod. Another boy carries a bag of golf clubs, and a third comes with a basket containing golf balls, chalk, extra gloves, a neckerchief, and underneath all these things I wondered—what!

"When he is with friends and merry, you can't count the lines in his face—gentle, genial lines, and around the eyes, crow's-feet of delicious humor. Usually he wears no glasses. But the eyes! They are light blue, and just around the corner, a jolly, roguish twinkle. Far apart,

focussed in space, seeing things ten years off, they are brightened by hopeful imagination. Unlike most men of his age, he lives in the future as much as in the past. This is the more remarkable, too, because few men have lived through such thrilling times or seen such conquests.

"He has a long, straight, perceptive nose, mouth straight, firm but kind; thin lips, persuasive and sufficiently elastic to whistle or play a horn. I have heard him whistle and sing."

Never, says the same writer, has he known anyone who could approach Mr. Rockefeller in thoughtful little attentions. Remembering that the express object of the visit was to enable Mr. Rockefeller to set the world right as to his character, such thoughtful attention loses some of its evidential value in this particular case. But as a matter of fact, all the personal friends of the magnate, those who have had years of intimacy with him, tell the same story as to his attentiveness and kindly manner toward his guests. It extends to rather minute details and is habitual with him. He is never morose, is an agreeable talker, a fairly good story-teller, and quick at repartee. He is fond of reading, especially of reading serious books that interpret life from a religious point of view,—not sloppy sentiment, but the writings of such authors as Drummond and Ian Maclaren and Lyman Abbott. All these stories of guards outside his window at night and push-buttons located everywhere for the purpose of summoning speedy help and of constant mortal dread of assassination are scouted by his friends as tommyrot. They testify that the guards are not in evidence, that his houses are obviously like any other houses, that his manner is that of a cheery optimist, that he eats well and has the same variety of dishes any man of regular habits and good digestion and a clear conscience has.

The difference between the attitude toward the public of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie has been frequently noted. Mr. Carnegie is a "mixer," as the politicians say, and he has by his approachableness and good nature averted personal hostility and misunderstanding of various kinds. Mr. Rockefeller's latest magnificent gift to the cause of education—thirty-two millions at one stroke—has placed him certainly in the same category as Carnegie in the size of his benefactions. But Mr. Rockefeller has held himself personally aloof even from the objects of his beneficence. A recent writer in the *New York Times* interprets his attitude as follows:

"People have made some quaint guesses at Mr. Rockefeller's apparent attitude of standing apart from his benefactions, once they are made. It is

a pose, say some; it is probably a personal diffidence in facing crowds, say others. The true explanation is that he is absolutely wanting in the sense of personal display. It has long been conceded that his was the most practical and competent mind in the United States devoted purely to business problems in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. A simple love of home and family developed as he assumed the responsibilities of wedded life. His home, his church work, his business furnished his workshop, his playground, his drama, his entertainment.

"As the popular writers drew a mantle of mystery around him, he was content to be thankful for the opportunity it gave him to live quietly in the shade when everybody else seemed straining for a spot in the public eye. His suavity was no pose, it was part of his nature. His cheerfulness, however lacking in demonstrativeness, was unfailing, but operate in the public square he would not."

The same journal gives a list of Mr. Rockefeller's gifts as they have from time to time become known, and they amount to a little less than \$94,000,000. The *New York American* reckons up a total of \$158,000,000. Nearly all this vast sum has gone to educational institutions. Most of it has been given since his retirement from active business, but it is said that from the first his ambition has been to afford educational advantages to as many young men and women as possible. He is carrying out a lifelong purpose, not a purpose born, as some have inferred, of late years from remorse and an expiatory impulse. And he has made it an invariable rule of his giving to an institution that it shall raise additional sums before it can receive his gift. The most striking evidence that the use he is making of his fortune is disarming his critics is perhaps to be found in the editorial comment of Mr. Hearst's paper, the *New York American*, a few days ago, just after the announcement of the gift of thirty-two millions. Under the title, "Noble Use of a Vast Fortune," *The American* remarks that the most appropriate time for considering the social perils of such a fortune as Mr. Rockefeller's is not when he is parting with it for promoting knowledge. It adds:

"Centuries after Mr. Rockefeller is gone the effects of his benefactions will remain. The wisdom of men and the goodness of men will be increased through generations by his money. Moreover, while Rockefeller lives, and as long as his name shall be remembered, his example will stimulate other multi-millionaires to emulation. Surely there could not be nobler rivalry than competition in founding and endowing institutions of learning and setting free from the burdensome cares of life gifted men engaged in original research.

"The John D. Rockefeller who bestows millions with both hands upon universities and schools deserves all the applause that his enlightened benevolence brings to him."

MARQUIS SAIONJI, THE PRIME MINISTER AND BEAU BRUMMELL OF JAPAN



IN THOSE professions of unalterable esteem for America and for all things American which the Japanese Prime Minister framed with such effect in the Diet at Tokyo four weeks ago, we have evidence, say some cynics, that he might have excelled Garrick in comedy had his genius been turned in earlier life in the direction most congenial to it. The Marquis Saionji's eulogy of President Roosevelt rose at times to an almost lyric fervor after the peace of Portsmouth, altho to the Marquis that peace was meaningless and grotesque. The real personal sentiments of this statesman on the subject of our country are expressed in stolen half-interviews and in hasty asides amid the gaieties of a ballroom, and are of the kind that finds favor on the continent of Europe and inspires spicy reflections in the *Berlin Kreuz Zeitung*. But the official opinion of the Marquis is to the personal opinion of the Marquis as pantomime to real life. Praising our country is a part he obviously enjoys. His best performance echoed those rhapsodies through the medium of which President Roosevelt converted his recent annual message into a Japanese canticle. The Marquis reciprocated with an American madrigal of even greater animation than the Rooseveltian scherzo that Emperor William has worn threadbare. The political foes of the Marquis professed to find his references to this sweet land of liberty ridiculous in view of the dislike of America so often attributed to him. The political supporters of the Marquis retort indignantly. Roosevelt had scratched Japan's back. Japan scratched Roosevelt's back. There is nothing ridiculous in peace on earth, good-will to men. Nor is dissimulation the second-nature of the Marquis. It is merely his refuge, his very present help in trouble. It is, as we say over here, the game, and the Marquis learned it in France. Nothing is worth learning, according to the private opinion he is said to hold, unless it can be learned in France.

Certainly no one was ever so French as the Marquis tries to be. The Prime Minister of Japan does his thinking in French. His manners are French. His sympathies are French. His characteristics are the most excessively French that ever made a personality delightful. Of his brilliance there can be no possible doubt whatever. In his sincerity

no one has any faith at all. Fifty-eight, extremely rich, aristocratic to the finger tips, uncompromisingly democratic in principle, he disposes of serious things with an epigram and thinks nothing matters much. He is, to employ the hackneyed phrase that fits him, perfectly lovely. Mrs. Mary Crawford Fraser, who has met him often, vouches in the *London Monthly Review* for that. So do many ladies. "A desperate heart-breaker," says our fair authority.

The tallness of the Marquis is described in the *Paris Gaulois*, charmed by his Gallican traits, as "divine"—a term which amounts to no more, apparently, than that the Prime Minister is what we unpolished Americans would call big for a Jap. He has a very psychic eye that swims—we plagiarize the French daily—straight into your soul. It is with his psychic eye instead of with his lips that the Marquis smiles—sometimes cynically; often sentimentally, but always irresistibly. His features are extremely regular, altho quite heavy about the lips and chin for one of his nation. Unlike the Japanese generally, he possesses very even and regular teeth of dazzling whiteness. He is destitute of that national vanity which prompts so many of his countrymen to attempt, in defiance of ethnology, the cultivation of a beard. But the most wonderful of the physical attractions of the Marquis is his complexion. It is golden. The anomaly imparts a peculiar seductiveness to his cuticle, which is of an inimitably silky texture. The smartness of the Marquis Saionji's figure is said to be really that of his corset. He was initiated into the mysteries of that accessory to personal distinction by Austrian cavalry officers who took a fancy to him while he sojourned in Vienna in a diplomatic capacity. This, of course, is gossip, a thing the Marquis despises. A corset, moreover, would add nothing to the beauty of those lines and the grace of that motion displayed by the Prime Minister in the native Japanese dress he wears on social occasions. He shows himself then in every conceivable combination of color, and so perfumed that his approach needs no announcement. He bathes thrice daily in hot water and flowers. His ablutions are made poetical by the orchid, the chrysanthemum and the rose, with each of which the Marquis is so infatuated that his doting daughter deliberately effects a

combination of the characteristics of all three in her own form and face. The task is facilitated by the uncloying sweetness of this nymph. She is just eighteen, distractingly Japanese in tress, in gait and in that delicious shame with which the maids of her exalted social position become conscious of a male presence. Her mauve kimono trails in gorgeousness at her least movement, while her pansy sash is like music flowing. She speaks French with her father's fluency, and her English is without a trace of accent. If the father is perfectly lovely, the daughter is too sweet for anything.

The Marquis Saionji, altho a scion of the most ancient house in the whole Japanese nobility, does not spring from that samurai or warrior class of which the daimyo or "great names" were the chief. The term samurai is derived from the Nippon equivalent of "to be on guard," and was first distinctively employed, say the learned, with reference to the sentinels of the emperor's palace. Now, while the ancestors of the samurai were pacing before the imperial portals, the ancestors of the Saionji were court nobles within, setting up and deposing emperors at their will and pleasure. This was in the golden age of Japanese classical literature in the eighth century of our era, altho the pedigree of the Marquis extends back some five thousand years prior to those specious days. He is privileged, in view of the antiquity of his origin, to visit the temple of Ise whenever the Emperor resorts thither to worship the first imperial ancestor, represented by a divine mirror. This divine mirror was given to the first imperial ancestor, says one tradition, by a Saionji in whom was incarnated, for the time being, the soul of the universe. However this may be, the Marquis, altho neither Shintoist nor Buddhist from conviction, is a devout ancestor worshiper, the shrines in his home at Oiso being of very ancient origin.

Oiso, where the Prime Minister resides with his family and to which he retires from Tokyo whenever affairs of state can be put aside, is likewise the abiding place of that famed statesman, the Baron Suyematsu, and of that illustrious father of modern Japan, the Marquis Ito. The exquisite villas of these ornaments of their age stand side by side as if to symbolize the closeness of those ties by which their occupants are bound together. For the Marquis Ito is the political preceptor of the Marquis Saionji. It was Ito who urged the young Kin-Mochi Saionji to re-

pair, in his twentieth year, to the capital of France. Saionji, not yet a Marquis, was then in the imperial suite at Kioto, the city in which he was born in 1849. He found himself in Paris during those republican frenzies to which the collapse of the third Napoleon's empire gave rise. The young Japanese nobleman went everywhere and saw everything. He was not forced, like Ito, to view the western world in the capacity of a sailor before the mast. He was too well born and too rich, perhaps too fastidious. His brother, the celebrated Marquis Toku-Daiji, was Lord Chamberlain. Another brother, as the head of the great banking and mercantile family of Sumitomo and as a multi-millionaire owning collieries and copper mines, provided him with introductions to the great financiers of Europe.

For ten years the handsome Saionji lived with the gilded youth of the French capital. He made himself at home in the Latin Quarter, but he was welcomed in the abodes of those legitimist aristocrats to whom the third republic was an abomination and the second empire a vulgar show. It was now that he acquired his nice mastery of French, his taste for coffee and rolls in bed, his preference for scented cigarettes and his love for Watteau. He has never forsaken these fancies of his youth. Neither has he lost his taste for Voltaire and for the great French writers whose works load his library shelves at Oiso. He met and delighted the Comte de Chambord, who so narrowly escaped being made the legitimist King of France. But the hero of the young Saionji was Gambetta. To the fiery French statesman the present Prime Minister of Japan is understood to owe his tendency to a Jacobinical democracy of principle. All the young men whom Gambetta fascinated at this period were destined to distinguish themselves as diplomatists—the brothers Cambon, Delcassé and even, among the rest, this Japanese exile who tripped in and out among them. The elegant part of the youth's leisure was consecrated to art, to the opera and to the acquisition of that facility in making love to which he is indebted for his reputation as a lady killer.

This descendant of a hundred generations of courtiers returned to the land of his birth in time to hail Itagaki as the Rousseau of Japan. Itagaki was the great democrat of this era. Okuma, the plutocrat, led the solidly respectable business element. Ito had put himself at the head of a constitutional imperial party which hailed the emperor as the



THE CHAMPION OF RACIAL EQUALITY

Marquis Saionji, Prime Minister of Japan, is affirmed by society ladies who have met him to possess the most perfect manners of the age, to be a squire of dames in the true sense and to manifest on any and every occasion a chivalry unapproachable since the glorious age of Louis XIV, who took his hat off to every milkmaid he met.

source of all rightful authority. Saionji appeared—he was now about thirty—with his head full of Parisian Jacobinism and started a paper inspired by the spirit of the French Revolution. It was full of pleas for the rights of man copiously presented in the style of Robespierre, Danton and Marat. Saionji called his sheet *Oriental Liberty*, and it was the scandal of the peerage. Even Itagaki found it too revolutionary. Okuma thought a reign of terror was impending in Tokyo. Ito, then engaged upon his first draft of the present constitution of Japan, visited the Gallicized young revolutionary, who was only too delighted to give up the cause of mankind for the love of a friend. No attitude could be more characteristic of Saionji's perfect politeness. He suppressed his paper, foreswore the French Revolution, abandoned mankind and became a Marquis. Ito got the title for him and had him made Minister to Vienna in another few years.

At the court of the Hapsburgs Saionji seemed to the manner born. His serious moments were consecrated to love, while his leisure was given to waltzing and diplomacy. The calves of his legs were ultimately exhibited at the court of Berlin, where he danced in an official capacity to the advantage of his government. It would appear to be in the minuet, however, the most important of the dance forms, that the grace of the Marquis was overpoweringly displayed, although the triumph was delayed until his assumption of the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs at home. Saionji designed the radiant court dress, too, in which the diplomatists of Japan reveal the extent to which they can adapt themselves to western culture. The Marquis, be it observed, always wears European dress on official occasions, but in the privacy of his exquisite villa at Oiso he dons the silken gowns and beflowered sashes of a Japanese millionaire. For he is a very rich man, but no soldier. He is a knight of the carpet variety, quite at his ease among flowers and ladies. His important engagements have never been military.

Among the cascades, lakes and streams of his garden, where he sips tea beneath the maple that he loves, he resembles nothing so much as a detail in some color print by Hokusai. He is so infatuated with landscape that he will have a rock or a stone transported immense distances for the decoration of his garden. If a boulder be too huge, it is sedulously split and pieced together when it reaches Oiso. The sums expended by the

Marquis in this way would be deemed great even in New York. His villa has its suites in the European style, adorned with the costliest bric-à-brac, and its spacious Japanese apartments with movable partitions and nothing in the shape of furniture beyond the matting on the floor, a potted plant and a pair of gilded screens. From the open door one gets a glimpse of the garden wherein every tree and shrub is adjusted to scale and each stone has some poetical designation of its own. Tiny bridges are thrown across the scented streams, pagodas peep above the shrubbery, and the Marquis reclines prettily on a bed of flowers making verses in honor of the cherry blossom, the lotus or the iris, according to the season of the year and the inspiration of the hour. In spite of his familiarity with Europe, the Marquis has acquired no ease in the practice of sitting on a chair. Supply him with a few mats, however, in an unfurnished room, and he rolls in luxury in a very literal sense. His taste for French viands is noteworthy in one of his nation. The Marquis has an expensive chef in his service, but his Japanese dinners are also among the events of the social season in Tokyo.

Personally, as has been noted, the Japanese Prime Minister has a reputation for insincerity. The trait is attributed to the thoroughness of the diplomatic training he received in Europe. His political opponents are convinced that, having been taught by his foreign mentors to despise the religions of his native land, and having imperfectly assimilated the western ethical code, he is now as melancholy a moral degenerate as can well be imagined. These disparagements emanate from the very critics who insist that as a speaker he is not worth listening to, altho his eloquence has drawn tears from the eyes of the heir to the throne. The Marquis is, indeed, one of the most brilliant talkers in Japan. His charm makes him a social conqueror apart from the prestige of his exalted official position and his even more exalted birth. His manners are the prettiest of the innumerable pretty things about him. Nothing can be conceived more graceful than his mode of kissing the hand of any continental European lady who happens to adorn the diplomatic circle at Tokyo. Yet he is accused of having no heart. But what a perambulating poem he is! Such a living grasp of the sun-king's spirit of condescension! Such a capacity to cull the very best from it!

Literature and Art

A NEW AMERICAN SCULPTOR OF GENIUS

AMONG the artists of all nationalities now laboring in Paris, there is a young American who already has achieved envied distinction, and who in the future is almost certain to reflect high credit upon the land of his birth. The name of this genius—for as such he is hailed by high French authorities—is Andrew O'Connor. He is a sculptor and a disciple of Rodin, and altho but little over thirty years' old, his work, which already is considerable, has attracted unusual attention among artists and critics, who unhesitatingly predict for him a great career.

O'Connor is of Irish origin, and was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1874. His artistic talent showed itself early. At fourteen he was expert with the chisel, and was working with his father at the rather thankless occupation of producing designs and monuments for cemeteries. In 1900 he exhibited a bust which was much admired by artists in this country. For a period he studied in London under the auspices of Sargent. Some very creditable examples of his work may be seen in the bas-reliefs adorning St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. These decorations are full of life and expression, and stamped with such originality and distinction as to convince a discerning eye of their exceptional worth. One can now readily trace in them the characteristics which were to develop in the more congenial atmosphere of Paris.

This young American artist has recently produced work of so rare a character as to challenge the admiration of the Parisian art critics, who, as every one knows, are chary of enthusiastic praise. They declare that O'Connor's art shows kinship with that of Rodin and Meunier, and they do not hesitate to couple certain of his sculptures with the masterpieces of those famous artists. There is in his work a quality that reminds one of Rodin's characteristic statuary, and yet does not suggest the slightest idea of a copy. One sees that the pupil has been strongly influenced by the master, but this influence has not altered a certain modesty and delicacy which he possesses in a marked degree, and which are

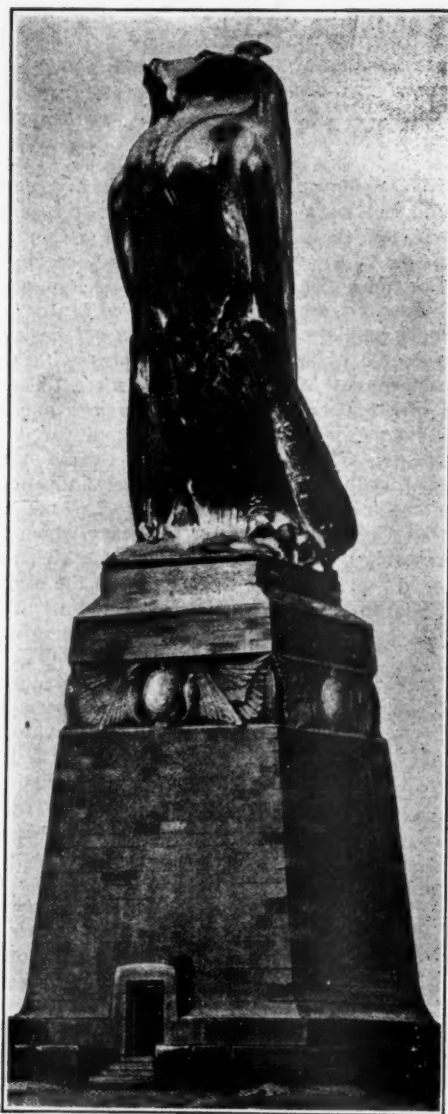
not found in the sculptures of Rodin. The trait of delicacy which shines through O'Connor's most strenuous conceptions imparts to his work an individuality which has not failed to evoke the admiration of the Parisian art world. In a recent issue of *L'Art* (Paris), M. Maurice Guillemot, a distinguished critic, has an article which is remarkable not only for its warm praise of O'Connor, but for its friendly attitude toward American art and artists. He calls attention to the high appreciation of Chartran and Meissonier shown in America, and expresses gratification that America, in its turn, is now to contribute its share of esthetic ideas to the Old World. He goes on to say:



ANDREW O'CONNOR

A young American sculptor who shows the influence of Rodin and Meunier, and is achieving enviable distinction in the Paris art world.

"It is encouraging to look forward to an American art which will



"THE OWL"

A funeral monument conceived by O'Connor in a spirit that would do credit to Baudelaire or Poe.

be not merely a temporary phenomenon, but the expression and synthesis of the life of a whole people. There are in America at the present time strong individualities which are about to be revealed to the world. The period has gone by when Americans were content to purchase our marbles and objects of art and to adopt our historic buildings,—to copy, in a word, what was already in existence, without taking heed of the progress of the centuries and the exigencies of the present. This habit of refined taste developed

by the collector has, nevertheless, contributed to original production, and a striking example of this fact is found in Andrew O'Connor.

"There is in him an energy, a sort of brutality, that will easily triumph over a certain mannerism which does not naturally belong to him. The clean-shaven face, the high brow crowned with rebellious and ruddy locks, the vigorous torso, the powerful hands, the great energy concealed under an outward timidity, the sincere convictions and sane ambition shining in his clear glance, give testimony of a man who goes straight to his aim, of a strong will and of progressive instincts. His chief idols are Donatello and Rodin, and it is the latter who has had most influence upon him. He actually shares in one of the gifts of the incomparable master,—that of a cunning distribution of lights and shadows in sculpture. One finds in his work no literal copying of the model, no modeling from nature, but, on the contrary, a sort of superb augmentation, a lyric exaggeration of strength in reserve, a certain majesty which is the result of harmony and combination. The fact that he makes use of symbols has but slight significance. In that figure seated with the casque and buckler, in the woman holding a palm, the expression is in no sense due to these accessories. Indeed, these almost escape notice, so strong is the effect of the ensemble. In his atelier, in the Boulevard Garibaldi, there are a number of works in process of completion: enormous sketches, clay that looks as if it had been tortured, triumphant forms. One perceives here the artist's courageous struggle with matter—a struggle that always ends in victory. You see matter conquered, obedient, submissive, and you experience a species of pleasure in the brutal composition with its black shadows and accentuated harmonious reliefs."

O'Connor's most remarkable achievement thus far is a funeral monument, "The Owl," conceived in a spirit that would do credit to Baudelaire or Poe. This Egyptian phantasy is pronounced by M. Guillemot an extraordinary piece of monumental sculpture. To quote:

"This gigantic bird of night looms up from its pedestal, a startling apparition, enigmatic and disquieting. It will have an interior stairway, and the eyes are to be illumined with electric lights, the tomb being thus converted into a lighthouse. Into this mysterious apparition of the night the artist has put tragic power, just as into his caryatides he has put a certain charming grace. But in all of his figures, even in the most charming, there is always a certain reserve strength, a certain energy, that save them from that species of Italian archness which is the reproach of our medieval sculpture and of our cathedrals. There are those who imagine that work of this kind on a grand scale is a very simple thing, and that the principal merit belongs to the founder and workman. This is a grave error. Colossal sculpture has an esthetic of its own which even many artists have no suspicion of. To erect a statue in the open air on a monumental base, on the upper cornice of a building, or on a rocky height, is a difficult artistic feat. In the first place, the general aspect must be satisfying, agreeable and comprehensible. It is necessary, further, that the details shall be visible, and that this effect shall be gained without

detriment to the ensemble; finally it is essential that the idea which has inspired the artist and which contributes the *raison d'être* of the work, be understood."

The rare qualities here described receive vivid expression, according to the critic, in O'Connor's sinister "Owl." Is this equivalent to saying that the young American genius has solved successfully all the formidable problems of colossal sculpture? By no means, says M. Guillemot. But what he undoubtedly possesses is the instinct which enables him to grasp the essential requirements of this branch of his art. M. Guillemot's critique concludes as follows:

"He has outlived all the influences of his early period, and has succeeded in realizing his personal conceptions. Living in the inevitable environment of Rodin, towards whom his temperament draws him, and for whom he professes the greatest admiration (contrary to so many self-styled French sculptors), he will develop still greater capabilities, for it must be remembered that he is but thirty-one years of age.

"Venice, in Voltaire's story, played the host to kings: Paris even more willingly offers hospitality to artists. It is the Mecca to which they all come, and if talent confers naturalization, the young master of whom we have written is wholly worthy of that honor."



"INSPIRATION"

(By Andrew O'Connor)

An allegorical study exhibiting rare traits that have evoked the praise of French art critics.

THE UNORIGINALITY OF GREAT MINDS

WHEN a man aims at originality," Lowell once said, "he acknowledges himself consciously unoriginal. The great fellows have always let the stream of their activity flow quietly." In illustration of the general principle here laid down may be quoted a passage from Prof. Barrett Wendell's suggestive lectures on the "Temper of the Eighteenth Century in English Literature." Professor Wendell is speaking of Shakespeare, and he says that a distinguishing characteristic of the greatest of dramatic poets was "a somewhat sluggish avoidance of needless invention. When anyone else had done a popular thing, Shakespeare was pretty sure to imitate him and to do it better. But he hardly ever did anything first."

Is it true, then, that the greatest minds are unoriginal? Prof. Brander Matthews, who

takes up the question in *Scribner's* (February), is inclined to answer it in the affirmative. He writes:

"This 'sluggish avoidance of needless invention' which is characteristic of Shakespeare—and of Molière also, although in a less degree—is evidenced not only by their eager adoption of an accepted type of play, an outer form of approved popularity, it is obvious also in their plots, wherein we find situations, episodes, incidents drawn from all sorts of sources. In all the two-score of Shakespeare's plays, comic and tragic and historic, there are very few indeed the stories of which are wholly of his own making. The invention of Molière is not quite so sluggish; and there are probably three of four of his plays the plots of which seem to be more or less his own; but even in building up these scant exceptions he never hesitated to levy on the material available."

But if the greatest poets are often unoriginal, they are nevertheless imaginative in the



THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST

One of O'Connor's bas-reliefs in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, showing natural traits which have been greatly developed by contact with Rodin and the modern French school of sculpture.

highest degree. In default of "the lesser invention" they have "the larger imagination;" and Professor Matthews draws a sharp distinction between the two. "Invention," he says, "can do no more than devise; imagination can interpret. The details of 'Romeo and Juliet' may be more or less contained in the tale of the Italian novelist; but the inner meaning of that ideal tragedy of youthful love is seized and set forth only by the English dramatist." To quote further:

"La Fontaine, one of the most individual of French poets, devised only a few—and not the best—of the delightful fables he related with unflinching felicity. Calderon, who was the most imaginative of the dramatists of Spain, was perhaps the least inventive of them all, contentedly availing himself of the situations and even of the complete plots of his more fertile fellow-playwrights; and two of his most characteristic dramas, for example, two in which he has most adequately expressed himself, the 'Alcalde of Zalamea' and the 'Physician of His Own Honor,' are borrowed almost bodily from his fecund contemporary Lope de Vega. Racine seems to have found a special pleasure in treating anew the themes Euripides had already dealt with almost a score of centuries earlier. Tennyson, to take another example, displayed not a little of this 'sluggish avoidance of needless invention,' often preferring to apply his imagination to the transfiguring of what Malory or Miss Mit-

ford, Froude or Freeman had made ready for his hand."

We are sometimes apt to forget, continues Professor Matthews, that it requires a higher talent to vitalize and make significant the universal human motives than to invent fantastic tales. "'Called Back' and 'She'—good enough stories, both of them, each in its kind—did not demand a larger imaginative effort on the part of their several authors than was required to write the 'Rise of Silas Lapham' or 'Tom Sawyer';" and Anthony Hope, when he turned from his imaginative kingdom of Zenda to grapple with the realities of life and character, was not entirely successful. The case of the creator of Sherlock Holmes yields another illustration of the general truth for which Professor Matthews contends. "The tales that dealt with Sherlock Holmes and Brigadier Gerard and the White Company," he says, "are works of invention mainly; and the writer had proved himself capable of adroit and ingenious invention." On the other hand, Conan Doyle's attempts to deal with every-day themes have been to a large degree failures. He has at his command "the more showy invention," but he cannot attain to "the larger imagination."

LONGFELLOW: OUR AMERICAN LAUREATE

LONGFELLOW is "the true American laureate," says Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, and must be accorded the title for the good reason that "no one else has written lines that have sunk so deeply down into the national consciousness, making their strong appeal to men and women of every rank and station, and of every degree of culture and refinement."

This tribute has special vividness at the present time, in view of the widespread interest in the celebration of the centennial of Longfellow's birth. The ceremonies are in the hands of the Cambridge Historical Society, and include a public exhibition of Longfellow "editions" and memorabilia in the Cambridge Public Library; appropriate exercises in the Cambridge schools on the day of the poet's birth (February 27); and a public meeting in the Sanders Theatre, with William Dean Howells, President Charles W. Eliot, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Prof. Charles Eliot Norton as the speakers.

Longfellow's publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, have appropriately

issued a biographical sketch and appreciation* of the poet by Professor Norton, who long enjoyed his friendship and now writes: "I wish I could give to others the true image of him which remains in my heart. It may be learned from his own sweetest verse, for no poet ever wrote with more unconscious and complete sincerity of self-expression." Professor Norton writes further:

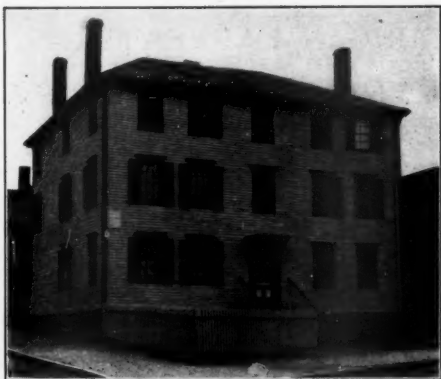
"His readers could not but entertain for him a sentiment more personal and affectionate than that which any other poet awakened. It was not by depth or novelty of thought that he interested them, nor did he move them by passionate intensity of emotion, or by profound spiritual insight, or by power of dramatic representation and interpretation of life. He set himself neither to propound nor to solve the enigmas of existence. No, the briefer poems by which he won and held the hearts of his readers were the expression of simple feeling, of natural emotion, not of exceptional spiritual experience, but of such as is common to men of good intent. In exquisitely modulated verse he continued to give form to their vague ideals, and utterance to their stammering aspirations. In revealing his own pure and sin-

*HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. A Sketch of His Life. By Charles Eliot Norton. Together with Longfellow's Chief Autobiographical Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



LONGFELLOW'S HOME IN CAMBRIDGE

It was here that Longfellow lived during the heyday of his career, and here that he entertained Lowell, Agassiz, Emerson, Hawthorne, Sumner, Fields, and George William Curtis.



THE HOUSE IN PORTLAND IN WHICH LONGFELLOW WAS BORN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

In 1807 Portland, Me., was "one of the pleasantest towns in New England," says Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and "the spirit into which Longfellow was born, and of which his own nature was one of the fairest outcomes—the spirit of the New England of the early nineteenth century—is embodied in his verse."

cere nature, he helped others to recognize their own better selves. The strength and simplicity of his moral sentiment made his poems the more attractive and helpful to the mass of men, who care, as I have said, rather for the ethical significance than for the art of poetry; but the beauty of his verse enforced its teaching, and the melody of its form was consonant with the sweetness of its spirit. In the series of delightful stories which year after year he told in the successive parts of "The Wayside Inn," there were few which did not have for motive some wise lesson of life, some doctrine of charity, gentleness, and faith. The spirit of humanity, of large hope, of cheerful confidence in good,—this spirit into which he was born, and of which his own nature was one of the fairest outcomes,—this spirit of the New England of the early nineteenth century,—is embodied in his verse."

Perhaps the two most interesting contributions to the literature of the Longfellow Centennial are Harry Thurston Peck's, in *Munsey's*, from which are taken the opening phrases of this article; and Francis Gribble's, in *Putnam's Monthly*. Professor Peck's attitude toward his subject is as whole-heartedly appreciative as Mr. Gribble's is coldly critical. The former finds in all the lines of Longfellow the "essential vivifying spirit" and "clear unerring tones"; while the latter says: "The standing marvel to the student of Longfellow's work is that a man with so commonplace a mind should occasionally write so well."

It is undeniable, observes Professor Peck, that much of what Longfellow wrote has been so quoted and so many times recited as to seem trite; but, nevertheless, he adds, "his 'Psalm

of Life,' and even the imperfect stanzas of 'Excelsior,' have power to stir the blood; and what is more, they point always upward to a noble and inspiring ideal of human life—of a life that is more than the life of the flesh, since it means strenuous effort and high endeavor toward truth and righteousness and justice." And Longfellow, continues the same writer, was, in a very real sense, the exponent of what has lately come to be known as "the simple life." To quote again:

"The poet's eye can see the fineness and the charm of what belongs to every-day experience. The village blacksmith, swart and strong beside his forge, where the flames flare out from the blown fire, and the sparks leap in coruscating cascades as his hammer smites the red-hot metal on the anvil; the wreck of the coasting vessel overwhelmed by mountainous billows, while the captain's daughter prays to Christ, who stilled the sea at Galilee; the old clock chiming on the stairs; the hanging of the crane in the new-built house; the musing figure on the historic bridge—here are themes which in their usual aspect are quite commonplace, but which under Longfellow's magic touch have become instinct with an exquisite beauty to which he has opened every reader's eyes."

If Longfellow had never written anything except "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "Hiawatha," says Professor Peck, his place as American laureate would be secure.

"Through these poems he peopled the waste places of our prosaic land with the creations of his fancy. In 'Hiawatha' he stretched out his hand and set the seal of his genius upon the West, giving us in it a poem which is not far from being an epic, sprung from the soil and from the forest of aboriginal America. He had, indeed, the epic poet's gift of true constructiveness. As Mr. Horace Scudder said of him, 'He was first of all a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relation rather than in their essence,' though he saw them in their essence, too. What could be nobler, and what could sound more perfectly the motif of his story of 'Evangeline,' than the wonderful poem in which the forest primeval, with its murmuring trees, its long dim vistas, and the far-off disconsolate accent of the ocean, attunes our minds, as it were, to a symphony in which unsophisticated nature and the sorrow of love are anxiously and poignantly intermingled. Here he is certainly American in theme and thought alike; nor is there any trace of that bastard Americanism which is sordid, or boastful, or ignoble."

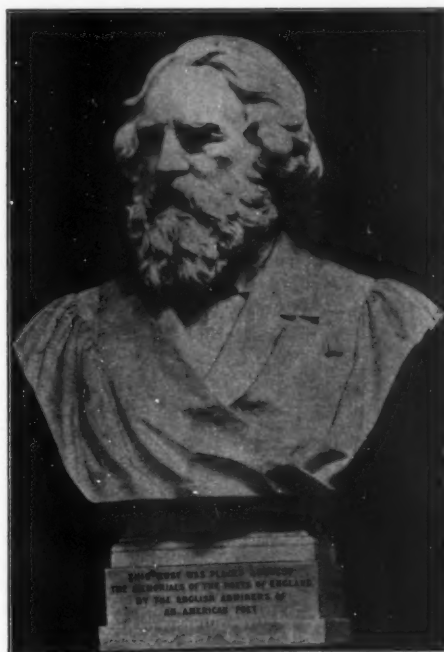
In presenting the obverse view of Longfellow's genius, Mr. Gribble takes the ground that Longfellow was a true poet, but can never be regarded as a poet of the first rank. Some of the reasons for this opinion he sets forth as follows:

"A poet of the first rank, Longfellow obviously was not, and, for obvious reasons, could not, have been. The manner of his life presented insuperable obstacles. His very virtues stood in his way, since they were virtues which a great poet cannot afford. The great poets have either lived in revolt, like Byron and Shelley, or else they have lived in seclusion, like Wordsworth. Longfellow did neither of these things, but adopted a conventional middle course. The one great sorrow of his life came after his work was done, too late to be a part of his education. For the rest, his life was placid, happy, uneventful, busy, devoid of exciting incidents, but full of trivial duties. First, he was a traveler, rather homesick, traveling only for the purpose of learning foreign languages. Then he was a professor, happily married, spending most of his time in lecturing and looking over exercises, and the rest in the cultivated gaieties of a university circle. Finally, he sat at the receipt of homage, received visits from admiring strangers, and good-naturedly wrote autographs at the rate of seventy a day. It was an admirably rounded life—on the whole a very useful life,—but it was not the sort of life in which a man of genius can come into his kingdom, or indeed the sort of life which one expects a man of genius to consent to live."

Mr. Gribble thinks that Longfellow was predestined to be "the poet of the obvious and the humdrum." There have been plenty of others, we are reminded, but "he towers above them." We read further:

"His was a limited genius of the sort that needs to be sheltered to reach its full development. He had a keen sense of the beautiful, but also a keen appreciation of the orderly. He had nothing to say—no message to deliver—that could not just as well be delivered from the pulpit. . . . And, of course, he paid the price of his docility. His limitations as a poet are precisely the limitations of the man who is perpetually seeking edification from the pulpit. It would be untrue to say that he makes no appeal to intellectual readers, but he certainly makes none to their intellect. An intellectual reader may admire his work as he admires a pretty child, or a pretty piece of embroidery, or even a simple plaintive ballad. But the effect passes like the ceasing of exquisite music; and no permanent trace remains. There has, one feels, been no new thought, and no fresh reading of the riddle. The Sunday's sermon has been versified; edification has been set to music: the conventional has been restated less conventionally, the obvious—or what passes for such with the church-goers—has been embellished by some beautifully pathetic anecdote. Longfellow, in short, has played a suitable voluntary at the close of the evening service."

"No doubt it was largely because the obvious thus bounded his horizon that Longfellow became so quickly and so widely popular, achieving instantaneously the recognition for which Wordsworth had to wait through many weary years. His readers had never realized before how beautiful were the implications of their own quite commonplace ideas; and the poet who had shown them this was rewarded in his later years with an almost embarrassing homage."



THE LONGFELLOW BUST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Longfellow is read in England even more widely than Tennyson.

Between estimates so contradictory as Harry Thurston Peck's and Francis Gribble's the average reader may well feel bewildered. But when it comes to a question of the permanency of Longfellow's reputation, there can be no two opinions. For fifty years he has held a supreme place in the affections of the American people. His bust stands in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and he has been more read in England than even Tennyson. "One has merely to glance at any detailed catalog of the translations from Longfellow's works," says Colonel Higginson, in his *Life of Longfellow*, "to measure the vast extent of his fame." The same writer adds:

"The list includes thirty-five versions of whole books or detached poems in German, twelve in Italian, nine each in French and Dutch, seven in Swedish, six in Danish, five in Polish, three in Portuguese, two each in Spanish, Russian, Hungarian and Bohemian, with single translations in Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanskrit, Marathi, and Judea-German—yielding one hundred versions altogether, extending into eighteen languages, apart from the original English. There is no evidence that any other English-speaking poet of the last century has been so widely appreciated."

"THE ONLY GREAT MIND THAT AMERICA HAS PRODUCED IN LITERATURE"



F CRITICS were asked to name the greatest figure in American literature, the choice would probably narrow itself down to Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman and Emerson. Each of the four has his champions and would be accorded supremacy by his own particular admirers; but few of us have had the opportunity or the inclination to balance the claims of all. It is surely significant that Prof. George E. Woodberry, a biographer of Poe and of Hawthorne, and a close student of Whitman, sets upon Emerson the stamp of final distinction conveyed by the phrase at the head of this article. The characterization appears in Mr. Woodberry's new contribution* to the "English Men of Letters" series, and is the more remarkable in view of his confession that he has approached Emerson with a lack of sympathy amounting almost to repulsion. "I have little intellectual sympathy with him in any way," he says, "but I feel in his work the presence of a great mind." He continues:

"His is the only great mind that America has produced in literature. His page is as fresh in Japan and by the Ganges as in Boston; and it may well be that in the blending of the East and West that must finally come in civilization the limitations that awaken distrust in the Occidental mind may be advantages when he is approached from the Oriental slope of thought, and his works may prove one of the reconciling influences of that larger world. His material is permanent; there will always be men in his stage of mental culture or, at least, of his religious development; his literary merit is sufficient to secure long life to his writings. For this reason his fame seems permanent, and with it his broad contact with the minds of men. However unconvincing he may be in detail, or in his general theory and much of his theoretic counsel, he convinces men of his greatness. One has often in reading him that feeling of eternity in the thought which is the sign royal of greatness."

It is in Emerson's poems that Professor Woodberry is most conscious of this greatness, in these that he finds "the flower of his mind." Emerson's poetic expression may have been faulty and deficient in the matter of technique, but "the technical quality of his verse," says Mr. Woodberry, "is immaterial and should be neglected and forgotten, so far as possible; its value lies in its original power of genius and owes little to the forms." The

"Poems" should be taken as "autobiography in a very strict sense," revealing to us the real self of Emerson, "secret and private and most dear to him." To quote further:

"Emerson's poetry does not make a wide appeal; it has been for a select audience, and perhaps it may always be so; yet to some minds it seems of a higher value than his prose. He was more free, more completely enfranchised, in poetry. There is a vehemence, a passion of life in 'Bacchus' that no prose could have clothed. The whole world takes on novelty in the verse; on all natural objects there is a luster as if they were fresh bathed with dew and morning, and there is strange coloring in all; not that he is a color poet; he does not enamel his lines as the grass is enameled with wild flowers; but the verse is pervaded with the indescribable coloring of mountain sides, and the browns and greens of wide country prospects. This luster of nature is one of his prime and characteristic traits. There is, too, a singular nakedness of outline as of things seen in the clarity of New England air. His philosophy even helps him to melt and fuse the scene at other times, and gives impressionist effects, transparencies of nature, unknown aspects, the stream of the flowing azure, the drift of elemental heat over waking lands, the insubstantial and dreaming mountain mass; all this is natural impressionism in the service of philosophy."

In the "Essays" of Emerson, as in his "Poems," Professor Woodberry discerns *mind*, rather than literary instinct, and Emerson's mind, he avers, was predisposed to a religious interpretation of life and preoccupied with morals. "He was by type a New England minister, and he never lost the mold either in personal appearance or in mental behavior; all his ideas wear the black coat." To continue the argument:

"He was a man of one idea, the moral sentiment, tho the singleness of the idea was compatible in its application to life with infinite diversity in its phases; wherever his theme may begin it becomes religious, he exhorts, and all ends at last in the primacy of morals. The 'Essays' are the best of lay-sermons, but their laicism is only the king's incognito. He was so much a man of religion that he undervalued literature, science, and art, and their chief examples, because they viewed life from a different point, just as on his first visit to England he thought Landor and Carlyle, Wordsworth and Coleridge, failed of the full measure of men because they were not overwhelmingly filled with the moral sentiment and its importance. In both cases the view taken is professional. Literature enters into the 'Essays' as salt and savor; but their end is not literary. Emerson in the substance of his works belongs with the divine writers, the religious spiritualists, the sacred moralists, the mystic philosophers, in

*RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By George Edward Woodberry. The Macmillan Company.

whose hands all things turn to religion, to whom all life is religion, and nothing moves in the world except to divine meanings."

According to this line of reasoning, Emerson was "not a great writer in the sense in which Bacon, Montaigne or Pascal are great writers, but he was a writer with greatness of mind; just as he was not a great poet, but a poet with greatness of imagination." He helped men to larger truth and the assurance of the divine and infinite nature of the soul. He became "the priest of those who have gone out of the church, but who must yet retain some emotional religious life, some fragment of the ancient heavens, some literary expression of the feeling of the divine." And, finally, he inspired and vivified the whole nation. As Professor Woodberry puts it:

"His Americanism undoubtedly endears him to his countrymen. But it is not within narrow limits of political or worldly wisdom that his influence and teachings have their effect; but in the invigoration of the personal life with which his pages are electric. No man rises from reading him without feeling more unshackled. To obey one's disposition is a broad charter, and sends the soul to all seas. The discontented, the troubled in conscience, the revolutionary spirits of all lands are his pensioners; the seed of their thoughts is here, and also the spirit that strengthens them in lonely toils, and perhaps in desperate tasks, for the wind of the world blows such winged seed into far and strange places. It is not by intellectual light, but by this immense moral force that his genius works in the world. He was so great because he embodied the American spirit in his works and was himself a plain and shining example of it; and an American knows not whether to revere more the simple manhood of his personal life in his home and in the world, or that spiritual light which shines from him, and of which the radiance flowed from



PROF. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

Who declares, in a new biographical study, his conviction that Emerson was "not a great writer in the sense in which Bacon, Montaigne or Pascal were great writers, but he was a writer with greatness of mind; just as he was not a great poet, but a poet with greatness of imagination."

him even in life. That light all men who knew him saw as plainly as Carlyle when he watched him go up the hill at Craigenputtock and disappear over the crest 'like an angel.'"

WHISTLER'S CHIEF CLAIM TO ORIGINALITY

ACCORDING to Elizabeth Luther Cary, a versatile interpreter of many temperaments, it is the "impulse toward reality," united with a "desire to realize the unseen," that inspires the artistic mind to its highest achievement. Miss Cary offers this generalization in her new book* on Whistler, and anticipates objection to it by pointing out that men of the most diverse natures may each endeavor to portray the world that is realest to *them*, and yet may produce work that lies at the opposite poles of artistic expression. In this sense, but in this sense

only, Whistler and his best-known contemporaries—such men as Manet, Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones and Monet—may all be described as artistic realists. "Like the most distinguished of his contemporaries," says Miss Cary, "Whistler was completely serious, and in representing reality he looked beyond the external, but he went further than any of them in his *discrimination of the relations between what he painted and what he did not paint*, which constitutes, I think, his chief claim to originality." She goes on to explain:

"In his portraits he not only refrains from flattering his sitters,—that is the crudest possible statement of it,—he refrains from giving them an

*THE WORKS OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. By Elizabeth Luther Cary. Moffat, Yard & Company.

undue relative importance. His exacting research into the separate individualities leaves him curiously free to obey the intuition by which he knows how much to insist upon the value of those individualities. Apparently the 'Comédie Humaine' was continually in his mind as a woven tapestry might hang in a studio against which to try the tone and color of the figure to be reproduced. His Carlyle, under this appraising observation, is not the great man of the world, but one of the world's great men and not the greatest of them."

Miss Cary finds in Whistler's portraits of external nature "the same imaginative feeling for the vast background and the small part played by any single scene in the continuous and overwhelming panorama."

"His streets belong to the town, his waves to the ocean, his rivers and their banks to the wide horizons on which they vanish, his doming skies to the envelope of air and mists that wraps about the whirling earth. The universe rolls away on every side from the fragment of his choice, and those for whom the universal has a supreme importance are conscious that under no pressure of momentary interest is he guilty of shutting out the view. The immediate view is never the main purpose of his picture. However he may concentrate attention upon a single point of interest, there is always the gradual recession of an infinitely extended environment."

This unobtrusiveness of Whistler, says

Miss Cary, in concluding, seems to be less that of modesty than of wisdom. "It is the lesson of cities, of wide experience, of the traveled mind." In a word, it is "the mood of modern civilization." Moreover:

"It is a mood that in Whistler's painting does not appeal to the many, the austere method of its expression being against a popular appeal, yet it is the mood that most reveals the attitude of the modern mind toward the populous scene. It is far removed from the old, simple awe in the presence of natural forces; it is not of the nature even of reverence, but it marks intense appreciation of the scale on which the universe is constructed, and it testifies to the sense of proportion at the root of all greatness. We cannot then think of its possessor as moving in a narrow round, nor could we if his work contained but one of the numerous fields of observation in which Whistler was at home. Had he been only the painter of night, as most commonly he is called, his revelation of its dim secrets would have entitled him to our acknowledgment of his penetrating and soaring imagination. Had he been only a portrait painter his descriptions of human characters would have made it impossible to speak of him as restricted. Had he traversed his career with no other tool of trade than his etching needle, we should have been obliged to recognize the amplitude of his mental equipment. In reviewing the fruitful outcome of all his labors, we must decide that more than any other modern painter he is the classic exponent of the modern spirit."

HAMLET AND DON QUIXOTE—THE TWO ETERNAL HUMAN TYPES

By a strange omission, this lecture by Ivan Turgenieff, the greatest prose-writer in Russian literature, is not included in either of the standard editions of Turgenieff published in English. Yet it is one of the greatest pieces of literary criticism produced in the nineteenth century. It was first delivered forty-seven years ago, and in Europe it has become a classic. The present translation is made by David A. Modell, from the Russian original, and is believed to be the first complete translation of this lecture ever printed in English. The address is here given in full, except that some of the prefatory and concluding remarks, intended for hearers rather than readers, have been omitted.

The first edition of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Hamlet," and the first part of Cervantes' "Don Quixote" appeared in the same year at the very beginning of the seventeenth century.

This coincidence seems to me significant . . . It seems to me that in these two types are embodied two opposite fundamental peculiarities of man's nature—the two ends of the axis about which it turns. I think that all people belong, more or less, to one of these two types; that nearly every one of us resembles either Don Quixote or Hamlet. In our day, it is true, the Hamlets have become far more numerous than the Don Quixotes, but the Don Quixotes have not become extinct.

Let me explain.

All people live—consciously or unconsciously—on the strength of their principles, their ideals; that is, by virtue of what they regard as truth, beauty, and goodness. Many get their ideal all ready-made, in definite, historically-developed forms. They live trying to square their lives with this ideal, deviating from it at times, under the influence of passions or incidents, but neither reasoning about it nor questioning it. Others, on the contrary, subject it to the analysis of their own reason. Be this as it may, I think I shall not err too much in saying that for all people this ideal—this basis and aim of their existence—is to be found either outside of them

or within them; in other words, for every one of us it is either his own *I* that forms the primary consideration or something else which he considers superior. I may be told that reality does not permit of such sharp demarcations; that in the very same living being both considerations may alternate, even becoming fused to a certain extent. But I do not mean to affirm the impossibility of change and contradiction in human nature; I wish merely to point out two different attitudes of man to his ideal. And now I will endeavor to show in what way, to my mind, these two different relations are embodied in the two types I have selected.

Let us begin with Don Quixote.

What does Don Quixote represent? We shall not look at him with the cursory glance that stops at superficialities and trifles. We shall not see in Don Quixote merely "the Knight of the sorrowful figure"—a figure created for the purpose of ridiculing the old-time romances of knighthood. It is known that the meaning of this character had expanded under its immortal creator's own hand, and that the Don Quixote of the second part of the romance is an amiable companion to dukes and duchesses, a wise preceptor to the squire-governor—no longer the Don Quixote he appears in the first part, especially at the beginning of the work; not the odd and comical crank, who is constantly belabored by a rain of blows. I will endeavor, therefore, to go to the very heart of the matter. I repeat: What does Don Quixote represent?

Faith, in the first place; faith in something eternal, immutable; faith in the truth, in short, existing *outside* of the individual, which cannot easily be attained by him, but which is attainable only by constant devotion and the power of self-abnegation. Don Quixote is entirely consumed with devotion to his ideal, for the sake of which he is ready to suffer every possible privation and to sacrifice his life; his life itself he values only in so far as it can become a means for the incarnation of the ideal, for the establishment of truth and justice on earth. I may be told that this ideal is borrowed by his disordered imagination from the fanciful world of knightly romance. Granted—and this makes up the comical side of Don Quixote; but the ideal itself remains in all its immaculate purity. To live for one's self, to care for one's self, Don Quixote would consider shameful. He lives—if I may so express myself—outside of himself, entirely for others, for his brethren, in order to abolish evil, to counteract the forces hostile to mankind—wizards, giants, in a word, the oppressors. There is no trace of egotism in him; he is not concerned with himself, he is wholly a self-sac-

rifice—appreciate this word; he believes, believes firmly, and without circumspection. Therefore is he fearless, patient, content with the humblest fare, with the poorest clothes—what cares he for such things! Timid of heart, he is in spirit great and brave; his touching piety does not restrict his freedom; a stranger to variety, he doubts not himself, his vocation, or even his physical prowess; his will is indomitable. The constant aiming after the same end imparts a certain monotonousness to his thoughts and onesidedness to his mind. He knows little, but need not know much; he knows what he is about, why he exists on earth,—and this is the chief sort of knowledge. Don Quixote may seem to be either a perfect madman, since the most indubitable materialism vanishes before his eyes, melts like tallow before the fire of his enthusiasm (he really does see living Moors in the wooden puppets, and knights in the sheep); or shallow-minded, because he is unable lightly to sympathize or lightly to enjoy; but, like an ancient tree, he sends his roots deep into the soil, and can neither change his convictions nor pass from one subject to another. The stronghold of his moral constitution (note that this demented, wandering knight is everywhere and on all occasions the moral being) lends especial weight and dignity to all his judgments and speeches, to his whole figure, despite the ludicrous and humiliating situations into which he endlessly falls. Don Quixote is an enthusiast, a servant of an idea, and therefore is illuminated by its radiance.

Now what does Hamlet represent?

Analysis, first of all, and egotism, and therefore incredulity. He lives entirely for himself; he is an egotist. But even an egotist cannot believe in himself. We can only believe in that which is outside of and above ourselves. But this *I*, in which he does not believe, is dear to Hamlet. This is the point of departure, to which he constantly returns, because he finds nothing in the whole universe to which he can cling with all his heart. He is a skeptic, and always ponders about himself; he is ever busy, not with his duty, but with his condition. Doubting everything, Hamlet, of course, spares not himself; his mind is too much developed to be satisfied with what he finds within himself. He is conscious of his weakness; but even this self-consciousness is power: from it comes his irony, in contrast with the enthusiasm of Don Quixote. Hamlet delights in excessive self-depreciation. Constantly concerned with himself, always a creature of introspection, he knows minutely all his faults, scorns himself, and at the same time lives, so to speak, nourished by this scorn. He has no faith in himself, yet is vainglorious; he

knows not what he wants nor why he lives, yet is attached to life. He exclaims:

"O that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter
Most weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world."

But he will not sacrifice this flat and unprofitable life. He contemplates suicide even before he sees his father's ghost, and receives the awful commission which breaks down completely his already weakened will,—but he does not take his life. The love of life is expressed in the very thought of terminating it. Every youth of eighteen is familiar with such feelings as this: "When the blood boils, how prodigal the soul!"

I will not be too severe with Hamlet. He suffers, and his sufferings are more painful and galling than those of Don Quixote. The latter is pummeled by rough shepherds and convicts whom he has liberated; Hamlet inflicts his own wounds—teases himself. In his hands, too, is a lance—the two-edged lance of self-analysis.

Don Quixote, I must confess, is positively funny. His figure is perhaps the most comical that ever poet has drawn. His name has become a mocking nickname even on the lips of Russian peasants. Of this our own ears could convince us. The mere memory of him raises in our imagination a figure gaunt, angular, rugged-nosed, clad in caricature armor, and mounted on the withered skeleton of the pitiable Rocinante, a poor, starved and beaten nag, to whom we cannot deny a semi-amusing and semi-pathetic co-operation. Don Quixote makes us laugh, but there is a conciliatory and redeeming power in this laughter; and if the adage be true, "You may come to worship what you now deride," then I may add: Whom you have ridiculed, you have already forgiven,—are even ready to love.

Hamlet's appearance, on the contrary, is attractive. His melancholia; his pale tho not lean aspect (his mother remarks that he is stout, saying, "Our son is fat"); his black velvet clothes, the feather crowning his hat; his elegant manners; the unmistakable poetry of his speeches; his steady feeling of complete superiority over others, alongside of the biting humor of his self-denunciation,—everything about him pleases, everything captivates. Everybody flatters himself on passing for a Hamlet. None would like to acquire the appellation of "Don Quixote." "Hamlet Baratynski,"* wrote Pushkin to his friend. No one ever thought of laughing at Hamlet, and herein lies his condemnation. To love him is almost impossible; only people like

Horatio become attached to Hamlet. Of these I will speak later. Everyone sympathizes with Hamlet, and the reason is obvious: nearly everyone finds in Hamlet his own traits; but to love him is, I repeat, impossible, because he himself does not love anyone.

Let us continue our comparison.

Hamlet is the son of a king, murdered by his own brother, the usurper of the throne; his father comes forth from the grave—from "the jaws of Hades"—to charge Hamlet to avenge him; but the latter hesitates, keeps on quibbling with himself, finds consolation in self-depreciation, and finally kills his stepfather by chance. A deep psychological feature, for which many wise but short-sighted persons have ventured to censure Shakespeare! And Don Quixote, a poor man, almost destitute, without means or connections, old and lonely, undertakes the task of destroying evil and protecting the oppressed (total strangers to him) all over the world. It matters not that his first attempt to free innocence from the oppressor brings redoubled suffering upon the head of innocence. (I have in mind that scene in which Don Quixote saves an apprentice from a drubbing by his master, who, as soon as the deliverer is gone, punishes the poor boy with tenfold severity.) It matters not that, in his crusades against harmful giants, Don Quixote attacks useful windmills. The comical setting of these pictures should not distract our eyes from their hidden meaning. The man who sets out to sacrifice himself with careful forethought and consideration of all the consequences—balancing all the probabilities of his acts proving beneficial—is hardly capable of self-sacrifice. Nothing of the kind can happen to Hamlet; it is not for him, with his penetrative, keen, and skeptical mind, to fall into so gross an error. No, he will not wage war on windmills; he does not believe in giants, and would not attack them if they did exist. We cannot imagine Hamlet exhibiting to each and all a barber's bowl, and maintaining, as Don Quixote does, that it is the real magic helmet of Mambrin. I suppose that, were truth itself to appear incarnate before his eyes, Hamlet would still have misgivings as to whether it really was the truth. For who knows but that truth, too, is perhaps non-existent, like giants? We laugh at Don Quixote, but, my dear sirs, which of us, after having conscientiously interrogated himself, and taken into account his past and present convictions, will make bold to say that he always, under all circumstances, can distinguish a barber's pewter bowl from a magic golden helmet? It seems to me, therefore, that the principal thing in life is the sincerity and strength of our

*Baratynski was a Russian lyric poet, a contemporary and successful follower of Pushkin, whom contemplation of "the riddles of the universe" had made very disconsolate.—*Translator.*

convictions,—the result lies in the hands of fate. This alone can show us whether we have been contending with fancies or real foes, and with what armor we covered our heads. Our business is to arm ourselves and fight.

Remarkable are the attitudes of the mob, the so-called mass of the people, toward Hamlet and Don Quixote. In "Hamlet" Polonius, in "Don Quixote" Sancho Panza, symbolize the populace.

Polonius is an old man—active, practical, sensible, but at the same time narrow-minded and garrulous. He is an excellent chamberlain and an exemplary father. (Recollect his instructions to his son, Laertes, when going abroad—instructions which vie in wisdom with certain orders issued by Governor Sancho Panza on the Island of Barataria.) To Polonius Hamlet is not so much a madman as a child. Were he not a king's son, Polonius would despise him because of his utter uselessness and the impossibility of making a positive and practical application of his ideas. The famous cloud-scene, the scene where Hamlet imagines he is mocking the old man, has an obvious significance, confirming this theory. I take the liberty of recalling it to you:

Polonius: My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet: Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius: By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet: Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius: It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet: Or, like a whale?

Polonius: Very like a whale.

Hamlet: Then will I come to my mother by and by.

Is it not evident that in this scene Polonius is at the same time a courtier who humors the prince and an adult who would not cross a sickly, capricious boy? Polonius does not in the least believe Hamlet, and he is right. With all his natural, narrow presumptiveness, he ascribes Hamlet's capriciousness to his love for Ophelia, in which he is, of course, mistaken, but he makes no mistake in understanding Hamlet's character. The Hamlets are really useless to the people; they give it nothing, they cannot lead it anywhere, since they themselves are bound for nowhere. And, besides, how can one lead when he doubts the very ground he treads upon? Moreover, the Hamlets detest the masses. How can a man who does not respect himself respect any one or anything else? Besides, is it really worth while to bother about the masses? They are so rude and filthy! And much more than birth alone goes to make Hamlet an aristocrat.

An entirely different spectacle is presented by Sancho Panza. He laughs at Don Quixote,

knows full well that he is demented; yet thrice forsakes the land of his birth, his home, wife and daughter, that he may follow this crazy man; follows him everywhere, undergoes all sorts of hardships, is devoted to him to his very death, believes him and is proud of him, then weeps, kneeling at the humble pallet where his master breathes his last. Hope of gain or ultimate advantage cannot account for this devotion. Sancho Panza has too much good sense. He knows very well that the page of a wandering knight has nothing save beatings to expect. The cause of his devotion must be sought deeper. It finds its root (if I may so put it) in what is perhaps the cardinal virtue of the people,—in its capability of a blissful and honest blindness (alas! it is familiar with other forms of blindness), the capability of a disinterested enthusiasm, the disregard of direct personal advantages, which to a poor man is almost equivalent to scorn for his daily bread. A great, universally-historic virtue!

The masses of the people invariably end by following, in blind confidence, the very persons they themselves have mocked, or even cursed and persecuted. They give allegiance to those who fear neither curses nor persecution—nor even ridicule—but who go straight ahead, their spiritual gaze directed toward the goal which they alone see,—who seek, fall, and rise, and ultimately find. And rightly so; only he who is led by the heart reaches the ultimate goal. "Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur," said Voltaire. And the Hamlets find nothing, invent nothing, and leave no trace behind them, save that of their own personality—no achievements whatsoever. They neither love nor believe, and what can they find? Even in chemistry—not to speak of organic nature—in order that a third substance may be obtained, there must be a combination of two others; but the Hamlets are concerned with themselves alone,—they are lonely, and therefore barren.

"But," you will interpose, "how about Ophelia,—does not Hamlet love her?"

I shall speak of her, and, incidentally, of Dulcinea.

In their relations to woman, too, our two types present much that is noteworthy.

Don Quixote loves Dulcinea, a woman who exists only in his own imagination, and is ready to die for her. (Recall his words when, vanquished and bruised, he says to the conqueror, who stands over him with a spear: "Stab me, Sir Knight . . . Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth. It is not fit that my weakness should lessen the glory of

(Continued on page 349)

Music and the Drama

"SALOME"—THE STORM-CENTER OF THE MUSICAL WORLD



UT of all the hubbub and impassioned controversy following the New York production of Richard Strauss's world-famous music-drama, "Salome," and its later withdrawal from the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House, one incontestable fact emerges: Music will never again be the same since "Salome" has been written. We may like the opera, or we may not like it; but, by common consensus of critical opinion, it is an epoch-making work, in the sense that Gluck's "Alceste" and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" were epoch-making works. That is to say, it has extended the boundaries of musical form and expression. "Never in the history of music," says Lawrence Gilman, the critic of *Harper's Weekly*, "has such instrumentation found its way on to the printed page"; and Alfred Hertz, who conducted "Salome" on the occasion of its single presentation in New York, declares: "This score is like nothing else in music. It is a new note. It means a revolution."

It is perhaps unfortunate that musical composition of such significance and power should be indissolubly connected with a play that has aroused so much antagonism, and offers so many points of attack as are offered by Oscar Wilde's "Salome." The greater part of the play was printed in these pages last September, so that our readers have already had an opportunity to form their own estimate of a drama which, despite the execrations that have been heaped upon it, has had an enthusiastic reception in many European centers of culture. In New York, where it has been given on two different occasions in special performances, it has been almost unanimously condemned by the critics. There is a disposition in some quarters to regard the author of "Salome" as a man of quite inferior talents, and Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the *New York Sun*, voices this sentiment when he says: "Probably a dozen years hence we shall all look back with wonder at the Oscar Wilde movement of the present. The forcing into worldwide prominence of a poet who was at his best a feeble echo of Keats and Shelley, and a dramatist whose most significant achievement is a watery copy of Maeterlinck,

is one of the singular phenomena of an empty period." But the question immediately arises: Is it likely that Richard Strauss, admittedly one of the great creative geniuses of our age, would have chosen as the groundwork for his operatic masterpiece a libretto as weak as Wilde's "Salome" is alleged to be? Is it not more reasonable to share the view expressed by Lawrence Gilman in his new monograph on "Salome":*

"Whatever opinion one may hold concerning the subject-matter of Wilde's play, there can be no question of the potency of the work as dramatic literature. At the least, it is a remarkable *tour de force*, and few will deny the maleficent power and the imaginative intensity with which it is carried through, from its vivid beginning to its climactic and truly appalling close."

It will be noticed, however, that in this paragraph Mr. Gilman avoids what is really the crux of the whole "Salome" controversy. It was the matter, not the manner, of the Wilde drama that excited ire and indignation all the way from New York to San Francisco, and that led the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to forbid further performances of the opera. The flood of protest was aroused by the undue emphasis given to the pathological aspect of the play, and, in particular, by the "dance of the seven veils" and the display of the decapitated head of John the Baptist. It was in choosing to exploit such a theme, says Mr. Henderson, that Wilde and Strauss committed an unpardonable offense. He adds:

"Not a single lofty thought is uttered by any personage except the prophet, and it is conceded that none of the other characters can comprehend him. The whole story wallows in lust, lewdness, bestial appetites and abnormal carnality. The slobbering of Salome over the dead head is in plain English filthy. The kissing of dead lips besmeared with blood is something to make the most hardened shudder."

Mr. Krehbiel, of the *New York Tribune*, expresses himself in terms equally caustic. He thinks we all ought to be "stung into righteous fury by the moral stench with which 'Salome' fills the nostrils of humanity." He goes on to say:

*STRAUSS'S SALOME. A Guide to the Opera, with Musical Illustrations. By Lawrence Gilman. John Lane Company.



THE TEMPTATION OF JOHN

Fremstad and Van Rooy in the Wilde-Strauss Opera

SALOME: Thy mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. . . . There is nothing in the world so red as thy mouth. . . . Suffer me to kiss thy mouth.
 JOCHANAAN: Never! Daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! Never!

"There is not a whiff of fresh and healthy air blowing through 'Salome' except that which exhales from the cistern, the prison house of Jochanaan. Even the love of Narraboth, the young Syrian captain, for the princess is tainted by the jealous outbursts of Herodias's page. Salome is the unspeakable, Herodias, tho divested of her most pronounced historical attributes (she adjures her daughter not to dance, tho she gloats over the revenge which it brings to her), is a human hyena; Herod, a neurasthenic voluptuary."

The view of "Salome" taken by Mr. Henderson and Mr. Krehbiel is not shared by all the New York papers. *The World* and *The Times* show little sympathy with what they regard as a "belated" spasm of indignation. On the other hand, *The Evening Post* pronounces the presentation of the opera "a flagrant offense against common decency and

morality," and *The Tribune* comments: "Public reprobation of all such offenses has its source not only in sound morality, but in the highest conception of esthetic truth and beauty." *The Evening Journal* likens "Salome" to "a dead toad on white lilies," while *The Evening Mail* has endeavored to close the controversy with this dictum: "'Salome's' place is in the library of the alienist. It should be staged nowhere save in Sodom."

The intensely hostile reception of "Salome" in this country has drawn a brief rejoinder from Richard Strauss himself. In a cabled interview printed in the newspapers, he declares that he is amazed by the noise that "Salome's" alleged immorality has raised in New York. He expresses himself further:

"I would like to know what immorality really is. The boundaries and relations of morality have been variously conceived by various men at various times. Generally speaking, mankind's ideas of morality are indefinite.

"As to the average man who has seen 'Salome' and objects to it—if such there be—why does he balk at 'Salome' and accept 'Don Juan,' 'Figaro,' 'Carmen,' and numberless other operas which, to be consistent, he must regard as immoral?"

"In morals, as in other matters, there is such a thing as straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. That man, or woman, who has clean hands, a pure heart, a spotless conscience, can regard 'Salome' and all art without disfavor or prejudice. It is for such men and women that all true artists labor; not for those vitiated or bigoted."

Bernard Shaw has also come to the rescue of the ill-starred opera. His utterance, as reported in the *New York World*, is characteristic:

"What can you expect of people who rejected me? . . . People in general cannot understand me, nor Oscar Wilde, nor such a towering genius as Strauss, who is certainly the greatest living musician. There is nothing which makes men angrier than to have their ignorance exposed, and they are brutally enraged against the man who is cleverer than they. By mere weight of numbers they howl him down."

"Plays such as 'Salome' were not intended for common people. If they do not understand it they can stay away and allow those who have brains enough to comprehend it to attend the

theater in their place. Great tragedies and problems are not for little folk."

These sentiments find only a faint echo on this side of the Atlantic. It is worth noting, however, that *The Musical Courier* (New York), our leading musical paper, regards the suppression of the opera as "a manifestation of parochialism" which is "disgraceful in the highest degree," and "should cause New York to hang its head in shame."

"Salome" is defended on quite other grounds by the *Deutsche Vorkaempfer* (New York), a monthly devoted to German culture in America, which ably maintains that Wilde's play, and the opera based upon it, so far from being utterly vicious, are *moral*, in a very real sense. It says, in part:

"Much in the play is undoubtedly repulsive, much perverse, and even inhuman. But that is not the major motive, but a detail which merely accentuates the true meaning. Like all the works of this brilliant degenerate, the final impression of 'Salome' is distinctly ethical in significance. As in 'Dorian Gray,' Oscar Wilde portrays with inexorable severity the fate of all that is morbid and inwardly corrupt. It may shimmer like decaying wood, hectic red may flame upon its cheek; but in all cases eternal retribution is visited upon those who offend against the law of health, which is the law of life. In the novel, it is a picture upon which every evil action of the hero leaves a trace bearing damning evidence against him. In 'Salome' we already hear at the rise of the curtain 'a beating of great wings.' It is the angel of Death, who descends upon the palace of Herod. And in the background we observe from the very start the soldiers with their heavy shields under which, before the curtain drops, they will bury the quivering body of the daughter of Herodias. But while there is no conciliating element in 'Dorian Gray,' we see, in the play, in John, the harbinger of a life to come. The rotten magnificence of Herod tumbles into the dust, but from afar . . . out of the lake of Galilee . . . rises the star of redemption."

"In the opera the sensuous element is far more pronounced than in the play. The philosophic purpose is obscured and the historical picture loses in color through the omission of important incidents. Others—such as the discussion of the Jews—lose in dignity, while that horrible scene in which Salome caresses the head of John the Baptist is painfully prolonged. The figure of Herodias, whose own corruption explains that of her daughter, is degraded to a mere puppet, while the one display of pure affection—the scene in which the page of Herodias bewails the death of his friend, the young Syrian captain—has found no place in the musical version of the play."

Nevertheless, the writer contends, even in the opera the ethical element is represented, "I cannot," he says, "see 'Salome,' either the play or the opera, without bearing in my heart, in addition to esthetic satisfaction, a feeling that here the fate of a world has passed



OFF TO THE PROVINCES

Mr. T. S. Sullivan's humorous comment (in the *New York World*) on the fate of the opera.



THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS

A moment of breathless suspense in the musical version of Wilde's "Salome"

HEROD: Ah! wonderful! wonderful! [turning to the queen] You see that she dances for me, your daughter. Come near, Salome, come near . . .

before my eyes, a Titanic struggle between sensuality and the pure, ascetic ideal, in which the latter is triumphant. "Salome," he concludes, "is a moral play."

From a purely musical point of view the importance of "Salome" can hardly be exaggerated. Puccini, the Italian composer, who traveled hundreds of miles to witness the first German performances, and was present at the New York performance of the opera, pronounces it "the most wonderful expression of modern music." Some of the German critics have gone so far as to say that in "Salome" Strauss has surpassed Wagner. It is a mistake to suppose that Strauss is dominated by Wagner, and is merely carrying the "first Richard's" methods one step further. So well-informed a critic as Charles Henry Meltzer recognizes in Strauss's latest music a kinship with Chopin and Berlioz, rather than with Wagner. He says further (in *Ridgway's*):

"As Strauss seems to conceive it, what, for convenience, we call his opera, is neither a pretext for the singing of beautiful songs nor merely the expression of drama by means of music. Rather might it be described as a medium for the tone painting of environments and the interpretation of moods, souls and characters."

If, as is charged, Wagner's musical method amounted, practically, to the "erection of the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal upon the stage," Richard Strauss has gone a great

way toward removing even the pedestal. "Salome" is really "a symphonic poem with obligato illustrative and explanatory action upon the stage," avers Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*. "It is undeniable," he thinks, "that Strauss has treated the voices in a manner that can be described as instrumental rather than vocal." Moreover: "The appeal is almost always what is called 'cerebral' rather than emotional."

All the critics agree that Strauss's strength lies in his orchestration and technic. The real point at issue is this: Has he supreme creative genius, as well as supreme technic? Arthur Symons, the English critic, in an essay on "The Problem of Richard Strauss," included in his latest book,* states flatly: "Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas, and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material." Mr. Aldrich, who considers this point at length, concedes that few of the forty odd themes out of which Strauss has created "Salome" have real musical potency; but they are justified, nevertheless, he holds, by the use the composer has made of them. To follow his argument:

"It has been charged that Strauss's musical in-

*STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Company.



THE LEADING EXPONENT OF POETIC DRAMA
IN AMERICA

E. H. Sothorn intends to establish in New York a standard theater devoted to classic and modern poetic drama.

spiration, his melodic gift, is of the smallest. But in his already large collection of works, including the songs, the sonatas, and other earlier compositions, there is melody enough to give him the title of being a melodist. Is it not rather that he

now deliberately devises his musical material with a view chiefly to what he considers its descriptive quality, in the first place, and its plasticity in the next? . . . The ultimate justification of his themes is the use he makes of them. They are marvelously plastic under his hands; they lend themselves to all the ingenuities and extravagances of his manipulation perfectly, alone and in almost any complexity of combination."

Mr. Finck, of *The Evening Post*, is not ready to concede nearly so much. Strauss's music, he says, despite its cleverness, is "esthetically criminal." He continues: "Strauss's fatal shortcoming is the weakness of his themes, the utter lack of melody. In the whole opera, which lasts an hour and a half, there is not a page of sustained melody, either in the vocal parts or in the orchestra."

Mr. Gilman finds the opera of "tragic, almost superhuman, futility." He writes, in *Harper's Weekly*:

"Never was music so avid in its search for the eloquent word. We are amazed at the ingenuity, the audacity, the resourcefulness, of the expressional apparatus that is cumulatively reared in this unprecedented score. Cacophony is heaped upon cacophony; the alphabet of music is ransacked for new and undreamt-of combinations of tone; never were effects so elaborate, so cunning, so fertile contrived, offered to the ears of men since the voice of music was heard in its pristine estate. This score, in intention, challenges the music of the days that shall follow after it, for it foreshadows an expressional vehicle of unimaginable possibilities. But they are still, so far as Strauss and the present are concerned, possibilities. The music of 'Salome' is a towering and pathetic monument to the hopelessness of endeavor without impulse."

THE RISE OF POETIC DRAMA IN AMERICA

MODERN managers, complains *Die Feder*, of Berlin, a German authors' journal, preferably give Shakespeare's inferior plays instead of the works of living writers, because, unfortunately, the dead require no royalty. This motive, however potent its appeal may have been in the Fatherland, seems to have never influenced our two great romantic actors, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn. On the contrary, the underlying purpose of their productions of Shakespeare's plays, according to a writer in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, has been from the very beginning to turn to plays by contemporary writers—to the work of the noted dramatists of the Continent like Sudermann, Hauptmann and D'Annunzio, which has had very little place on our stage, to imaginative pieces by young American writers striving

for a footing in our theater; in a word, to poetic drama wherever they might find it, and to the poetic drama of our own generation most of all. Practically, *The Transcript* goes on to say, the American stage has been closed to it for years. "They would open the door wide, welcome it, set it high, and give it every aid that their own intelligence, imagination, ambition and tireless labor might lend in the acting and the setting of it. At last they have not only begun, but they have advanced surprisingly far in the accomplishment of their desire." In fact, so far have they advanced that they have produced or prepared for production no less than eleven modern and romantic plays, among these three by American writers, Boynton, Mackaye and William Vaughn Moody. D'Annunzio, it is reported, will come to America to be present at their

production of his play, "The Daughter of Jorio." And Gerhardt Hauptmann, whose visit to the United States, under the auspices of the Germanistic Society, is also announced, will not fail to witness their performance of his "Sunken Bell" in Charles Henry Meltzer's masterly translation. In an interview published in a New York paper, Mr. Sothern announces the opening under his and Miss Marlowe's artistic direction of a standard theater for plays classic and romantic. If we, moreover, keep in mind Mansfield's success in Ibsen's mystic play of "Peer Gynt" and Maude Adams' in "Peter Pan," there can be no doubt that not only our poets, but our audiences as well, are ready to hail the rise of poetic drama. Three plays in Sothern and Marlowe's repertoire have so far been most widely discussed. They are "Jeanne d'Arc," by Percy Mackaye, Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," and Sudermann's "John the Baptist." "Jeanne d'Arc" was fully treated in these pages at the time of its first production.

The revival of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" likewise found audiences in New York and other artistic centers extremely appreciative. The New York *Sun* asserts that the play is "indubitably one of the few masterpieces of the modern poetic drama, and deserves the attention of all intelligent playgoers."

The third play of the series, Sudermann's "John the Baptist" has been received with considerably less enthusiasm. It both suffered and gained through the comparison with the operatic production of "Salome." Sudermann presents the story of the daughter of Herodias and her horrible passion with less artistry and final impressiveness, but also with the exclusion of that phase of her character which appeals more to the pathological student of Krafft-Ebing and the perversions of the Marquis de Sade than to the lover of poetry. Sudermann has been charged by German critics with imitating the Oscar Wilde play. He undoubtedly at times recalls Wilde.

It is only in the last scene, centering in the dance for the head of the prophet that, in Mr. John Corbin's opinion, the play takes on real color and dramatic effectiveness. The dance is handled with greater delicacy than is "Salome." Mr. Corbin says on this point:

"This Salome is no monstrous virgin swayed by sadistic lust, whose eye batten on mere flesh, and whose lips gloat in the kiss of blood and death. She is, to be sure, the degenerate daughter of a degenerate line; but she is a real and very human person, not more remarkable for her native licentiousness than for her native vivacity and girlish charm. It is the fire and power of the

prophet's soul that attracts her, not his hairy masculinity. The sensual appeal of the dance is justified if not ennobled by the dramatic intensity of the passions that inspire it. And finally, the audience is spared the sight, as well as the kissing, of the head on the golden charger. The greatest praise of the whole scene is that it is done so well as to justify its being done at all."



SUDERMANN'S SALOME

Julia Marlowe dancing the dance of the seven veils for the head of John the Baptist, in the German dramatist's play.

IBSEN'S VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

WHEN we dead awake," Ibsen significantly named his last play. "When we dead awake" is the motive chosen by Gustav Vigeland, of Christiania, for a proposed monument of the great Norwegian. And it undoubtedly is appropriate in more than one sense. Hardly had the news of his death reached the ear of the world when a general Ibsen revival began to take place. In America especially has the spirit of the great master of the modern dramatic school never been so much alive as to-day, when Richard Mansfield joins hands with Alla Nazimova in the interpretation of those works of the dead poet which have been so potent of late years in shaping the literary destiny of Europe. But in yet another sense is Ibsen's voice heard from the grave. The *Neue Rundschau*, of Berlin, has recently published certain fragments of a collection of the poet's posthumous papers which give us a more accurate conception of Ibsen's methods of work and thought than we could possibly have formed from material accessible in his lifetime. And simultaneously, the Danish author, John Paulsen, publishes a little book* in which are revealed some of the charming intimacies of Ibsen's life which bring the poet nearer to our hearts. Even before this, Brandes had lifted the veil from the poet's last love romance (see *CURRENT LITERATURE* for September). The colossus has fallen. Smaller men may at last peep into the stern giant-face that in life seemed too remote for close scrutiny, and behold, we find in it a knowledge of "mortal things," the sorrows and joys of daily life, that brings him close to his fellowmen and takes him out of the

category of demi-gods in which some of his admirers have seemed to place him.

The selections published by the *Rundschau* consist of sketches of several plays, a speech on women's rights, and poems. Especially suggestive are the playwright's reflections concerning the intellectual dissimilarity between men and women:

"There are two kinds of moral law, one existing in men, and quite a different one in women. Neither can understand the other, but in real life a woman is judged according to man's law, just as if she were really a man.

"In this play the wife finally loses all sense of distinction between right and wrong. The conflict with her natural impulses on the one hand and her belief in authority on the other brings her utter confusion. In our modern society, which is exclusively a male society, a woman cannot be true to herself, for society's laws are formulated by men, and the judge and the advocate criticise feminine actions from man's point of view.

"Nora has committed forgery. She is proud of it, for she did it out of love for her husband and to save his life, but she clings with all the honesty of the ordinary man to the letter of the law and regards her action with man's eyes."

Nevertheless, Ibsen is not pessimistic. "A new nobility," he pro-

claims, "will arise, not the nobility of birth or money, nor that of talent and knowledge. The nobility of the future will be the nobility of feeling and will."

Is it not, on reading those fragmentary utterances, as if we had a conversation with the spirit of Ibsen? They throw a new and friendly light on the man and his work. This is true in the same degree of Paulsen's reminiscences, only that here it is the man rather than the thinker who rises from the dead. We can see him before us with his white side-whiskers and his furrowed head. We can almost touch his hand.

During Ibsen's long stay abroad, we learn,



"WHEN WE DEAD AWAKE"

A proposed memorial in honor of Henrik Ibsen by Gustav Vigeland, a rising Norwegian sculptor.

*SAMLIV MED IBSEN. By John Paulsen. The Gylden-dalske Publishing Company.

he lived mostly in solitude and did not accept any of the many invitations which were showered upon him. He did not even care about the literature of the respective countries. People and culture he studied through careful perusal of the newspapers. At the Café Maximilian in Munich, where he always appeared on the stroke of a certain hour, he had his accustomed place in front of a large mirror which reflected the entrance with all coming and going guests. Without having to turn around he could sit there and observe everything. Like a poetical detective, he sat before the mirror with his big newspaper held up to his face and nothing eluded his alert eye. "To create is to *see*," he once explained. The papers he read from the first page to the last. He did not even skip the advertisements. In these he found many a fragment of the history of culture.

Ibsen liked to be as self-sufficient as possible. When a trouser button became loose—a prosaic mishap that comes even to the greatest poets—he went into his room, carefully locked the door and sewed the button on with the same care that he would have expended on a detail in a new drama. Such an important task he would not entrust to anybody else, not even to his wife. One of Ibsen's theories was that "a woman never knows how to fasten a button properly." He had no suspicion that Mrs. Ibsen "fastened" the button "properly" on the sly, by sewing on the wrong side, something which Ibsen always forgot to do, but which is the most important part of the proceeding. "Let him keep his belief," she said to their intimate friends; "it makes him so happy." Another curious example of his independence is cited. One winter in Munich Ibsen asked Paulsen, with a serious and troubled face, "Tell me one thing, Paulsen, do you polish your own shoes?" When the latter made no reply and looked puzzled, Ibsen continued, "You ought to. It will make you feel like a new man. One never ought to let another do what one is able to do oneself. If you only begin by polishing your shoes you will end by cleaning your room and making your fire. In this wise you will finally become a free man, independent of Tom, Dick and Harry."

Referring to Ibsen's position toward the critics, Paulsen relates how Ibsen once warned him from searching for profound meanings in his works. "*There are none*," he said. "The critics are always eager to find strange depths and hidden symbols in every word and act, instead of keeping strictly to what is written."

Ibsen told several amusing examples of the blunders made by even some of the most astute. "A Doll's House" opens, as is well known, with Nora's appearing on the stage followed by a man carrying a Christmas tree. Nora produces a pocketbook and gives the man one crown instead of the 50 ore he demands, saying meanwhile, "Here is one crown—keep it all." If this episode characterizes anything, it is her lack of economy. A symbol-hunting critic has, however, found a clue here. Nora's paying double the amount has a deep, hidden meaning. Already, in this first scene, the author reveals his great symbolism. It is Labor versus Capital that Ibsen has in mind. Nora is at heart a Socialist. By giving the man more than he asked she plainly proves that she wishes a just division between capitalists and laborers! Ibsen laughed heartily at the remembrance of this article which had appeared in a Swedish paper.

In "Emperor and Galilean," Ibsen had chosen the name "Makrina" for one of the female characters. He had happened upon this name in an old book, and used it because of its unusual foreign sound. Then came the critic and proclaimed a new hidden meaning. "Makrina" was Greek and meant "the far-seeing." How pregnant and profound! What perspectives opened before one's imagination! Only an Ibsen would have thought of such a thing! The far-seeing! But Ibsen laughed.

During his early youth in Bergen Ibsen fell seriously in love with a very pretty girl of that town, Henrikka Holst. But he was poor and had nothing to offer the daughter of a prominent merchant family, and so they parted. Thirty years later, in the year 1885, they met again in the town of his youth. Henrikka Holst was then Fru Tresselt, and mother of many children. She had retained her joyous, healthy nature; was simple and candid, with a humorous outlook on life and a ready tongue. She herself speaks of this meeting as follows: "With a bouquet of wild flowers such as he used to love, I went up to his hotel to call. I assure you when I ascended the stairs my heart beat as if I had been a young girl. In spite of the thirty years we had been parted he recognized me at once, and I felt that he was glad to see me." She made a long, thoughtful pause. "Well, what did you say to him? It must have been an interesting conversation." "The first thing I said to him was, 'You can't guess, Ibsen, how often this old silly has looked in the glass to-day. For I wanted so much to look a little pretty at this meeting. I wanted you to like

me as of old." Ibsen paid her some compliments, and then, deeply touched, took hold of both her hands. She thanked him for his dramas, which she had read with delight. Ibsen asked her: "Have you found any traces of yourself and our young love in my books?" She smiled. "Let me think . . . yes, you mean Mutter Stroman in the 'Comedy of Love,' she with the eight children and the everlasting knitting in her hands." Ibsen protested. He knew of other less prosaic traces of her personality in his works, not to mention Hilda in "The Master Builder," for whom evidently she had been the model. Then he told her about his life since leaving Bergen; his family and his travels. At last he asked, while pensively peering at her through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, "But how have you been all these years?" "Oh, don't let us speak of that, father," she interrupted with a smile and shake of the head. "While you composed great works and became celebrated I have only brought children into the world and mended old pants." Ibsen laughed heartily and shook her hands. "You are the same dear old Rikke, mother—God bless you." And thus they parted.

Paulsen tells of another episode which illustrates Ibsen's fear of having any one see his manuscripts before completion. Ibsen was traveling by rail with his family one summer. He was just then engaged on writing a new drama, but neither his wife nor his son had any idea what it was about. When the train

stopped at a station Ibsen left the compartment, and, in rising, dropped a piece of paper. Mrs. Ibsen picked it up and glanced at it furtively. On the page was written, "The doctor says," and nothing more. Mrs. Ibsen smiled as she showed it to her son and said, "Now we will have a joke on father when he comes back. Won't he be terrified when he finds that we have an inkling of what he is writing?"

When Ibsen returned his wife looked at him playfully and said, "What kind of a doctor is it that appears in your new drama? He seems to have very interesting things to say." Had Mrs. Ibsen foreseen the effect of her innocent joke she would certainly have refrained from speaking. Ibsen grew dumb with astonishment and anger, and when he could speak again a flood of reproaches flowed from his lips. What did this mean? Was he surrounded by spies? Had they been in his recesses, had they broken into his desk, into his holy of holies? In his imagination he worked himself into a frenzy and saw ghosts everywhere around him.

Mrs. Ibsen finally produced the little piece of paper and returned it. "We know absolutely nothing about your drama but what this paper tells us—if you please." Ibsen stood there crestfallen. The drama he was working on was "An Enemy to the People." The "doctor" in question was no other than our old friend Stockman, the kind-hearted reformer.

THE INDOMITABLE YOUTHFULNESS OF ELLEN TERRY

PEOPLE think I must be so terribly old just because I have been on the stage for fifty years. They don't remember that I made my first appearance in 'Mammius' when I was only eight. And so you see I'm not so old as it sounds, anyhow—and I feel as young as ever I did."

It was with these words that Ellen Terry, veteran of English actresses, after a lapse of almost five years, set foot again on American soil. Not, however, to say good-by. "After this appearance," she observed pleasantly, "I shall come as many times as the American people want me to come. It is arranged that I shall lecture some day, going over the entire country, but I have not thought as yet of a farewell tour."

Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brass-

bound's Conversion," in which the famous actress made her first re-appearance at the Empire Theater in New York, is one of the "three plays for Puritans," and was originally written for her. "There is," she says, "no great story as to how I came to play in 'Captain Brassbound,' except that Shaw, whom I met years ago in London, insists that he had me in mind when he wrote the play, as far back as 1899." She goes on to say:

"It had never been produced until it was taken up by Vedrenne and Barker at the Court Theater, and I myself, after the lapse of so many years, originated the leading rôle, as had originally been intended. It is singular indeed that the play should have waited so long for a production, and it is also singular that, after fifty years on the stage, I should now for the first time be making an appeal to the American public through a strictly modern rôle."

The Sun points out the significance of this fact. "Shaw women," it asserts, "are not always too charming. Be it said, then, that she appears as a Shaw man in feminine weeds." To quote further:

"Lady Cecily Waynflete is, in fact, less of the line of the Superwoman than of John Tanner. She has more of the dentist in 'You Never Can Tell' than of the lady of his unwilling choice.



Drawn for CURRENT LITERATURE by Pamela Coleman Smith

EVERY THEATER-GOER IN THE LAST QUARTER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY HAS BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER

This is what Bernard Shaw says of Ellen Terry, who is now appearing in his play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," written for her eight years ago.

She is, in short, the center of the dialogue and action, bright perversely sane, brilliantly commanding. Shaw wrote the play years ago for Miss Terry, and he paid her the compliment of putting himself into it, and, what is even more wonderful, a good deal of his heart.

"Among the people in this expedition into the interior of Morocco there is a potentate, an English judge, the bigness of whose wig is unquestionable, and a piratical smuggler, whose will is the law of life and death over his followers. There is a sheik and a cadi who rule over mountain fastnesses. But one and all bow to the charm and the wit of this Shaw man in petticoats.

"The Mussulmans are molten bronze in her fingers. The pirate takes to Shavian morals, and a shave, and though the hangingest judge in England remains firm in his self-esteem, the fact contributes all the more to the flouting and jeering of legal justice as it is practiced.

"The play bears a strong family likeness to 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' which it preceded in order of composition. It is modern, to be sure, instead of ancient, and its costumes and architecture are Arabian instead of Egyptian. But these are trifles. The three scenes are full of African light and color, of African architecture and costume, and—Mr. Shaw must stomach the word as he can—of African romance."

Of course, Ellen Terry's youthfulness in essence is necessarily different from the youth of a young woman of somewhat over thirty, as portrayed by Bernard Shaw. "It was curious," remarks *The Times*, describing a rehearsal of the play, "to see how the youth of the character became, so to speak, superimposed upon the youth of Miss Terry."

"She sat upon a piece of scenery, evidently meant to represent a stone wall, crossed one leg over the other, gently swayed her foot to and fro, and looked 'as pert as you please.'

"Now and then Miss Terry would for the instant abandon her character to explain some mistake to one of the younger members of the company. In one instance, the man was seated. She leaned over him and spoke in an undertone with a truly maternal air. Then they repeated the little episode and it went precisely as she desired. Again, with the energy of a young woman and surprising physical agility, she showed one of the actors how to trip and pretend to be on the verge of falling."

Her pains in the rehearsal were not unrewarded. The performance was a great ovation for her. She was called before the curtain no less than a dozen times, and the audience did not leave until she had come out of character long enough to express her thanks. It was her ageless art alone that, in the opinion of *The Evening Post*, redeemed the flaws in the play. "Ellen Terry," it says, "is still the delightful debonair creature of former days, the embodiment of mirthful spirit and

the realization of ideal grace in acting. Whether Mr. Shaw wrote the part for Miss Terry or not, it is tolerably certain that no other actress could have presented it with such plausibility." To quote again:

"If time has dimmed her shining locks a little with a touch of sober gray, her smile has lost none of its brilliancy or witchery, her voice is as soft, clear, and musical, her form as lithe, and her

step as light as ever. Her art, of course, is at its ripest. It was a constant gratification to watch the unstudied ease of her repose, or the spontaneous aptness of her gesture, and to listen to each significant inflection of her flexible speech. The play itself, in which she had chosen to appear, made no demand upon and offered but small opportunity to her finest powers, but the authoritative skill with which she gave vitality and substance to a fanciful and impossible character denoted the great actress and consummate artist."

A NEW CLAIMANT TO SHAKESPEARE'S FAME



T WAS not Shakespeare who wrote his plays, but "another fellow by the same name." When this conclusion was reached by Mark Twain he probably did not know that a similar theory had in all seriousness been advanced by a German scholar who attributed both plays and sonnets to a cousin of the famous "Will," and bearing the same name—Shakespeare. Now, to add to the general confusion, is wafted across the ocean, also from Germany, the voice of Dr. Karl Bleibtreu, poet and critic, who puts forward in the person of Roger, Earl of Rutland, a new claimant to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. In our January issue mention was made of this theory in an article describing Tolstoy's onslaught on Shakespeare. Meanwhile we have received Dr. Bleibtreu's essay, of which before we had seen only cabled extracts. It is printed as an introduction to a "tragic comedy" entitled "Shakespeare," written by Dr. Bleibtreu, in which the personality of the alleged author of Shakespeare's plays and the motives that probably actuated him in hiding his identity are set forth in dramatic form.

In America Dr. Bleibtreu's theory has been generally pooh-poohed. Prof. Edward Dowden in a review published in the *London Standard* affects to regard the theory as a jest. The *London Literary World* also expresses its derision in caustic terms. "The depths of human folly," it remarks, "are not yet sounded, and there are always plenty of people in search of a new sensation, and the sillier a theory is, the more it fascinates them." Nevertheless, Dr. Bleibtreu's reputation as a writer and recorder of literary history compels attention, and at least one eminent German Shakespearean scholar, Dr. William Turszinsky, has taken up the cudgels for the Earl of Rutland and his champion.

In order to bestow the laurel upon the brow of the Earl of Rutland, it becomes first neces-

sary to demolish the claims of Shakespeare himself and then of Sir Roger Bacon. In an earlier work Dr. Bleibtreu took issue with the Baconians on behalf of Shakespeare. His arguments against the Baconian theory are not repeated in this essay.

Only one fact, Dr. Bleibtreu holds, has been clearly established by the Baconians, namely that the "ignorant and obscure" actor Shaxper cannot have been the author of the works passing under his name. (Dr. Bleibtreu throughout, when referring to this actor who passes for the author, spells his name Shaxper. The plays themselves he refers to as "Shakespeare's.") He assumes that what is commonly related of Shaxper's (or Shakespeare's) early life is probably authentic. Young Shaxper's well-known satire on the Justice of the Peace proves, to Dr. Bleibtreu's satisfaction, that he was a "witless imbecile, without an inkling of literary ability." We do not now know with any degree of certainty to what theatrical company Shaxper belonged. We do know, however, that some of his alleged first plays were given by the Pembroke company, of which he was not even a member. Under the dramatic conditions prevailing then, we are informed, these plays could not have been Shaxper's. The only fact of the latter's life of which we are tolerably well informed is the amount of the box-office receipts at the Globe Theater.

When the enterprising actor-manager had saved enough to enable him to live comfortably, he retired from the stage; also from authorship. It has been advanced as the explanation of the silence of Shaxper's latter years that, like Goethe, he loved his comfort better than his work. But, Bleibtreu argues, Goethe was never a drunkard or a usurer, like Shaxper. The only authentic documents from Shaxper's hand in those years are his testament and the epitaph he wrote for himself. In the former Shaxper left to his wife only

his "second bed." This, we are told, is a ribald jest, worthy of an habitual drunkard. The epitaph, on the other hand, is so poor that any dweller in Grub street could have written a better one.

In the literary criticism of his contemporaries, we read, Shaxper's name is hardly mentioned. Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries" makes only a brief and slighting reference to him. Greene, it is thought, referred to him when he spoke of a crow with "borrowed plumes." Jonson's later poem on Shaxper, in which he speaks of him as "of all time," may have been written to the real Shakespeare. It was published seven years after Shaxper's death, and marks a complete change of front in Jonson's attitude. Nash's well-known strictures on Shakespeare's work were written in 1592, before the greatest of the dramas had appeared. They may refer to certain spurious Shakespearian plays which were rejected by latter-day criticism. It is, however, possible that these early and apocryphal plays may indeed be ascribed to William Shaxper, the actor.

In the greatest of the Shakespeare plays we find an intimate acquaintance with the law, court-life and military matters, which the said Will Shaxper could not possibly have acquired. Another instance which speaks against his authorship is the declaration of the two actors who edited the folio in 1623, that in the original manuscripts of the plays hardly a line had been changed or corrected. Shaxper could not even write orthographically until late in his career. Would not this fact prove that Shaxper, far from being the author of those plays, was exercising merely the functions of a copyist? Is it not likely that the Shaxper of the Globe Theater and the Mermaid's Tavern merely gave his name to the works of another who, for reasons of his own, preferred to conceal his identity?

Yet what a wonderful man this other must have been! The ancients, as well as Dante, Cervantes and Calderon, with their naïve view of life, are historical rather than literary in their appeal. Gottfried von Strassburg and the author of the "Nibelungenlied," altho literary giants, being epic writers merely, cannot supply a term of comparison with the author of Shakespeare's plays. Only two poets, Dr. Bleibtreu avers, may be mentioned in this connection—Goethe and Byron. And each of these gives us only fragments of the philosophy of which Shakespeare—the real Shakespeare—represents Cosmos and completion.

Whoever he may be, he cannot have been

of humble station, otherwise he would not have known of the family skeletons of the houses of Essex and Leicester or dared to expose their secrets in "Hamlet." Nor would he have risked deriding, in "Measure for Measure," the prudery of the "virgin queen."

The great unknown, the author of Shakespeare's plays, Dr. Bleibtreu claims, was no other than Roger, Earl of Rutland. Born in 1576, he died at the early age of thirty-six. His brief life, it seems, was rich in events. An orphan, like Hamlet, he was a protégé of Queen Elizabeth. In 1596 he made his "grand tour" to France and Italy, where he visited Venice, Verona, Mantua, Rome, Milan, and studied law at the University of Padua. This explains Shakespeare's continual reference to student-life and his intimate knowledge of the law; also his acquaintance with the details of Italian scenery. Later Roger took part in Essex's war quest to the Azores. Prospero's kingdom, it may be added, has always been associated with those islands. Rutland, we are informed, was deeply involved in the Essex conspiracy, which he probably had in mind in writing "Julius Cæsar." After Essex had been beheaded, Rutland was condemned to imprisonment and the payment of a heavy fine. In the period in which he was incarcerated—that is from 1601 to 1603—no Shakespeare play appeared. When James the First restored him to property and freedom, Rutland lived quietly and far from the court in his country seat. During this time, 1603-1612, were written those plays which make Shakespeare's name immortal, with the exception of "Hamlet," of which an earlier first draft exists, but which was not completed in its present form until 1603. In that year Rutland journeyed to Denmark to attend the baptism of the crown prince. This fact accounts for his familiarity with the terrace of Helsingfors and many touches of local color in the play. Guildenstern and Rosenkrantz, it must be mentioned, were at that time at the Danish court. Their appearance in the earlier version is explained by the fact that two barons of those names were actually fellow-students of Rutland at the University of Padua. In 1600 Rutland married the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, through whom he probably became acquainted with Giordano Bruno's philosophy, for, during his stay in England, Bruno had found an asylum in Sidney's house. The last plays Shakespeare ever wrote, "The Tempest" and "Coriolanus," were published in 1612. On the 26th day of June in that year Rutland died. With him died Shaxper's inspiration.

Shaxper himself lived four years longer. He died in 1616. The real Shakespeare, Dr. Bleibtreu avers, like Byron, Raphael, Alexander the Great and Burns, died at the age of thirty-six. The flame within had consumed the vessel.

If the data here collected are correct, something may, perhaps, be said for Bleibtreu's theory after all. But again and again the question suggests itself: What possible motive could have prevented Rutland from revealing his authorship? Bleibtreu suggests that political reasons may have been the cause of his strange reticence. The works of the Right Honorable Roger Manners, Earl and Viscount of Rutland, would, by reason of their boldness of treatment, have aroused more opposition than the dramas of an obscure player. Moreover, it may not have been his intention never to lift the veil. But his untimely death may have prevented him from ever asserting his claim, and, after his decease, Shaxper probably cautiously destroyed every trace that might have betrayed the secret, thus strutting in borrowed plumes through eternity! But there is yet another possibility. Rutland, Bleibtreu asserts, like Leonardo da Vinci, was of a race and of a time when prodigies abounded, and men were not narrow in their application to one art or one mode of life. He was, in fact, the crown of this universality. This race of

giants, of which he was one, could do many things that we cannot do; above all, it could live without notoriety. "Can there be," the author remarks, "a vision grander than this master of all masters who, like Prospero, quietly lays aside his wand to return into eternity, his true home, without leaving his name to the unprofitable gaping world?"

Perhaps his silence was an example of Promethean defiance, that, having wrested the sacred flame from the heavens and given it to mankind, in return, immolates itself in superhuman, Titanic expiation upon the altar of oblivion. From whom, Dr. Bleibtreu asks, should we expect the supreme sublimity of such a view if not from him—the real Shakespeare?

Literary chronicles, we are told, record one similar instance of Germanic greatness and self-sacrifice. The ancient handwriting of the "Nibelungenlied" bears this inscription in monks' Latin: "And this is the end of him whom thou knowest not from Austria." Legend has put forth several claimants to the authorship of the great epic, but to this day the question remains unsettled. "Surely," Dr. Bleibtreu eloquently exclaims, "it were a pean in praise of Germanic greatness, if thus two of the mightiest singers of the race had joined hands across the ages in proud disdain of personal immortality?"

THE NEW PLAY WRITTEN BY CATULLE MENDÈS FOR SARAH BERNHARDT



WHEN Sarah Bernhardt appeared recently in the garb of Saint Teresa in a new play by Catulle Mendès, the foremost creative writer now in France, Paris may be said to have gasped. Mme. Bernhardt's famous "golden" voice has given utterance to many characters in her long career; "but never," as the *Boston Transcript* remarks, "has it occurred to any one that the voice was in reality the voice of the cloister, that the accents of pious orisons were best suited to its somewhat high-keyed resonance, that Mme. Bernhardt would make a better Saint Teresa than Duke of Reichstadt!" Yet the famous actress has accomplished this feat and, amid great outbursts of applause, she acted the part of the Carmelite nun a few weeks ago in the latest play from the pen of the great French lyricist. It is written in verse, and originally contained

4,500 lines, but was materially altered and condensed by the author in accordance with Madame Bernhardt's suggestions.

In the first scene, the priest Ervann, in his hermitage in Spain, has succumbed to the temptation of the witch Ximeira, found afterward to be a nightly worshiper of Satan. But Teresa, on the way to her nunnery, appears, ecstatic and ethereal in blue and white, and reclaims the priest. As she turns around from praying for light before a crucifix, Ervann's features, which strongly resemble those of the Christhead, unconsciously blend in harmony with the vision that still fills her soul. Ervann goes on a pilgrimage of penance, and becomes the leader of a mystic band of monks, preaching the abolition of cloisters and of celibacy. He assumes the name "The Arrived," and is by some declared to be the Antichrist. Teresa is ignorant of his identity with Ervann.

The second scene passes on the public square of Avila at the nail-studded iron gate of the Carmelite convent. There Ximeira, a beggar, lurks, dogging Teresa and watching for Errann. On the square King Philip II's Jesuit confessor, Don Luis, and the Grand Inquisitor Farges talk Church and State in verse, and quarrel; for Ignatius of Loyola stands for the new school, and the Inquisition is growing out of date. Plenty of heretics, however, are still burnt, and the crowd goes off to see these "acts of faith."

Teresa (whose fame as a saint has begun to fill all Spain) frees from the convent a condemned Jewess, replacing her in the dungeon with a view to winning martyrdom. Instead, Don Luis de Cyntho, her and the king's confessor, gives her an order from the king, instigated by the Pope, making her abbess at Toledo, Olmedo, and Alba de Tormes, and requesting her presence. Before starting, she sees on the "Road of Calvary" outside the city, in a mist lighted by the fires of a near-by *auto-da-fé*, "The Arrived." She takes the appearance for an actual sight of the Saviour vouchsafed to her prayers. On her way, by night, on foot, accompanied by five sisters, in a scene recalling the witches' sabbath in Faust, she is set upon in a wild mountain gorge by hideous forms led by Ximeira. "The Arrived" is unable to rescue her, having been bound by Ximeira's lieutenants. But, bearing a cross that has fallen across her path, and the little band singing a holy song, with a word or two Teresa opens a way, confounds Ximeira by her purity, and goes her road, followed at a distance by the foul gang, who fall on their knees and are blessed by her.

Then follows the already famous fourth act of the play. At the end of it, in the first representation in Paris, the curtain rose no less than eight times.

The opening scene of this act is in the Escorial, the historic palace and mausoleum of the kings of Spain. Gleams of a dull morning are seen through a great window. The dawn mass is heard in the chapel adjoining. In the gloom, a white form emerges from one of the doors, bearing a torch. Another figure follows. They go to another door, leading to the crypt, and disappear. Then appear in the rear a priest and choir children, preceded by a mace-bearer. They also disappear a moment later. Then enter eight pages and, following them, two chamberlains. They open the casement and draw aside the tapestries, and the dawn flooding the spacious hall, reveals in the rear the king's archers arriving, and monks, gran-

dees and officers of the royal household. Up to this time hardly a word has been uttered. Fra Quiroga and Father Andres, leaders of the two opposing factions within the church, meet face to face.

Father Andres (cajoling): It's a holiday morning for me, Fra Quiroga, to see you at the Escorial.

Fra Quiroga (crabbed): You made a quick trip.

Father Andres (amiably): In ten stages, twenty leagues, the same as you. (*Fra Quiroga does not conceal his bad humor.*) What! ill-will between colleagues? On account of the escaped heathen?

Fra Quiroga (roughly): We have a better one. This hand has taken by the neck, among the pebbles of the way, "The Arrived." The prison of Olmedo is keeping him for us, and you shall see the Antichrist in flames!

Father Andres: I long to. In effigy, however.

Fra Quiroga: Strive that some day, in reality, they don't burn you, Father Andres!

Father Andres: I'll try to escape it!

Don Jaime, first chamberlain (to the eager courtiers): His Majesty, gentlemen, absent since yesterday, is awaiting at the island of Aranjuez a "Descent from the Cross," which has been sold him very dear—five hundred ducats. (*The tumultuous crowd retires. He speaks to Don Tomasso and to Don Luis*): So, my lords . . .

Dom Tomasso (without stirring): Acquaint the king with my presence, Don Jaime.

Don Luis (more conciliating): Say to him, duke, that I hope for an audience. (*Don Jaime insists the king is not at the Escorial.*)

Fra Quiroga: No, he hasn't left the palace.

Don Luis (indicating the door of the crypt): He is there.

Don Jaime: Yes, among the royal dead whom his vow has collected. (*Don Luis and Dom Tomasso dismiss their followers. Don Jaime continues*): Yesterday, he supped with expiatory zeal on bread and water with the brothers in the refectory, and repeated the service seated on the lowest bench. When the bells rang he came home, evening falling, slow, with his heavy leg gnarled with gout, but very calm, his forehead unwrinkled, his eyes without doubt, lord of the vast world and sovereign of himself. In the oratory of the Confessors of the Faith, he venerated the bones of Pastor and of Juste, contemplated the august image of the Emperor, his father, and himself, at times, he surveyed in an immense glass beside the portrait. I left. I was sleeping. Suddenly (as underground the lava mounts, gnaws, swells, and opens the crater for itself) I heard a human rumbling like a lion's sob that reverberates in jets of subterranean thunder! Oh! under some frightful thought of wrong, it was the king's voice in the night! Half-clad, distracted, I sprang to his door. He had ceased. Peace was sleeping in the shadow where the lamp waned. I only heard blows of discipline falling, rhythmically cruel, upon flesh. No groans. More blows, more muffled in the air on account of the flabbier flesh, till the hour of prime that the Major Chapel struck. Then the king came out, so spectral under the flare of the torch that you would have said it was a shroud rising, not to the light, but to deeper dark calling it. And it was a ghost that went under the

chapel, from the grave to the tombs. (*A sound in the direction of the crypt.*) I know nothing more. (*The door opens.*) Here he is! (*The three men have fallen back. They regard Don Philip, reascended from the sepulchers.*)

Don Philip: Dead books, I have not read ye! When the ancestral kings were laid to rest under the mass, the prior of the tombs made me this promise: that I could, in the days of trouble and in sight of reefs, decipher counsel from the coffined bones, the whole future being but a circle's return. In vain have I lifted the covering from the gloomy marbles; no word has formed itself beneath my anxious eyes, from the uncertain alphabet of the silent bones. (*He pushes to the door.*) Ah! the elect, in their bliss that naught curtails, shun temporal cares! (*He walks to and fro, with crossed hands.*) What shall I do? After fifteen years of illusory hopes; yielding peace, meek pride, bitten nails, when I hold against the goddess, wicked, cowardly island the vast fleet (a swimming pack with its three thousand jaws of hell) which shall silence, if I lose it, the barkings of the wind and sea, I hesitate! I spare thee, England—and thee, London—where, under the cool insults of hypochondriac scorn, my youth, coming from the land of golden wines, slept off thy beer in the old Tudor's bed!

And heaven's interest lends itself to my grudge! The heresy-hydra has united its hundred heads in one: Were it not for this leader, it were but a crawling and destructive worm. Now, they say—and it is true—that I have (by way of dedication to St. Lawrence, martyr, who rescued me from peril) built the Escorial in the form of a gridiron, a great rectangle with a church as handle. Well, let the head of the hydra founder in the Handle and—God's faith!—I'll make the rest of it blaze in the nick o' time on my gridiron, while holding the church in my hand! (*Distracted.*) Heavens! to be at last—I, alone—the Word without reply, whence forever flows Catholicism's fate; to be over the living, my forehead mitred with fire, more than Emperor and more than Pope—Vice-God! (*Suddenly trembling.*) But last night—(*He has heard a sound; he turns round.*)

Who comes here? A trick, or inadvertently, in overhearing me one risks his head! (*To the inquisitor.*) Dom Tomasso! (*To the provincial of the Society.*) Don Luis! (*Both pretend to wish to withdraw.*) Stay.

(*He dismisses Don Jaime and sits down in the chair before the table. He signs to Dom Tomasso to sit down on the left, to Don Luis to sit down on the right. He extends his arms, seizes the hands of the two priests. In a voice muffled at first, then confidential.*)

I have seen hell! What, in your opinion, is hell? Fire, iron-red from fire writhing in the furnaces of the eternal flames, the eternal flesh of souls? No, priests, hell is not fire, it is water! Water everywhere, water always, a sliding roll of destruction harrowed by the mutual shock of the waves, an enormous armor's unwieldy flux with daggers for spray! And the proof that all hell lies in water is that it hates me, Christ's champion prince!

Yes, water hates me! Why, what bore me to Genoa toward the plague, to London toward the Tudor? The fatal, baleful, disastrous water! Oh, how many galleons with shining cargo ripped

open by the rock in ambuscades of water! And when I saw again, far from England's griefs, Spain at last, who took from me my books, my jewels, my costly plate and made me land, like a stray buoy, at the throne of Cæsar on a pilot's back? The mighty and deceitful water with its ravenous barkings. I am afraid of it when it rains; I am afraid when I drink any, for the spirit of malice in it mounts to the glass's brim, bubble by bubble!

Now the traitorous element persists in its hate. Listen! Last night I thought I saw—no, I really saw—beneath my steady eyes my mirror open into a soothsaying gulf, like water. (*He is on his feet.*) At first, it was the monotonous and grand sea upon which my royal image swam, with sure outline, in harmony with the wave and fate. But vaguer, in the misty distance that was rocking it (*he sits down again*), my reflection changed past all resemblance to me. As a cloud, but now with strict and unbroken circumference, disperses in unfolding its form, my reflection—ever more different and ever more vast, a formless chaos where immensity reforms—overran the abyss and pressed the horizon. Without my heart's ceasing to beat in it and my reason to rule, it became, upon the ocean that it indented, in a splendid and nebulous expansion of snowy peaks, of flowery vales, of winters, summers, churches raising crosses o'er the towns—Spain! And we were sailing upon the ocean—I, Spain! To the goal that the Lord has set for us we were going, having bronze fins and wings of cloth, and God's right hand now and then set straight the rudder of His vengeance that was lapsing.

But what fiend's hand broke up the cataracts of the pole! In spurts of shower, in dense tornadoes, the hurricane, dwindling, hovering, coming down again, riddled, hollowed, kneaded the ocean leaping up in waterspouts, as if Satan under the other pole had shaken the bottom of the gulf with shoulder-shoves! And all the water (a waterspout above, a waterspout below), ferocious, tore our flesh off between its murky fights; slashed with harpy claws the oar in splinters and the sail to rags; leapt to the peaks; filled the lovely, yawning vales; mingled (like two giant children dueling and exchanging in sport rocks like grape-shot) thefts from mountains and from walls; wrenched the woods; shook with laughter to breach the bishop's palace and the belfry tower.

And I, I felt, oh floating country! limb by limb cut to pieces in the vast harm. As we were but one, the sea, which was mangling Albaceta from Cadiz, quartered me; in plucking Castile from Leon, the tempest, fiber by fiber, took my head from my shoulders; my death-rattle sounded beneath the weight that was submerging Aragon. And, when the water of wrath and hell—the dragon water with its folds, with its bites, with its slaver—had strained, severed, scattered in waifs far, further, from wave to wave and from rock to rock, my Spain of faith, of hope and of pride, beneath the great birds that devour corpses—I, I, like her scattered in the breakers, in the harbors, on the strands, everywhere, at one moment felt the shreds of my body and the fragments of a world gasp, bleed horribly, under the disgusting wing and under the unclean beak.

Dom Tomasso: King! God warns you to avenge His honor!

Don Luis: Jesus warns you to show pity, my lord!

Dom Tomasso: It is His wrath that thunders and blows in the hurricane.

Don Luis: It is His love that signals in the terror.

Dom Tomasso: When, required to keep the faith pure by fire, you answered: "Thus I, the king, swear it!" what help did the Most High refuse you?

Don Luis: When at times your Christian heart was appeased, what sacred mercies were not vouchsafed you? The judge mounts to the skies when the jails open [referring to *Teresa's liberation of the condemned Jewess*].

Dom Tomasso: A false saint in the Carmelite convent at Avila, a crazy girl whom a pliant priest has bewitched—

Don Luis: A wise virgin, gold wholly pure in the human dust.

Dom Tomasso:—has caused a sorceress to escape from the blessed torture. Let her be judged! It is your soul that is at stake!

Don Luis: We are not saved by destroying one who has saved!

Dom Tomasso: She is hallucinated by gloomy hell-fire!

Don Luis: She is illuminated, like a mirror, by the sky!

Don Philip (who is absorbed in thought): Enough! I understand very well your two sacred zeals! And I am willing to consent to them more than you hope. For they aim at my welfare. (*He strikes with a little ivory hammer upon a little copper coffin. Don Jaime enters.*) Vasquez, Manrico, in haste. (*Don Jaime goes out. The king takes Dom Tomasso aside.*) Yes, to cure the fruit, death to the worm that taints it! Let us strike the enemies of the faith without mercy. (*The king's two secretaries enter. To Dom Tomasso, almost in his ear, designating Don Luis*): Tell me, suppose we begin with this one?

Dom Tomasso (vehement, in a low voice): No one has better earned a prompt punishment.

Don Philip: I think so. (*Turning round to Vasquez, one of the secretaries*): Then I will dictate.

Dom Tomasso: O, most holy prince!

Don Philip (taking the pen, after having dictated very rapidly in a low voice): And sign! (*He approaches Don Luis, conducts him toward the back of the stage.*) Yes, clemency is the supreme blossoming of faith. The Holy Father and you are right. The Christian law is to punish no one.

Don Luis: Be it so!

Don Philip: Still, this old man raves. The taste for fire is on him to obsession. One might, in his case, make an exception?

Don Luis: Charity sometimes resigns itself to harshnesses.

Don Philip: Is it not so? (*Turning round to the other secretary.*) Then I will dictate.

Don Luis: O, most just king!

Don Philip (taking the pen, after having dictated very rapidly in a low voice): And sign! (*The secretaries deliver to him the parchments and retire. The king delivers one order to Dom Tomasso, the other to Don Luis. Then, very*

softly): Now read aloud. (*Don Luis, very blithe, starts to read first.*) No! (*To Dom Tomasso exultant.*) You!

Dom Tomasso (reading): "I, the king, say: Suspected, as it appears, of many bold opinions, let Don Luis de Cyntho be placed in secret confinement on receipt of this order by the discreet vigilance of Dom Farges, clerk of the throne for this office. Done at the Escorial."

Don Philip (to Don Luis): Your turn!

Don Luis (reading): "I, the king, say: Suspected, as it appears, of cruel zeal, let Dom Tomasso Farges, in spite of age and the crozier, be by Don Luis, whom we appoint for this office, discreetly placed in secret confinement." (*The two priests turn away.*)

Don Philip: Well! why do you delay obeying me? You bite each other, eager dogs! Is it less sweet to you for being ordered to? And has your mutual plot failed,—unless, indeed it acts to ruin us all three? O the solitude of omnipotence, alas! Selfishness exhorts and interest flatters me. At this fated or providential moment that saves or ruins Spain, and myself, and heaven, when, uncertain how good or ill we are, to that one who judges men in the name of the king, to this one who judges the king in the name of God—to these two priests, the two halves of my faith, I confess my doubt on the brink of the great work; they, far from tying my courage tighter in a single knot, pluck it in two pieces and by their discords break it, as the water dismembered my body. And it is not love of the celestial crowns that moves you. You care but for your hates. Ignatius there, Dominic here, only guards the interest of his more triumphant order. The old inquisitor and the young apostle strive, not both for heaven, but each against the other and would not balk at exorbitant spoils, had they to be won on altar-fragments! At least, no longer lie. No more muffled menace. Face each other. I deliver to Dominic, Ignatius—and the cassock to the frock. Come now, profit by it. Merciless monk and courtier priest, arrest each other! If you need assistance, call my archers. Rush! And what matter if country, church and throne sound, horribly, in agony, their death-rattle as you throttle one another!

Don Luis (almost on his knees): Yes, king! God enlightens you and faith makes you worthy to discern in me what there may have been of hypocrisy. The tares of humanity still dispute the vile field of my soul with the grain of grace. (*At this moment, the doors of the gallery having opened, Teresa and her train of Carmelite nuns are seen descending the grand staircase amid the salutes and kneelings of the tumultuous crowd of courtiers. Ximeira is visible for a moment among the rabble that follows the nuns.*) But the maid of heaven whom you sent for comes, like the dawn preceded by the dusk. And, as Mary clothed the saint who worshiped her she will clothe you with the gold of salvation!

Don Philip (charmed, dazzled, toward Teresa and the nuns descending processionally): If there be cloisters for the celestial phalanxes, oh! they are like these Carmelite nuns. Angels, candor of stars without spot and of lilies without decay, under the blue crosses of their linen wings. (*Teresa approaches, the nuns remaining*

in the gallery. Her arms are filled with flowers. She kneels.)

Teresa: Sire, King of Christians, we gathered these flowers on our way—for you. Here they all are.

Don Philip (enraptured and sad): My old affliction darkens at their young hues.

Teresa: By a vow that I made, they are better than flowers. The hermit of the road, the passers-by, the turning-box attendants, have whispered prayers in these calices, wishing you to be saved. This lily's a *pater*; this jessamine, an *ave*; an *agnus*, this gladiolus; these consecrated garlands of glicine are clusters of litanies (*she rises, goes to the holy-water basin, showers the flowers with drops of consecrated water*), and it is Paradise we complete for you in sprinkling with holy water a bouquet of prayers.

Don Philip: Alas! the highest kings, with virtues the most renowned, are all black with sins. Their glory has these glooms. In vain do I walk amid the general flutter, splendid and great. My shadow is greater than I. God will not hear the royal prayer.

Teresa: God cannot disobey prayer.

Don Philip (profoundly delighted and moved): Do give me those flowers!

Teresa (familiar, playful, divinely childish): You are in too great a hurry! Our Lord Jesus is deeply concerned. What he, King of Heaven, in his far-off mystery can do, you, King of Spain, can do on earth. Do it. If he saves you, it is right that you now save some one here below. Give and take!

Don Philip: For whom do you wish pardon? Some innocent person whom they want to suffer?

Teresa (still withholding the flowers): Every innocent person has his pardon in himself.

Don Philip (still under the spell): What guilty one shall I forgive?

Teresa (sadly, rather fast): A god among the Hebrews! An Antichrist haunted by shadowy angels; but, of all the sinners whom Lucifer inspires, the most pitiable, since he is the worst.

Don Philip: My sister! You know this anathema?

Teresa: No, I have never seen him. "The Arrived"—that is his name—will be shown me but at the needed time. Only I have been told that, a wretched apostate and pretender, he is on a dangerous road. So, Sire, with a writing signed by your hand, order—God attesting!—that this notorious criminal, when heaven shall give the signal by my humble hand, be, no matter what the place, the day or the moment, free from every bond, safe from every punishment, tho shut up for life—sentenced even. He needs time to repent.

Don Philip: Death is what so ungodly a man has deserved!

Teresa (very grave): No. Remorse. I speak with authority.

(The king, after a moment's resistance, yields to Teresa's will. He sits. He begins to write; stops at times, hesitating. In proportion as he writes Teresa, happy, smiling, celestially infantile, lays one by one the flowers beside the king. It is, as it were, a prayer-flower for each word of pardon. She has given all the flowers when the king has finished writing. The last flower

is the reward for the signature. She takes the parchment. Then, after a slow salutation, Teresa goes back to the Carmelite nuns.)

Don Philip (as if in ecstasies): Holy witchcraft—ravishing purity! Can she wish aught to which everything does not consent? Verily, she would conquer the unchained hell of the storm and of the baleful water! (*He goes toward her.*) Come back! (*She stops. He speaks fervently*): O saint! You can make the Armada glide over a subject sea from the Tagus to the Thames. The departure shall thunder at once in the harbor! Board, with your sisters, the ship that sails first and—warriors of the sky, foreigners from above—give my army a vanguard of angels!

Teresa: Alas! the only help to be claimed of us is far-off fervor, and exile on our knees. We have so many cares, from dawn to eve—the orchard to tend, the veils to wash, the spinning, the altar to be dressed with the season's flowers; and the servant should stay at home.

Don Philip: She should accept—and not choose—her task! When the leprosy of schism attacks so many men, God would wash them clean in all their hideous blood!

Teresa: That is not His way of cleansing lepers.

Don Philip: Do you pity the race, then, in which blasphemy abounds?

Teresa: I pity those who do not take pity on everyone.

Don Philip: Moses used to exterminate the hostile nations!

Teresa: Into the Promised Land he was not admitted!

Don Philip: David raised to heaven hands still armed!

Teresa: David was the night, of which Jesus was the dawn!

Don Philip: Jesus said: "I bring" (as Matthew heard it) "a sword, and not peace."

Teresa: He did not say it to me!

Don Philip: He raised up the crusade of the Catholic barons to his Tomb!

Teresa: Alas! blood upon relics!

Don Philip: For the soil and the honor of France he called the maid of Orleans, O maid of Avila! against the infamous Englishman and his devilish ally. Do you envy nothing in her?

Teresa: Yes, her torture! Providence assigns to each his way. The saint of the French was a human archangel. God made her His gesture; He puts in me His dream.

Don Philip: The Emperor Charles V., my father, armed for a truceless crusade, took Tunis from the Turks, Rome from the hangmen, held Flanders!

Teresa: The monk wept the hero. What? Conquer! At the stage we are at in the Divine work, what country is not all men's? When the Lord made man, the Lord God did not take the clay of the earth in a single place, but He took dust from the four quarters of the globe: from the South, where the scorching air dries the plain yellow; from the East, green with bowers; from the North, white with rime; from the West, where that shatterer of oaks and of masts, the hurricane, twists the rain and the cloud into the waterspout. That in no country the soil of the grave should say to the drooping and dying man, travel-weary: "Who, then, art

thou? I do not know thee!" But that, in every land, the motherly soil might say to the man happy at last to rest his bowed-down head and bursting heart in it: "Sleep in my bosom, my child!" And, when the mud under our feet speaks thus, you have strifes over your stay of an hour—facing the eternity of the spirit, where nothing counts save the good we have done? Shall you keep (as one takes his luggage along) your differences of city and of tongue, and your plunder, in the Life where pride no longer is? In the full-blown triumph of the Elect, you will blossom but with faded aureoles! And, since there is but one heaven, wherefore so many countries?

Don Philip: Then Spain must defy the Englishman on the hazardous wave without you?

Teresa: I shall pray for both.

Don Philip (wrathfully): Nun! Astounded that he is not helped, the king might refuse you Olmedo, Medina, Alba, and Toledo.

Teresa: In that case, we would go and pick up the stones from the roads with our hands to build convents.

Don Philip (threatening): Know that people hate and suspect you.

Teresa: I have the tranquillity of hating no one.

Don Philip: Am I then no longer I, that I am insulted thus? (Gruffly) That safeguard, return it to me!

Teresa (offering the parchment): Here it is! Since it pleases the king, charitable for a moment, to descend from the throne in order to take back an alms, here it is. What is it, indeed? Only, before Jesus Christ, a sworn pardon and a written oath. But on the day when, before the Incorruptible Judge, faults shall no longer have splendor for a refuge; when, among the herd at the great human awakening, with the vanity of a scepter in your hand you shall appear; while—witnesses of your annals—the Jews, the apostates, and the iconoclasts shall acknowledge their defeat and your pious intentions, an humble voice trembling at the foot of the Holy of Holies (recognized perhaps by Jesus) shall speak: "This is he who, in Spain, held to an oath by the World and to a vow by the Church, was a Christian king and broke his word to his God!" (*Don Philip has bent his head, filled with shame and fear. He does not take back the safeguard.*)

Don Philip: Keep it! (Turning away his head.) Keep it! Still, if it be no illusion that the Spirit speaks through you and says what must be believed, what will become of the ships in the dire hazard?

Teresa (turned toward him): The bare feet of Jesus are masters of the sea. (*The Carmelite nuns depart processionally.*)

The action shifts to the crypt of the Carmelite Convent of Olmedo, of which Teresa is now Mother Superior. The witch, Ximeira, who, having formerly been its abbess, knows its secrets, steals into St. Teresa's convent at Olmedo and poisons the host. In a powerful scene she artfully shows Teresa how the latter had mistaken the sight of Ervann for a divine vision. Ximeira, however, does not disclose

Ervann's identity with "The Arrived." Her purpose is to make Teresa think that in fanciedly cherishing a heavenly, she has really been indulging an earthly, love, in order that, after communicating, she may die in despair. Ximeira leaves her in a faint before her nuns. On Teresa's recovery of consciousness and equanimity, Ervann whom his disciples have rescued on the way to the stake (the flames of which are seen through an embrasure on a distant hill), appears and implores her to fly and become his wife, only to meet with a scornful refusal. She recognizes, however, that she had mistaken his face in the past for an apparition of Christ. Meanwhile the forces of the Inquisition press upon them and retake "The Arrived." Ximeira, who is still enamored of the latter, also re-enters, wounded, to prevent Teresa from partaking of the poisoned host, that she may use the king's pardon for him. And now, for the first time, it is revealed to the saint that her suitor—Ervann—and "The Arrived" are one and the same person. Thereupon Teresa burns the pardon. Love for her body is the only sin she cannot forgive, and she yields him up to punishment at the stake.

A quarter of a century elapses and the curtain rises upon the great church of the Carmelites of Alba de Tormes. The nuns lie prone in the nave round a high couch, covered with a bridal veil. This is drawn, and Teresa, worn to a ghost, is seen on a bed of white lilies, her long white hair loose. She is near the goal of a holy life now, but before her spirit goes, her nuns pray to hear from her "the word," the secret of sanctity. All the past assembles at her bridal deathbed. The grand inquisitor, aged before, now centenarian, livid under his cardinal's hat, comes vaunting his vigorous policy. "Teresa is silent with a look of anger," chant the nuns. The dapper Jesuit father comes, now a handsome old man, and asks whether he has done well. "She is silent, with a look of contempt." A trumpet blast and a twisted and hideous creature in black and gold is brought on a litter. It is what remains of Philip II, and he mumbles also the question whether he has done well, having burnt heretics for their salvation during all his reign. "She is silent with a look of pity." Then in staggers an aged beggar-woman, the witch Ximeira, touched by grace at last, and come to die in the same moment as Teresa. Teresa speaks, murmuring that here is one who has found "the word," the sinner that repenteth.

Her last words are: "Jesus—Ervann—Love."

Religion and Ethics

IS THE PULPIT A "COWARD'S CASTLE"?



EARLY last fall, so it is stated, two clergymen sat in New York discussing the future of a young man. One of these is described as "one of the two leading preachers of Greater New York," the other as "the first pulpit orator of Greater Boston." The question discussed was what to do with the eldest son of the former.

"I shall put him into business or into law," said the father. "I shall have no son of mine undergo what I have suffered. I want one member of my family independent and his own master, even if he hasn't a cent in the world."

The younger man needed no explanation. "I have just resigned from my own church," he said, "to starve and be free. There is only one remedy."

This anecdote is told in the *New York Independent* by Herbert D. Ward (son of Dr. William Hayes Ward and husband of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward). Taken in conjunction with Dr. Crapsey's radical utterances since his exchange of the pulpit for a lecture platform, and with the Rev. Madison C. Peters' abandonment of his church ministry on the ground that "the pulpit in America, with here and there a notable exception, is a 'coward's castle,'" the story may serve as an appropriate point of departure in considering the present status of the minister. Mr. Ward regards the situation as grave—so grave that he discourages young men from entering the ministry at all, unless they have money. He speaks as a graduate of a theological seminary, and as one who has had the confidence of ministers. "Under the present conditions," he says, "a poor man cannot develop his independent manliness and live in the pulpit. If he does live, he borders close to the time-server and the hypocrite." Two instances are cited to reinforce this position. One is that of a minister "happy, alert, cheerful, hopeful, with a devoted congregation behind him, and more marvelous than that, a cabinet of deacons that are his advisers, *not* his masters." This minister has an income independent of his church salary, and his deacons know it. The other case is that of "a brilliant man in Hartford, who preached a sermon on sane

Socialism." This minister had no independent resources, and, in consequence, "he, his wife and children starved for two years until he captured a small pulpit in Vermont, where he is temporarily respected." All of which simply goes to show, in Mr. Ward's judgment, that money dominates the American pulpit to-day. He continues:

"The madness for money—the ease of speculation—the enormous fungi fortunes—the high wages and higher prices—the worship and fear of wealth—unbounded luxury and unbridled extravagance—all these and many other forms of Mammon hysteria have brought about a revolution in living conditions. Men are no longer measured by spirituality, by intellectual achievements. Many may be respectable, but only the bank account has respect. Nine-tenths of our leading churches are dominated by the insolence of wealth. Nine-tenths of our homes are mentally atrophied by its specter. This is not only the fact in cities, but the miserable conditions have been aped in country towns by the local coterie of the *nouveaux riches*, and are even filtering into the primitive fastnesses of our mountain hamlets.

"It is a miserable fact which we must honestly face that the average man, as well as the average church, is hypnotized out of his independence and manhood by the rich man of his environment. And the poor minister—who entered the clergy with white wings flying, with soul inflated by noble enthusiasms, with heart choked with the beauty of holiness, and with his mind made up to be a modern martyr, if necessary, finds himself, after a few parish changes and with heart choked by the diabolism of ugliness, wondering whether he has any tenets at all he dare call his own, and harassed by cowardly parishioners on the one side and threatened by lordly moneybags on the other."

Mr. Ward's complaint is that the very conditions under which ministers are compelled to live and preach at the present time preclude honesty and liberty. A second critic, himself a minister—the Rev. Dr. Mark Allison Matthews—thinks that clergymen are lacking in courage, and largely to blame for their own situation. Writing in the Chicago Presbyterian paper, *The Interior*, he says:

"As a whole, the ministry is more or less muzzled. There are thousands of ministers who apparently are afraid to speak and act as the authority of the pulpit warrants. They are certainly in need of holy boldness. Were they bold in proportion to their righteousness, and were they to speak as such boldness would demand, the moral conditions of this country would be instantly changed. . . . They seem to dread the hardships and dangers of an aggressive, coura-

geous line of action. They are afraid of wounding feelings, which in itself is an illogical position, because the minister ought to prick the conscience, wound the sinful heart, and bring conviction to every one of his hearers.

"Some are afraid of the things that may be said about them or to them. They dread the attack which the devil and his agents may make upon them. They fear the bucket of filth which corrupt and degenerate men may try to hurl at them.

"Why should they fear the rage, froth or darts of the agents of hell? God is their director and protector. If they are conscious of the righteousness of their cause, they should speak, even though their words emptied all hell of its sleuth-hounds and started them in hot pursuit after the preacher. There are some who are afraid of their positions. Why should they be? If the minister is called of God, his commission is from above, and his position and right to speak are eternal."

A third writer, described by the editor of *The Independent* as "an ordained clergyman" who "has been the pastor of important churches in progressive cities and is still in active service," throws light on the ministerial status from another angle. In an article appearing in *The Independent* under the title, "Confessions of an Undistinguished Heretic," he gives to the public an extraordinarily vivid autobiographical document, setting forth the conflict between his own deepest convictions and his pulpit utterances. He admits that his creed is practically that of Dr. Crapsey, but he adds: "Much as I honor and admire Dr. Crapsey, I am not scurrying to put myself in the pillory beside him." He writes further:

"Some will say that I ought to leave the ministry. It is clear as day to me that I belong in the Church, and right where I am. The children run to me when I walk the streets. The poor and humble swing their doors open wide when I knock, unbosom their sorrows and their secret joys, and grant me their benediction. Boys come to me to counsel them what business or profession they shall adopt, and men talk with me freely of the deepest things of life. I enjoy preaching, and Sunday after Sunday I feel myself a very priest of God, ministering holy faith to needy souls and sending men to their tasks with new strength from the touch of the infinite spirit. This was the work to which I gave my life; why should I leave it? I did not consecrate myself to the chattering of a creed or confession! had I done so, with my change of view I could only withdraw. I gave myself to helping men in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and that I can do and will do until my superiors shall say me nay.

"I have hopes that before many years the heresies, as undoubtedly they are, of the miraculous origin and resurrection of Jesus will become at least tolerated opinions. With patience, tact and perseverance I hope some day to bring out this deliverance of my soul, as I have already waited in patience for a time to declare my opinions of the atonement. To expose it now would endamage my real work, which is not to teach

history, not even true history concerning Jesus and His Apostles and His Church, but to enlarge lives with real religious faith, and induce sound morals and gentle virtues through devotion to duty as God gives me to see it. One shrinks from being called a hypocrite, but it is encouraging to remember that in Jesus's time they were not branded as hypocrites who counted themselves still Jews and went to the feast, while in utter contradiction with the doctors of the law and the prevailing opinion, but they were styled hypocrites whose prayer was not prayer, whose charity was not charity, who were not real in their religious life. Let a man love God with all his heart, live deeply in the spirit of the Prophet of Nazareth, dare to cherish as his creed whatever God teaches him is true, and be wise enough to speak to his fellowmen, not in order to relieve his mind, but to do them good."

The leading organ of the Methodist Episcopal church in this country, *The Christian Advocate* (New York), takes up this anonymous "confession" in a caustic leading article. It brands the writer as "a coward and a deceiver," and goes on to comment:

"Here is a man supported by a church, receiving the honors as well as the emoluments, going in and out among the people, knowing that if he were to tell them his real sentiments their hearts would be broken and in grief indescribable they would send him away, deliberately endeavoring by 'patience, tact and perseverance' to wean them from their faith on what they believe to be vital points, and to do this without their knowing it.

"We maintain that this man is a hypocrite. Dr. Crapsey was not a hypocrite. He fairly and squarely declared his sentiments. The sentiments were contrary to his vows and his ritual; but he persuaded himself that he was within bounds and avowed his views, and when his church declared him to be beyond bounds he left the body. . . .

"This article is not a 'confession'; for the writer takes refuge in hiding his name. It is a cowardly act—and a reckless one; for it throws under suspicion the ministerial profession."

The Independent is much more lenient toward the clergyman involved. In such a situation, it thinks, a man can only follow the dictates of his own conscience. Sometimes he may be right, sometimes wrong. The same paper comments further:

"It may be hard for others to agree that the accepted history of the origin of Christianity and of the life and resurrection of Christ is not essential to Christianity. Those who take this usually accepted view, expressed as it is in ancient and modern creeds, must exclude such a one from their fellowship. That is their right and their personal duty. But such is not his view. He believes that such history is unhistoric, therefore unimportant, and that the vastly superior elements in Christianity are those in which he agrees with the teachings of Christ and the apostles as to the privilege and duty of the sonship of man toward his loving Father in Heaven. With such a conviction he cannot withdraw. He will go peaceably if required, but he will try as long as he can to

teach and preach this love of God and this discipleship of Jesus Christ. But we cannot put blame on those who discover his failure to accept very important articles in the creeds, and who tell him, and with authority, that his place is not with those who believe. They may properly bring and press the charge of heresy, which he will as properly try to avoid."

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) argues that it is unreasonable to expect that a church should come over to the point of view of an individual or of several individuals. "It is not too much," it thinks, "to expect that an individual will either conform his teachings to the accepted tenets and policy of a great communion, or quietly, without a flourish of trumpets, withdraw from its official ranks, serving the Master as a layman as he did before he promised an allegiance which he can no longer in honesty give." Commenting in similar spirit, the Philadelphia *Presbyterian* says:

"It is somewhat curious that so many of our brethren who do abandon the pulpit, or depart from the faith of the universal church, proclaim their belief that everybody who does not think as they do is either dishonest or a coward. We confess that to us it sounds cheap. And we are quite sure that it is not liberal in any true sense. If thought is to be free, why is it cowardly for one to think that God's truth is revealed in his Son

and in his Book, and that a preacher of the truth may deliver the message to the Church, within the Church, and with the Church's sanction? Does genuine liberty require that one shall be free to declare his own views of things, apart from the revealed truth of God, received by the Church? The Lord himself said, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' We believe that the Church and the Church's ministry who have received the truth as God has revealed it are free indeed.

"The pulpit is at the farthest remove from being a 'coward's castle.' It is an excited fancy of our brother that thinks it so. To say so is an unwarranted aspersion upon men of God who have ever proclaimed the truth, without fear or favor, to the leading of men to repentance and new life in Jesus Christ. Those who have paid the salaries have usually been those most desirous to hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And to talk about the bondage and thralldom of a paid salary is pure nonsense.

"Our brethren who have left their pulpits in order to be free to say what they really think have been honest in so doing, and deserve honor and praise for choosing to be honest rather than to stay in a Church whose faith they have lost, and preach their loss of faith to those who still hold it. But instead of escaping from a coward's castle, they have thrown away a great and divinely appointed ministry. Their misjudgment of their brethren whom they have left in the faithful and fearless discharge of the duties of the pulpit reveals the weakness of their own position. And for them we earnestly wish the courage that may help them to confess their own mistake."

THE FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS



HERE is probably no other world-problem to-day that has the interest and fascination presented by the gradual awakening of the Asiatic peoples; and among living Americans who have studied this awakening few, if any, have had better opportunities for understanding it than Prof. George William Knox, of Union Theological Seminary, New York. For several years he lived in the East as a professor, first at the Union Seminary, later at the Imperial University, in Tokyo. During his residence in Japan he became conscious as never before of the almost impassable gulf fixed between the Orient and the Occident, and determined to do what one man could to bridge over that gulf. Since his return to America he has done much with pen and voice to increase our knowledge of the Orient, and has recently published a book,* which the New York *Evening Post* characterizes as

"one of the keenest in analysis of any book written on the Far East." In it he differentiates most lucidly and vividly the fundamental ideals that underlie Eastern and Western civilizations.

In the sense that Europe may be said to have a fundamental and unified "spirit"—in its religion, for instance, and its educational traditions—Asia has no unity. There is no common history nor law nor social organization in the Orient, so that no inter-racial consciousness is realized. "To the vast majority of these populations," says Professor Knox, "the thought of oneness has never occurred, for Asia has never been one in war or peace. Only in our day, by the reflex influence of Europe, are Orientals coming to recognize a certain solidarity." The nearest approach to a unifying influence has been Buddhism, and the religious consciousness out of which it grew. It is in a contrast between the religious spirit as manifested in the East and the West that we get the clearest understand-

*THE SPIRIT OF THE ORIENT. By George William Knox. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

ing of the essential difference between the two worlds. Professor Knox writes on this point:

"Europeans think of this universe as created by God out of nothing some six thousand years ago. Man is God's child, made in God's image, with an immortal soul and a destiny of pain or suffering according to his deeds and faith. Thus immense emphasis is put on the personality of God and man, while the world has been of secondary importance. So it has been in the thoughts of Christendom for a thousand years, and other ideas are slowly displacing some of these only now in our own day, and however our thoughts of the world change, our estimate of the supreme value of personality remains. But to the Asiatic all is different. The universe with its fixed laws and its resistless fate is the ultimate fact. It exists from everlasting to everlasting. It goes on and on in ever-repeating cycles. It comes from chaos, assumes definite form, continues for a while, returns to chaos, and repeats the round worlds without end. Man is a part of this process, as are the gods themselves, the whole an organism with men and gods as incidents in its mighty movement."

In a very real sense, then, it may be said that "the organism" is all-important in the East, "the individual" in the West. The one point of view has meant stagnation, the other progress. Professor Knox suggests that the very vastness of Asia is responsible for the static philosophy of the Oriental peoples. Nature is at once too prolific and too terrible; "too prolific, it yields enough for man without calling for strenuous endeavor; too terrible, it teaches him that his utmost labor is impotent before its vast calamities." As a result, the people have become indifferent and lethargic, pursuing the common task without zest or ambition. "While individuals are ambitious of achieving success," asserts Professor Knox, "for the race there is no vision of a better time to come." He continues:

"With such conceptions of nature and man it is not surprising that history in its true sense does not exist. The Hindus are notoriously deficient in historic interest. In China there are records enough, and of two kinds,—mere annals of the past, dry and without human interest; or ethical, the past made to enforce by its events the teachings of the Sages. Real history has to do with progress, with the successive embodiment of high ideals in society. That makes the interest of the European story. In Asia there have been endless wars, but these have been mere struggles of king against king, or of race against race, resulting in no constitutional development and leaving the people unchanged whoever won. Hence it is impossible to get interested in the story, as it is intolerably tedious, without real movement or result."

"The internal story has been like the external. Great empires, like the Mughal, have arisen, magnificent, potent luxurious, sometimes liberal and

intellectual. But the same result has always followed, and soon the splendor of the capital has caused intolerable misery among the people. Or, as in China, conquest has introduced merely a new set of rulers, who in turn have been transformed into the likeness of the people they have conquered."

Professor Knox passes from this rather dispiriting picture of Oriental conditions to emphasize a more lofty characteristic of the Eastern temperament. "In Asia," he says, "the characteristic is retracy from the world, a certain aloofness of soul, an indifference to outward state and fortune, and a conviction that salvation is in the mind only. There is an exaltation above the heat and struggle of the world which charms many Occidentals, all of us, perhaps in certain moods." This attitude is well illustrated in the following instance:

"An Asiatic who had lived in diplomatic circles in Paris declared that the game was not worth the candle,—the endless engagements, the notes which must be answered, the formal parties and dinners and public functions. His own ideal was a garden and a mansion where one could do as he pleased, where one visited his friends at his own desire, and entertained or not as the whim seized him, where there was no mail, and no newspapers, and no need for a calendar or a notebook. Our civilization was so filled with machinery that it destroyed repose and charm and the true taste of life. We hasten and have so much to do; why not enjoy now what we have? Time hastens away: why use it all in preparing to live? Besides, after all, what are these reforms? Taking the world as it comes, you cannot change it."

This is but one of numberless instances in which Asiatics have shown antipathy to Western customs on the ground that our wisdom and our ethics are on a lower plane than their own. Professor Knox cites the opinion of a Japanese scholar and soldier who rejected Western learning because of its materialism, and he says further: "The notion that our superiority is physical and material, while theirs is moral and spiritual, is widespread and deeprooted." An Indian sage quoted by Professor Knox makes these distinctions between Eastern and Western activities:

"In the West you observe, watch and act. In the East we contemplate, commune, and suffer ourselves to be carried away by the spirit of the universe. In the West you wrest from nature her secrets, you conquer her, she makes you wealthy and prosperous, you look upon her as your slave, and sometimes fail to recognize her sacredness. In the East nature is our eternal sanctuary, the soul is our everlasting temple, and the sacredness of God's creation is only next to the sacredness of God himself. In the West you love equality, you respect man, you seek justice.

In the East love is the fulfillment of the law, we have hero worship, we behold God in humanity. In the West you establish the moral law, you insist upon propriety of conduct, you are governed by public opinion. In the East we aspire, perhaps vainly aspire, after absolute self-conquest, and the holiness which makes God its model. In the West you work incessantly, and your work is your worship. In the East we meditate and worship for long hours, and worship is our work. Perhaps one day the Western and Eastern men will combine to support each other's strength and supply each other's deficiencies. And then that blessed synthesis of human nature shall be established which all prophets have foretold, and all the devout souls have sighed for."

"The blessed synthesis" toward which this Indian seer aspires represents an ideal with which Professor Knox is himself largely in sympathy. "We are already debtors of the East," he remarks, "but it has more to give." He adds, in concluding:

"We widen our view of the world as we learn that we are not 'the people,' but that God has an

equal care for the multitudes in Asia, and that they have their rights, their dignity, and their claims upon respect and reverence. But beyond this the East may teach us lessons of which we stand in need. The material and physical elements of our civilization are too prominent beyond all question. Our life is burdensome and complicated. We are intent upon the means of life, and not sufficiently interested in life itself. We are absorbed in the concrete, the external, the particular, and not reverent of reflection, meditation and patience. We are individualistic and personal, too certain of ourselves, too mindful of our position in the organism. The East may correct these errors and teach us that our life is not in the abundance of the things which we possess.

"In the East the organism is supreme; in the West the individual. The Spirit of the East there had finished its course, but coming to us it may lead us away from our absorption in the things of sense and introduce new elements into life and thought; and we shall teach the East the value of personality, and the world shall be the dwelling-place of the children of God. From this union of East and West shall come the higher and better humanity and the new world in which abide peace and truth."

WHY DID JESUS NOT WRITE A GOSPEL?



THE discussion of the intricate problems that perplex the New Testament student, the question has been raised: Why did not Jesus Himself write a gospel and in this way authoritatively give a conclusive revelation to the world? The question has scientific and historical, as well as popular, interest, and touches directly on the character of the gospel and the purposes of Jesus. Some of the few critics who have given the subject serious consideration have assumed that Jesus made no record of His teachings, for the reason that He really never thought of inaugurating a permanent religious movement. But a very different attitude is taken by a German Professor, Dr. Haussleiter, of the conservative theological faculty of the University of Greifswald, in a recent work entitled "The Four Evangelists."

It is, first of all, a matter that scarcely admits of doubt or debate, declares Dr. Haussleiter, that Jesus did not want to write a gospel, and that it did not at all belong to the sphere of His self-manifestation to transmit His teachings to posterity in written form. However little we know of the education He received in the house of His foster-father, Joseph, the carpenter, in Nazareth, so much is surely true—He had acquired the art of

reading and writing. This is attested in a practical way by the gospel records.

It is possible to argue, continues the writer, that Christ's neglect to put His doctrines into permanent written form was due to the prevailing expectations of His speedy return from the grave, which were entertained not only by the primitive apostolic Christians, but seem to find a basis in some of His own statements. But this explanation would in the end prove unsatisfactory, for, in the first place, it is a matter beyond dispute that the discourses of the Lord concerning the Return were intended not to settle the time of His coming, but to urge the disciples on to constant watchfulness, in expectation of a sudden advent. So little stress did He lay on the time of the Return that He expressly declared that neither He nor the angels in Heaven knew of the hour determined by the Father (Matt. 24: 36). Secondly, as a matter of fact, the burning anxiety of the early Christian congregations for the speedy return of Christ did not in the least interfere with the production and spread of gospel literature which presupposes a long development for the religious communion which Jesus established.

The real reason why Jesus left behind no written document is explained by Dr. Haussleiter on quite different grounds, and may

best be conveyed, he avers, by comparing Christ with Buddha and Mohammed. Buddhists and Mohammedans regard it as a matter of greatest importance that they should know exactly what was taught by the founders of their religions. They need a record of those teachings in the most authentic form, and if possible in documents written by those founders themselves. In the case of Jesus and Christianity, a different sentiment exists. It was not the doctrine of Jesus, however important, that created the first Christian congregation. This congregation never called itself by the name of Jesus. Its faith was rather based upon what Jesus *is*, upon the mystery of His person, which became manifest not merely in His teachings but more especially in what He did and performed, and most of all in His sufferings and death, and in His

resurrection. The divine revelation that the crucified Jesus was awakened into life by God and was made both "Lord and Christ" (Acts 2:36), and the faith, in harmony with this revelation, that Jesus is the Christ and that the Son of Man is also the Son of God, were what transformed the disciples of Jesus into a congregation of believers. This body of believers and the hosts who have followed in their footsteps, became the *living* letter which Christ had written and still writes. It was in this sense that Paul called the Corinthian congregation "an epistle of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tablets of the heart" (II Cor. 3:3). In these words we find the real reason why Jesus never wrote and never intended to write a record of His teachings.

THE RELIGION IN MARKHAM'S POETRY



POETRY and religion, a modern writer has observed, are in essence the same, and differ only in their relation to practical life. "Poetry," he says, "is called religion when it intervenes in life; when it merely supervenes upon life it is seen to be nothing but poetry." The statement may appropriately be recalled in connection with a study of Edwin Markham's verse contained in a new book* on "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching," by David G. Downey. "To Markham," declares Mr. Downey, "poetry is a vocation, a high and heavenly calling, the fit expression of the truth that will not be silent. As Paul cried, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' so this man hears the command that pushes him along his appointed way." The same writer continues:

"Poetry to him is not only a high and serious vocation; it takes on somewhat of the nature of revelation. He is not more poet than prophet. Something of the inspiration and authority of the prophets of truth and righteousness he would claim, I fancy, for himself. The life-giving quality of moments of vision, the swift and sure deduction from some inspirational glimpse into the heart of things—all this he realizes and holds. One cannot read 'The Whirlwind Road' without being reminded of Paul's experience in the third heaven, where he hears things that could not be uttered in human speech. So our poet, in moments of inspiration, and on the Mounts of Vision sees and feels truths and ideals that at best can

only be shadowed forth and suggested in human song and speech:

The Muses wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night;
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings,
And borne away into the deep of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart;
A wind of rapture blew across the heart;
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear;
I felt the Mystery the Muses fear;
Yet they went swifter on the ways untrod,
And hurled me breathless at the feet of God."

The keynote of Markham's gospel is found by Mr. Downey in his *social* muse. "He is the poet of humanity—of man in relations. Always in his thought is the consciousness of the social bond that binds, or ought to bind, men into associations and organizations." A logical outgrowth of this gospel is his emphasis on the dignity and value of the individual. "Man is of value to him," says Mr. Downey, "not because of what he has, nor yet because of the position he occupies, but by virtue of what he really is. What suggestions of dignity, what shadowings forth of infinite privilege and destiny, in this mystical stanza!—

Out of the deep and endless universe
There came a greater Mystery, a shape,
A something sad, inscrutable, august—
One to confront the worlds and question them.

And with this sense of the natural dignity of man goes an attitude of passionate sympathy with all who have been prevented from realizing the sublime potentialities of human-

*MODERN POETS AND CHRISTIAN TEACHING: Richard Watson Gilder, Edwin Markham, Edward Rowland Sill. By David G. Downey. Eaton & Mains.

ity. It is this mood that has found supreme expression in "The Man with the Hoe," and that is voiced in so many of Markham's Socialistic poems. As Mr. Downey puts it:

"One of the characteristic notes of Markham's song is his sympathy for the burden bearers and toilers. The men in the field who do the hard, foundation work that is too often unrecognized and but purely required; the women who stitch and sometimes are stunted and starving in body and soul by pinching poverty and meager opportunity—these are ever in his thought. And coordinating with this truth is his vision of selfish greed, the grinding hand of power and place laid upon the poor and the lowly; all the hatred, injustice, and unbrotherliness of men—sometimes purposeful and conscious, and at other times simply the fruitage of an imperfect social and civic state that makes men its unconscious instruments. Visions such as these constantly swim in his ken and move him to champion the cause of the toiler, while at the same time he reveals the gross injustice and the deep injury done to individuals and society by the long tolerance of imperfect and baneful social, civic and industrial ideals. The outworking of sin in its manifold forms of selfish indifference, greed, unbrotherliness and injustice is clearly seen. He knows that behind all the inequities and iniquities of the social and civic state is the dark shadow of sin, individual and social. The joylessness and the hopelessness, the mute despair of the multitudes are all due to the inworking principle of sin, whose fruitage is seen in the varied forms of life and experience. Where there is no sin labor is in itself a source of joy and happiness, instead of being, as so often it is among men, a cause of misery and wretchedness."

In Markham's gospel a true brotherhood is set forth as the alleviation and cure of all social ills and sufferings. Most significantly he writes:

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;

and makes his "Muse of Brotherhood" say:

I am Religion by her deeper name.

To quote our interpreter again:

"His business as a poet—indeed, the business of every poet and prophet worthy the name, and of all earnest and serious thinkers and livers—is to hasten the era of brotherhood with all its wide implications and bearings as respects society and state. He insists that the practical concern of true religion is to find a material basis for brotherhood. The state now has a working form of selfishness, it must be made to have a working form of love. There is no peace nor rest till this great aim be accomplished:

No peace for thee, no peace,
Till blind oppression cease;
Till the stones cry from the walls,
Till the gray injustice falls—
Till strong men come to build in freedom-fate
The pillars of the new Fraternal State. . . .

"Especially is this message addressed to the new democracy of our time. The Old World and

Old World peoples are too firmly fixed in their old-time ideas and ways, but here in this new world where 'the elements of empire are plastic yet and warm,' here is room for the high and noble ideals of brotherhood to be proclaimed and achieved. This is the note that is heard in 'The Errand Imperious':

But harken, my America, my own,

Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
Diviner is that light you bear alone,

That dream that keeps your face forever fair.

Imperious is your errand and sublime,

And that which binds you is Orion's band.

For some large purpose, since the youth of Time,

You were kept hidden in the Lord's right
hand. . . .

Tis yours to bear the World-State in your dream.

To strike down Mammon, and his brazen breed,

To build the Brother-Future, beam on beam;

Yours, mighty one, to shape the Mighty Deed."

And, finally, Markham's gospel of brotherhood, as Mr. Downey sees it, is rooted in Christianity. He reminds us of the poet's line:

I stand by Him, the Hero of the Cross.

And again:

I wear the flower of Christus for a crown.

To quote once more:

"Well he knows that the true coming of the King and the Kingdom is the incarnation of Christ's spirit and truth in human hearts and organizations. It is nothing magical or miraculous, it is the acceptance of Christ's teachings, and the embodiment of them in personal practice and in the organic Christian state; the application of them to the work of every day by men of goodwill. The Christ-man will one day build the Christ-state, permeated by the Christ-force, and a nation will be born in a day. This, after all, is the secret of his coming. In proportion as these ideals are realized he comes and the kingdom grows. To refuse to recognize this is to bar the way, and to oppose the advance of brotherliness and social peace. When men truly accept Christ they become obedient to the heavenly vision, they see with his eyes, believe with his beliefs, and walk in his ways. Then will be seen 'the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband':

It is a vision waiting and aware;

And you must draw it down, O men of worth—

Draw down the New Republic held in air,

And make for it foundations on the Earth.

Some breathing of the visionary host

Breaks fitfully along the world's advance;

A passing glimmer touched New England's coast,

A whisper of its passion came on France.

Saint John beheld it as a great white throne,

Above the ages wondrous and afar;

Mazzini heard it as a bugle blown;

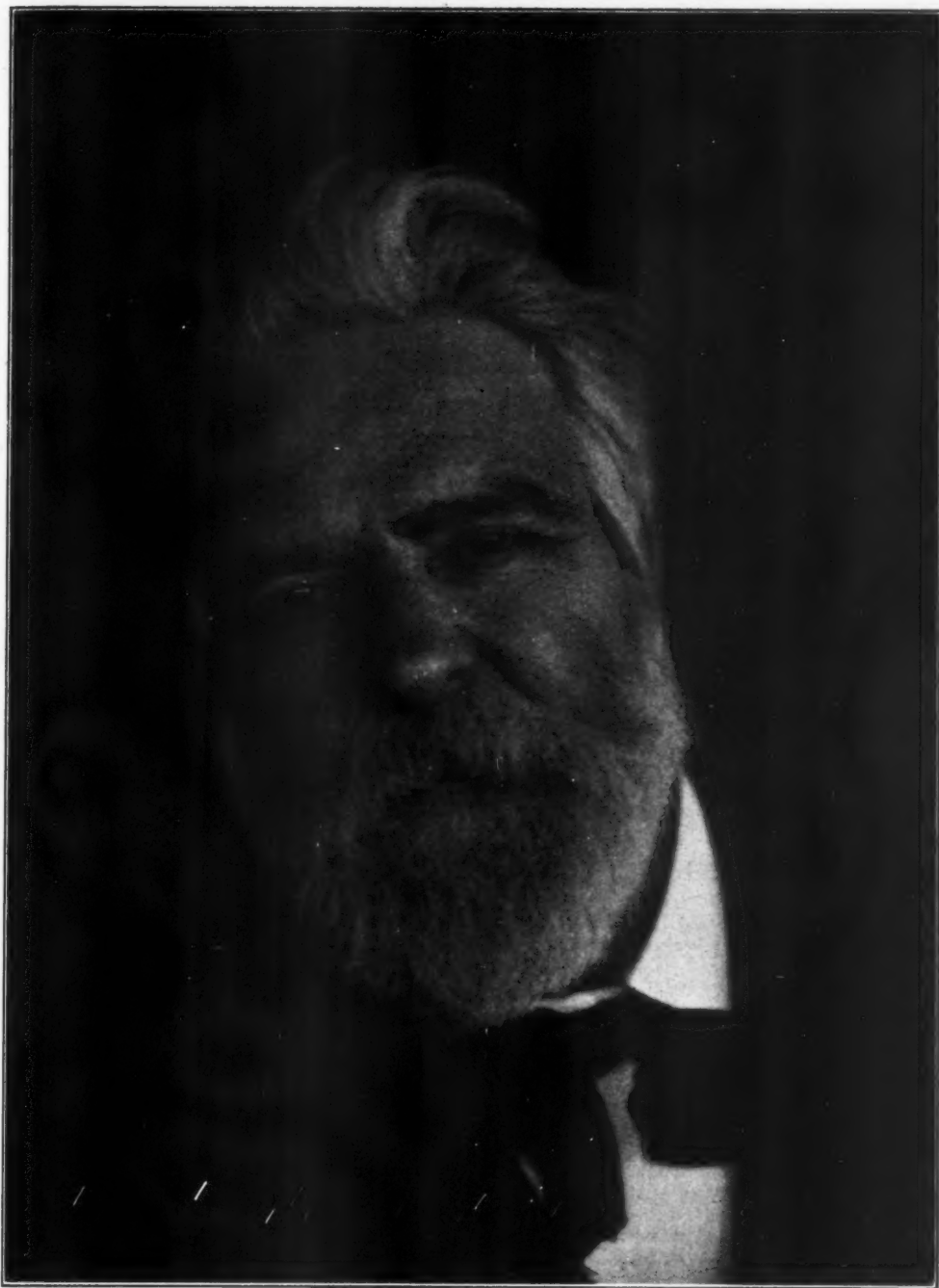
And Shelley saw it as a steadfast star.

The Lyric Seer beheld it as a feast,

A great white table for the People spread;

And there was knightly joy, with Christ the Priest

And King of Labor sitting at the head."



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A MODERN PROPHET

"To Edwin Markham," says a new interpreter, "poetry is a vocation, a high and heavenly calling, the fit expression of the truth that will not be silent. As Paul cried, 'Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel,' so this man hears the command that pushes him along his appointed way."

CHURCH LOSSES AND GAINS FOR 1906



THE religious statistics compiled by H. K. Carroll, LL.D., and published every January in *The Christian Advocate* (New York), show that the gains in American churches, clergymen and communicants during the past year have been larger than in any year since 1901. There are now 32,283,658 communicants, 207,707 churches and 159,503 ministers in the United States, and of these 870,389 communicants, 3,635 churches and 4,300 ministers were added in 1906. Protestant communicants in this country now total 21,140,203, as compared with the 11,143,455 communicants of the nine Catholic bodies. After the Roman Catholic Church, which is by far the largest single denomination in the United States, comes the Methodist Episcopal Church, with 2,894,261 communicants. The total Catholic gains—all branches—were 125,778; the total Methodist—all branches—116,475. It is worth noting that the Methodists, in spite of their much

smaller proportions, have 2,600 more clergymen than the Roman Catholics. The disparity in number of churches is even more marked, the Roman Catholic Church having about 12,200 and the Methodist Episcopal 27,600. Methodists of all varieties gained nearly 117,000, while all bodies of Baptists increased by 93,152. The Presbyterians advanced in number of communicants 48,006; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 19,365. The Lutherans added 116,087 to the number reported for 1905; the Disciples of Christ, 29,464. The Christian Scientists have made rapid strides, and report net gains of 9,083 members, 52 churches and 104 ministers. Their total membership, however, is still reported by Dr. Carroll as low as 80,197.

Dr. Carroll's table showing the denominational families of the United States, the present status of their ministers, churches and communicants, and their growth during 1906, is subjoined herewith:

DENOMINATIONS	SUMMARY FOR 1906			NET GAINS FOR 1906		
	Ministers	Churches	Communicants	Ministers	Churches	Communicants
Adventists (6 bodies).....	1,565	2,499	95,437
Baptists (14 bodies).....	38,010	54,566	5,140,770	528	287	93,152
Brethren (River) (3 bodies).....	173	98	4,239	16	13	d100
Brethren (Plymouth) (4 bodies).....	314	6,661
Buddhist (Chinese).....	47
Buddhist and Shintoist (Japanese).....	9	9
Catholics (9 bodies).....	15,269	12,449	11,143,455	677	518	250,548
Catholic Apostolic.....	95	10	1,491
Christadelphians.....	63	1,277
Christian Connection.....	1,348	1,340	101,597
Christian Catholic (Dowie).....	104	110	40,000
Christian Scientists.....	1,326	663	80,197	104	52	9,083
Christian Union.....	201	268	17,500	201	268	17,500
Church of God (Winebrennarian).....	499	500	41,475	24	1,975
Church of the New Jerusalem.....	128	139	8,084	d6	d1	17
Communitist Societies (6 bodies).....	23	3,084
Congregationalists.....	5,959	5,943	694,923	26	12	10,601
Disciples of Christ.....	7,153	11,110	1,264,758	678	77	29,464
Dunkards (4 bodies).....	3,241	1,100	121,194	75	d38	4,883
Evangelical (2 bodies).....	1,508	2,730	179,339	57	82	12,361
Friends (4 bodies).....	1,466	1,075	118,752	64	d1,663
Friends of the Temple.....	4	340
German Evangelical Protestant.....	100	155	20,000
German Evangelical Synod.....	964	1,227	228,420	8	6	6,417
Jews (2 bodies).....	301	570	143,000
Latter-Day Saints (2 bodies).....	1,652	1,328	396,354	92	d10	52,107
Lutherans (23 bodies).....	7,872	13,919	1,957,433	287	546	116,087
Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant.....	345	351	46,000	54	44	12,600
Mennonites (12 bodies).....	1,240	701	61,690	29	d65	642
Methodists (17 bodies).....	41,483	60,352	6,551,891	1,105	1,269	116,475
Moravians.....	130	119	16,923	d2	2	341
Presbyterians (13 bodies).....	12,705	15,922	1,771,877	55	220	48,006
Protestant Episcopal (2 bodies).....	5,258	7,567	846,492	49	343	19,365
Reformed (3 bodies).....	2,044	2,563	422,359	74	27	17,337
Salvation Army.....	3,773	983	28,500
Schwenkfeldians.....	5	8	731	2	1	131
Social Brethren.....	17	20	913
Society for Ethical Culture.....	5	1,700
Spiritualists.....	748	295,000	8	29,500
Theosophical Society.....	72	2,607	3	d56
United Brethren (2 bodies).....	2,247	4,351	226,238	62	d56	12,226
Unitarians.....	544	464	71,000	d3	5
Universalists.....	720	977	55,831	d7	12	2,190
Independent Congregations.....	54	156	14,126
Grand total in 1906.....	159,503	207,707	32,283,658	4,300	3,635	870,389
Grand total in 1905.....	155,203	204,072	31,413,269	2,628	4,100	783,979
d Decrease.						

The following table shows the order of denominational families now and in 1890:

DENOMINATIONAL FAMILIES	RANK IN 1906	COMMUNI- CANTS	RANK IN 1890	COMMUNI- CANTS
Catholic	1	11,143,455	1	6,257,871
Methodist	2	6,551,891	2	4,589,234
Baptist	3	5,140,770	3	3,717,969
Lutheran	4	1,957,433	5	1,231,072
Presbyterian	5	1,771,877	4	1,278,362
Episcopal	6	846,492	6	540,509
Reformed	7	422,359	7	309,458
Latter-Day Saints ..	8	396,354	9	166,125
United Brethren	9	286,238	8	225,281
Evangelical	10	179,329	10	133,813
Jewish	11	143,000	11	130,406
Dunkards	12	121,194	13	73,795
Friends	13	118,752	12	107,208
Adventists	14	95,437	14	60,491
Mennonites	15	61,690	15	41,541

A large number of the religious papers reprint these figures, and one or two add comment of their own. The Chicago *Interior* (Presbyterian) calls attention to the fact that "the strictly evangelical churches are the only ones making much headway." It goes on to say:


"The Unitarian churches report, as they have for some years, a continued decrease in the number of their ministers. Their communicants are not numbered at all. The Universalists have fewer ministers than a year ago, but an increase

of 3.08 per cent. in membership. The Dowieites are given last year's figures, having been too much occupied this year with holding their fort to have time for calling the muster roll. The Christian Scientists claim a growth of 9,083 members, making a total of 80,187; a great way short of the 'million' credited to them by the fearful. To make up even this figure they seem to count a large proportion of their membership twice, once where resident and again in the 'Mother Church' at Boston. Some of Mrs. Eddy's journals report 40,000 in the Boston organization. This leaves one-half the total to the rest of the country."

The Christian Work and Evangelist (New York) is impressed by "the progress all along the line." It comments:

"While this progress continues it furnishes its own best evidence of the vitality of religion against the cavillings of those who are out of sympathy with the churches and with the world of Spirit also. We add that the statistics show a body of communicants numbering very nearly thirty millions of people out of a total population of 80,000,000. This shows that we are very far from being a 'godless' nation, as some assert, who would like nothing better than to introduce sectarian teaching in our public schools. The record is one of which the religious people of the country have neither cause for fear nor shame: on the contrary, it is cause for gratitude for the past and hope for the future."

ARE WE STANDING AT THE BIRTH OF A GREAT RELIGION?

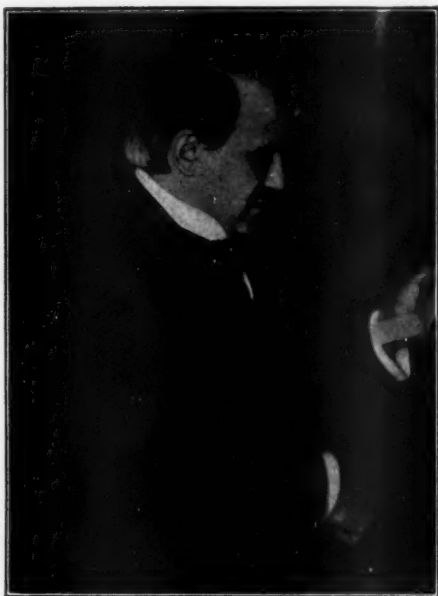
 "IS IT insanity," asks Mark Twain, in a startling book,* just published, "to believe that Christian Scienceism is destined to make the most formidable show that any new religion has made in the world since the birth and spread of Mohammedanism, and that within a century from now it may stand second to none only in numbers and power in Christendom?"

The question thus formulated by our veteran humorist—who, for once, seems to be in earnest—is occupying many other minds than his own. Christian Science has never been so widely studied and discussed as at the present time. The curiosity aroused throughout the country by the sensational and—as it proved—fictitious stories printed in the New York *World* regarding Mrs. Eddy's physical condition (see CURRENT LITERATURE, December) seems to have deepened into a really serious interest in her teaching and her cult. The Christian Science Publication

Committee of Boston has issued a bulletin giving over fifty expressions of editorial opinions, from all parts of the United States, on the *World* episode. These editorials are uniformly friendly to Mrs. Eddy and to Christian Science. The New York *Independent* has lately evoked considerable attention and not a little hostile comment by publishing an editorial appreciation of many of the features of Christian Science, in connection with an article from Mrs. Eddy's own pen. The tenor of this editorial may be gathered from the following extract:

"Philosophers are divided between Monists and Dualists, giving us three great schools, one those who recognize both mind and matter as substantial; those who recognize matter only as existent, and are so Materialists; and those who hold that the only real existence is mind, and that all matter with its phenomena are forms of thought, and who are therefore Idealists. The votaries of Christian Science approach this form of thought in their philosophy, and at least are quite as legitimate in their doctrine as the popular Materialism which allows the existence only of

*CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers.



A NOTABLE CONVERT TO CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE

Mr. Charles Klein, the playwright, has lately acknowledged his debt to Christian Science in these words: "When I think of what Christian Science has done for me, and that it is through Mrs. Eddy we have received this truth, I feel that her great work for mankind is underrated, rather than overrated, even by Christian Scientists themselves. I know that I have not yet sufficient understanding either to realize or appreciate its greatness."

matter, and so denies both the immortality and the existence of the soul.

"Holding these views in philosophy and religion, and representing unblemished moral and Christian character, it is to their credit that, during her lifetime, they honor their teacher, Mrs. Eddy. Just as, after their death, other Christian bodies venerate Loyola and Luther, Calvin and Aquinas, Saint Francis and John Wesley, so the person and writings of Mrs. Eddy are almost, but not quite, sacred in the eyes of her disciples. They honor her while she lives; and it pleases them that, under the system she has taught, her life is lengthened out to an extreme old age. Such respect for their great teacher is a beautiful impulse and deserves honor."

Magazines are everywhere taking up phases of the new cult. In *The Cosmopolitan*, the playwright, Charles Klein, tells us how he became a Christian Scientist; in *The World To-day* the novelist, Clara Louise Burnham, defends Mrs. Eddy against the aspersions that have been cast upon her character. Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor of *The Arena*, devotes a long article to the "Reckless and Irresponsible Attacks on Christian Science." And *McClure's* continues to act as the historian of the movement.

Any one can start a new religion in this country, as the *Springfield Republican* points out; but the moment it begins to succeed, it must expect to pass through the blazing fires of our modern publicity. The same paper goes on to say:

"If Mohammedanism had been started in an age and a country which were blessed with hourly street editions, and illustrated magazines by the bushel in every family, there might never have been enough of Mahomet in history to reach ten miles outside of his native city. If Christianity even, and Judaism before it, had at the start been watched over by the vigilant *McClure's*, the modern world would probably have had no controversies over the higher criticism. The facts would have been irrefutably established at the outset. It may be the misfortune of the new religions of our day that they have to undergo the trial, and possibly the torture, of a higher criticism almost as soon as they are born. At any rate, that is what Christian Science is undergoing, and in so far as this scrutiny is fair, even if it be merciless, its believers should be willing to tolerate it and accept whatever contribution it may make to the corpus of truth."

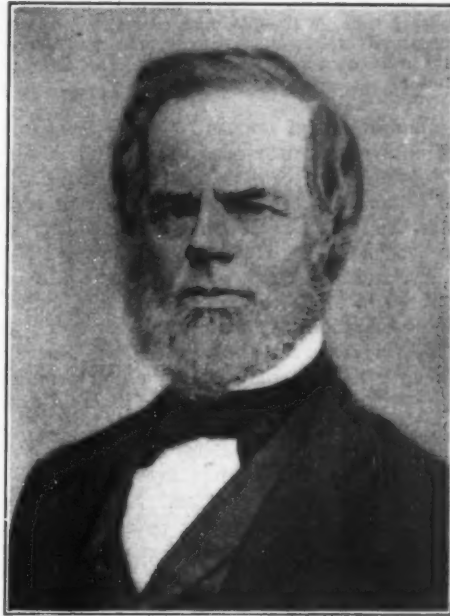
Viewed from this angle, every atom of evidence bearing on the origins of Christian Science is to be welcomed. The article in the February *McClure's*, written by Georgine Milmine, covers the years 1862-64, during



THE REAL MRS. EDDY

A portrait taken in 1887 by H. G. Smith, of Boston, and reproduced for the first time in a recent issue of *The Cosmopolitan*. The full-page portrait published in our December issue, by courtesy of *McClure's Magazine*, is now generally conceded to have been a picture of Mrs. Sarah C. Chevallier, of Texas.

which Mrs. Eddy, at that time Mrs. Daniel Patterson, may be said to have first become conscious of her religious mission. She was forty years old, was a confirmed invalid, and for six or seven years had been practically confined to her bed with spinal complaint. While in this helpless condition news reached her of the wonderful "cures" of one Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, of Portland, Me. She was living in New Hampshire, in straitened circumstances, but determined, at all costs, to reach Quimby. Her husband had been imprisoned during the war, and she was financially dependent on her sister. But at last she was able to save enough money to make the journey to Portland. As a result, she was thrown into intimate contact with a man of extraordinary power and vitality, who succeeded in curing her, temporarily at least, and who influenced profoundly her whole character and intellectual life. P. P. Quimby, so we learn from *McClure's*, was "Doctor" only by courtesy; he had taken no university degree and had studied in no regular school of medicine. By the educated public he was regarded as an amiable humbug or a fanatic, but hundreds of his patients looked upon him as a worker of miracles. He



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PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

The mental healer of Portland, Me., who may be said to have first inspired Mrs. Eddy with a consciousness of her religious mission.



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MRS. EDDY IN 1864

This portrait shows Mrs. Eddy at the time she was being treated by P. P. Quimby. She was then Mrs. Daniel Patterson.

was at first a mesmerist, but later confined himself to mental healing. As Miss Milmine describes him, "his personality inspired love and confidence. He radiated sympathy and earnestness. Patients who saw him for a moment even now affectionately recall his kind-heartedness, his benevolence, his keen perception." His method was simplicity itself:

"The medical profession constantly harped on the idea of sickness; Quimby constantly harped on the idea of health. The doctor told the patient that disease was inevitable, man's natural inheritance; Quimby told him that disease was merely an 'error,' that it was created, 'not by God, but by man,' and that health was the true and scientific state. 'The idea that a beneficent God had anything to do with disease,' said Quimby, 'is superstition.' 'Disease,' reads another of his manuscripts, 'is false reasoning. True scientific wisdom is health and happiness. False reasoning is sickness and death.' Again he says: 'This is my theory: to put man in possession of a science that will destroy the ideas of the sick, and teach man one living profession of his own identity, with life free from error and disease. As man passes through these combinations, they differ one from another. . . . He is dying and living all the time to error, till he dies the death of all his opinions and beliefs. Therefore, to be free from death is to be alive in truth; for sin, or error, is death, and science, or wisdom, is eternal life, and

this is the Christ.' 'My philosophy,' he says at another time, 'will make him free and independent of all creeds and laws of men, and subject him to his own agreement, he being free from the laws of sin, sickness, and death.'

Quimby talked constantly of his theories to all who would hear him. He found in Mrs. Eddy a most receptive listener. About 1859 he began to put his ideas into written form. Mrs. Eddy had access to all his manuscripts. In 1866 he died. How far he influenced Mrs. Eddy, and how much of his thought is incorporated in "Science and Health," are matters for speculation. It is certain, however, that Mrs. Eddy for a while gave all her time and strength to the study of his esoteric philosophy. "It seemed to satisfy some inherent craving of her nature," says Miss Milmine, and offered "a purpose, perhaps an ambition—the only definite one she had ever known. She was groping for a vocation. She must even then have seen before her new possibilities; an opportunity for personal growth and personal achievement very different from the petty occupations of her old life."

Mark Twain in his new book considers at length the whole question of the authorship of "Science and Health," and asks specifically: Did Mrs. Eddy borrow from Quimby the "Great Idea" which lies at the core of her teaching? We cannot know, he answers, since there is apparently no way to prove that she used or carried away the Quimby manuscripts. The important matter, after all, is the Idea itself—an Idea that has created a religion and that may be briefly expressed as follows: The power to heal diseases with a word, with a touch of the hand, which was given by Christ to the disciples and to *all* the converted, is still operative in the world.

The past teaches us, says Mark Twain, that, in order to succeed, a religion must not claim entire originality; it must content itself with passing for an improvement on an *existing* religion, and show its hand later, when strong and prosperous—like Mohammedanism. In its early stages, Mark Twain reminds us, Mohammedanism had no money; and "it has never had anything to offer its client but heaven—nothing here below that was valuable." But Christian Science offers, in addition to heaven hereafter, present health and a cheerful spirit. "In comparison with this bribe, all other this-world bribes are poor and cheap." Mark Twain continues the argument:

"To whom does Bellamy's 'Nationalism' appeal? Necessarily to the few: people who read and

dream, and are compassionate, and troubled for the poor and hard-driven. To whom does Spiritualism appeal? Necessarily to the few; its 'boom' has lasted for half a century, and I believe it claims short of four millions of adherents in America. Who are attracted by Swedenborgianism and some of the other fine and delicate 'isms'? The few again: educated people, sensitively organized, with superior mental endowments, who seek lofty planes of thought and find their contentment there.

"And who are attracted by Christian Science? There is no limit; its field is horizonless; its appeal is as universal as is the appeal of Christianity itself. It appeals to the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the cultured, the ignorant, the gifted, the stupid, the modest, the vain, the wise, the silly, the soldier, the civilian, the hero, the coward, the idler, the worker, the godly, the godless, the free-man, the slave, the adult, the child; *they who are ailing in body or mind, they who have friends that are ailing in body or mind.* To mass it in a phrase, its clientage is the Human Race. Will it march? I think so.

"Remember its principal great offer: *to rid the race of pain and disease.* Can it do so? In large measure, yes. How much of the pain and disease in the world is created by the imaginations of the sufferers, and then kept alive by those same imaginations? Four-fifths? Not anything short of that, I should think. Can Christian Science banish that four-fifths? I think so. Can any other (organized) force do it? None that I know of. Would this be a new world when that was accomplished? And a pleasanter one—for us well people, as well as for those fussy and fretting sick ones? Would it seem as if there was not as much gloomy weather as there used to be? I think so."

Mark Twain goes on to register his conviction that Mrs. Eddy is "in several ways the most interesting woman that ever lived, and the most extraordinary." He adds:

"She started from nothing. Her enemies charge that she surreptitiously took from Quimby a peculiar system of healing which was mind-cure with a Biblical basis. She and her friends deny that she took anything from him. Whether she took it or invented it, it was—materially—a sawdust mine when she got it, and she has turned it into a Klondike; its spiritual dock had next to no custom, if any at all: from it she has launched a world-religion which has now six hundred and sixty-three churches, and she charts a new one every four days. When we do not know a person—and also when we do—we have to judge his size by the size and nature of his achievements, as compared with the achievements of others in his special line of business—there is no other way. Measured by this standard, it is thirteen hundred years since the world has produced any one who could reach up to Mrs. Eddy's waistbelt.

"Figuratively speaking, Mrs. Eddy is already as tall as the Eiffel tower. She is adding surprisingly to her stature every day. It is quite within the probabilities that a century hence she will be the most imposing figure that has cast its shadow across the globe since the inauguration of our era."

SUBSTITUTES OFFERED FOR CHRISTIANITY



HE religious unrest of our times finds nowhere more marked expression than in that growing literature which deals with proposed "substitutes" for Christianity. In Germany particularly, the press teems with works which proceed from the viewpoint that Christianity has outlived its usefulness and must give place to something better. The way has been paved for this class of literature by such works as the "Religions-geschichtliche Volksbücher," a series of radical brochures edited by Schiele, of Marburg, which propose to carry into pew and pulpit the advanced views of Bousset, Wrede and other protagonists of the newest school of critical theology.

One of the most notable arguments in behalf of a substitute for Christianity has been made by an ex-Roman Catholic chaplain and professor of religious instruction in an Austrian Catholic gymnasium, Dr. Fr. Mach, whose book, "The Crisis in Christianity and the Religion of the Future" takes the ground that the confessional churches of the day are ulcerous sores upon modern society, and that the teachings of all the great churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, must be discarded because they are in fatal conflict with the results of the scientific research of the day. The religion of the future he conceives as "pure Christianity with the spirit of Jesus and of the gospel," but as entirely "undogmatic," consisting chiefly of the recognized moral teachings of all the leading religions.

Even more radical in tone is a work by O. Michel, a former military officer, entitled "Forward to Christ—Away with Paul—German Religion!" He declares Paul to have been the "antichrist," in the sense that Paul perverted the original Christianity of the Founder of the Church. What is needed now, he says, is the restoration of this original Christianity, but in a manner adapted to German ideals and tastes. He also proposes a religion committed to no creed and consisting only of moral teachings of a general, not of a New Testament, nature.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on this whole subject by an investigation recently undertaken by a Bremen teacher, Fritz Ganz, who has published the results of his inquiry in a book entitled "Religious Instruction." He addressed a circular letter to scores of leading representatives of advanced thought through-

out Germany and beyond its borders, and asked: What religion should be taught to the children in place of the traditional catechism and Bible history? He received more than eighty replies. One correspondent declares that "patriotism is the highest religion;" another specifies "the love for the beautiful and the human;" a third, "the systematic conception of what is taught by good common sense;" a fifth, a "Christian preacher," states that religion consists in the ability to "keep holy" (feiern), to "have premonitions" (ahnen); a sixth, that it is "reverence for mother nature;" a seventh asserts that "religion begins where revelation ends;" an eighth that "all true thought and action are religion;" a ninth, that "religion ends where confessional differences begin." Several men of recognized standing in the learned world contribute to the discussion. Dahlke recommends that Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" be studied instead of the Bible; Haeckel, the head of the "Monistenbund," the organization of the ultra radicals in Germany, proposes Wilhelm Bölsche's writings, and those of Carus, Sterne and others; H. Litz suggests fables and folklore of all kinds; the litterateur Lindenthal favors Rosegger's works and Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans"; the great Jewish writer, Max Nordau, suggests, among other books, "Don Quixote," and A. Phothow mentions Andersen's fables and Emerson's essays. In addition, A. Dodel speaks of Marcus Aurelius's "Meditations;" Hartwich wants the Edas to be used; one writer, A. Kerz, even suggests portions of the Koran.

Dr. Dennert, a brilliant defender of Biblical teachings, subjects these replies to a critical analysis, in his new journal *Glauben und Wissen*, and comes to the conclusion that they prove a *testimonium paupertatis*, so far as radical thought is concerned. The radicals, he avers, can only tear down. They build nothing positive in the place of the ruins they cause. In the light of the history of Christian apologetics, he continues, there need be no fear as to the outcome of the whole controversy. The particle of truth which may underlie the whole agitation will doubtless become a permanent possession of religious thought; but the extravagant "substitutes," he says, will only pave the way for a still higher conception and still stronger defense of the fundamental truths of historic Christianity.

Science and Discovery

THE POLTOPHAGIC REVOLT AGAINST THE PSOMOPHAGIC CURSE OF THE AGE



SOME years ago Mr. Horace Fletcher, an American gentleman, found himself at that stage of life where, after hard work in all quarters of the globe, he was in a position to retire from active business and devote himself to enjoyment. He had occasion to make an application for life insurance and was refused. His symptoms were obesity, shortness of breath, dyspepsia, loss of elasticity—in short, all those troubles that we are accustomed to associate with the failing health of so-called advancing age, but which would more accurately be referred to as advancing death. He consulted medical men both in Europe and in the United States, but in vain. He then decided to undertake his own regeneration.

He happened at this time to be occupied with some business which necessitated a good deal of tedious waiting in Chicago in mid-summer when most of his acquaintances were absent from the city. To help spin out the day he used to get through his meals as slowly and as deliberately as he could. He noticed a very curious effect from this. Hunger was less frequent. He ate less. His weight decreased. His health decidedly improved. He then and there made up his mind to experiment in this direction, with the result that in course of time he entirely recovered his health. He then tried to get an explanation from experts, but obtained none.

Mr. Fletcher now tried the insurance offices again. Tho he had to contend against the former unfavorable verdict, they said they would gladly take him at ordinary rates.

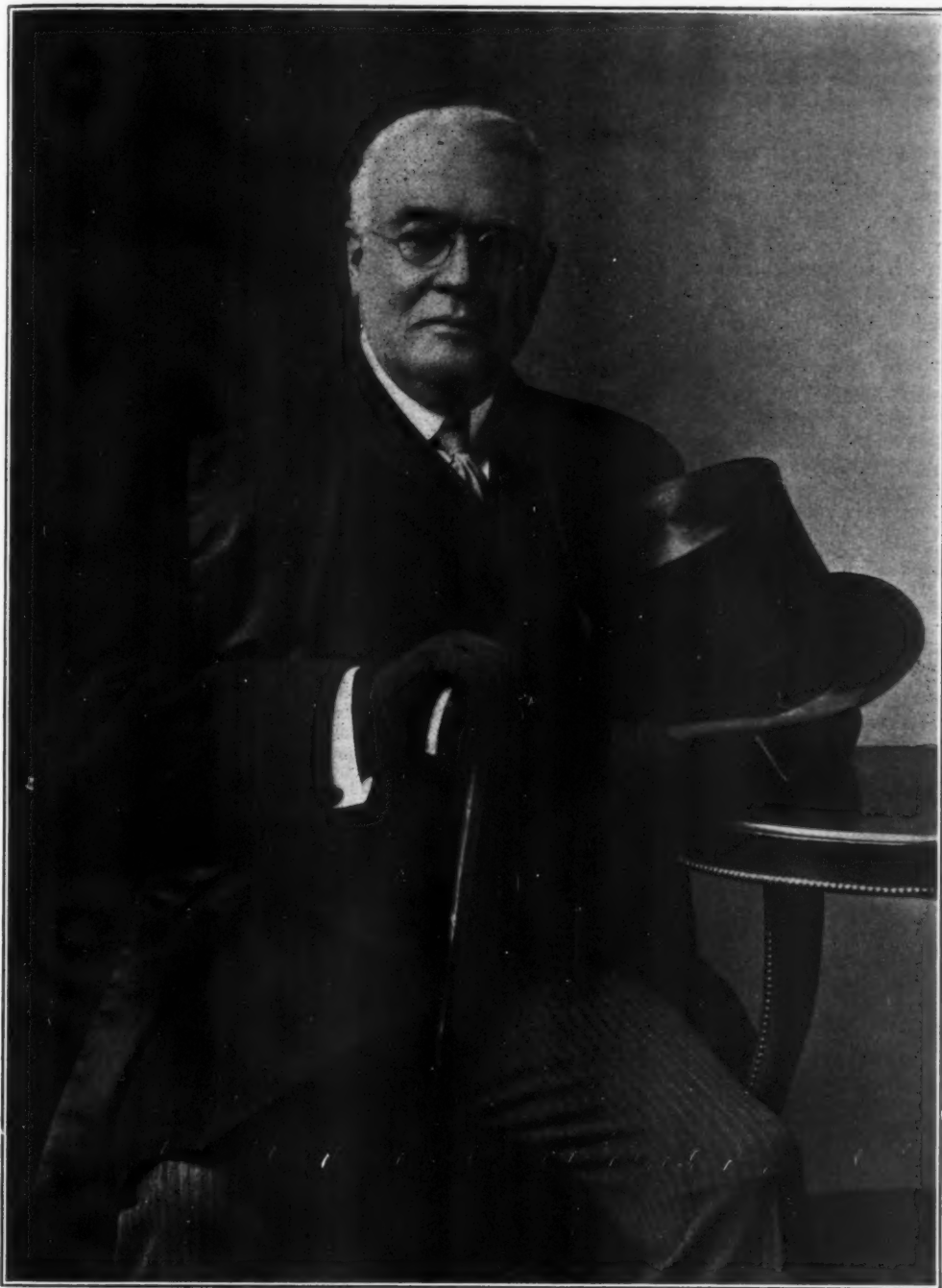
In the attempts that Mr. Fletcher made to obtain a hearing for his discovery he found his greatest difficulty with the skepticism of the medical profession. His first convert was Dr. Van Someren, the eminent Vienna specialist, who not only listened to what Mr. Fletcher had to say, but has continued to give his time and energies to studying and spreading "Fletcherism." Dr. Van Someren read a paper at the meeting of the British Medical Association in 1901. Here he attracted the attention of Professor Sir Michael Foster. The matter was brought forward subsequent-

ly at the International Medical Congress at Turin. Sir Michael Foster next showed his interest by inviting Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Van Someren to Cambridge, so that their claims could receive scientific investigation.

So far we have followed closely an account of Fletcherism given by Dr. Hubert Higgins, demonstrator of anatomy at the University of Cambridge, and an eminent surgeon to boot, in the course of a work on what is styled humaniculture.* The facts set forth, says Dr. Higgins, were destined to be the starting point for a new era. They have effected a revolution so far reaching that we are scarcely likely to exaggerate its importance. To appreciate this, let it be borne in mind that Mr. Fletcher had a considerable bogy to fight in the shape of the Voit standard of nitrogen nutrition. He was told that in order to find acceptance of his ideas it was first of all necessary to prove that his own new standard of economy was more nearly the optimum, and that the famous Voit standard was wrong. It was obviously true that he and his colleague presented curious and unusual phenomena in the small amount they ate. It was suggested that perhaps if they went on long enough there might be one of those lingering but inevitable calls to the beyond in store for them. Mr. Fletcher bravely lived in a laboratory for several months until every vestige of doubt in Fletcherism had vanished from the minds of the skeptical scientists under whose observation he came throughout the whole period.

Mr. Fletcher had the additional good fortune to find another practical sympathizer in Professor Bowditch, of the Harvard University Medical School, who introduced him to Professor Chittenden at Yale, who was not only the director of the Sheffield Scientific School and President of the American Physiological Society, but is one of the most eminent of physiological chemists. Here he was also especially fortunate because he found in Dr. William G. Anderson, director of the Yale University Gymnasium, a man

*HUMANICULTURE. By Hubert Higgins. F. A. Stokes Company.



Courtesy of *The American Magazine*

THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF LIVING POLTOPHAGISTS

Horace Fletcher, founder of the movement known as Fletcherism, has faced every form of discouragement in his crusade for a more thoro mastication of food through slower working of the jaw during the process of eating meals. The task involved an attempt to overthrow the so-called Voit standard of human regimen. Mr. Fletcher set to work and by his persistence in dieting himself in scientific laboratories under expert observation, he vindicated his theory and convinced scientists of the greatest distinction that the dietetic ideas upon which the Voit standard is based will have to be revised.

who was a human physiologist in more than name. Dr. Anderson not only studied undergraduates, but was able to make experiments with them, as he was their trainer in athletic exercises. Dr. Anderson was able to render Mr. Fletcher exceptional service by setting down in black and white that his claims to the possession of far more than average fitness physically were actually and measurably true. It was largely due to this examination of Mr. Fletcher as to his measurable strength and endurance by Dr. Anderson that determined Professor Chittenden to undertake the famous inquiry that resulted in his report, which showed men able to work better, play better and have better health, not on the Voit standard, but on half or one-third of the amount of nitrogen the text-books prescribe as essential. We quote from Dr. Higgins:

"At first sight it may be thought that there is little opportunity for novel views in the knowledge of the process of mastication. It is profitable to recollect, however, as Mr. Fletcher has pointed out, that the three inches of the alimentary region from the lips to the soft palate are the only part of the thirty feet of the intestinal canal where there are discriminating apparatus and functions that are in any way under the control of the will.

"Pavlov has recently shown us that there are a number of nervous impulses that originate in the mouth, when the masticating and insalivating processes are properly carried out, that control the subsequent digestive processes. So that not only the quality but the quantity, as well as the physical condition, of the ingested food depend on the occurrences in the mouth.

"In the writings of the famous German anatomist a statement was made that passed unnoticed by both anatomists and physiologists till Mr. Fletcher stirred up our interest in the subject. In Gegenbaur's anatomy is found the following: 'The bifurcation of the alimentary canal below the soft palate does not depend only on its relation with the epiglottis, but also on the condition of the food. The exclusive use of this means of swallowing is only possible with finely divided food. . . . I have always called this way of taking food poltrophagy (poltos meaning masticated, finely divided) and the other psomophagy (psomos meaning biting, tearing).' This most important observation was one that Gegenbaur recommended should be most carefully investigated."

To appreciate thoroly what follows, it is necessary to realize the significance of the law of atrophy and hypertrophy.

Atrophy of muscle means that, from want of use, the substance wastes and the muscle ultimately becomes useless. This phenomenon is well illustrated in the case of those Indian fakirs who hold their arms above their heads till the joints are fixed and the muscles are permanently wasted.

Hypertrophy means unusual development from unusual work, as, for instance, in the oft-cited case of blacksmiths with their well-developed arms, shoulders and chests. In anatomy it is found that one can look on muscles as a crystallization of function. That is to say, that their presence alone implies that they are used, and as they are used they are wanted by the animal. Another thing that anatomy teaches is that there is nothing superfluous in the body, and so consequently the structures that are functioned in so vitally important a region as the mouth, it is needless to say, merit our most respectful consideration:

"If one examines the soft palate of a dog, it is seen to be thin, even translucent. In its center are found merely three or four muscular fibers instead of a muscle. These fibers are too scanty and scattered to aid, to any but an insignificant extent, the elevation of the soft palate. The epiglottis is a cartilaginous body found over the larynx and attached to the base of the tongue. In the dog the epiglottis is very small and applied closely to the tongue. The food is swallowed over the top of the epiglottis instead of by its sides. The translucent soft palate and the small and insignificant epiglottis are evidence that neither of them serves any very important purpose to the dog.

"When, on the other hand, a horse is examined, one finds an entirely different state of affairs. There is a long, muscular soft palate as long as the hard bony palate. The epiglottis, which is, relatively speaking, enormous, stands up so as to divide the opening into the esophagus into two. Each of these openings in the relatively large horse is no larger than the single opening in a small dog. In the case of the horse, then, one finds that the masticated and insalivated food is divided into two currents passing down either side of the epiglottis. The openings are so small and valve-like that a horse is actually unable to breathe through its mouth.

"The differences between the horse and the dog in this respect then are that the horse is obliged to masticate and is therefore poltrophagic; and the dog swallows his food in large pieces and is therefore psomophagic. In other words, he has not efficient machinery for mastication, but he has good apparatus for tearing.

"When the principles of atrophy and hypertrophy are borne in mind in these instances, it becomes of great interest to observe the state of affairs in man."

In the case of man, Dr. Higgins goes on to repeat, there is a full development of the muscles of the soft palate. They are so fully developed as to explain why one central factor in Fletcherism—the consumption of a small quantity of food very slowly after thorough mastication—is from its sheer simplicity a revolutionary idea in application. The notion that food should be slowly chewed is old, but Fletcherism makes a very novel thing of it. To follow Dr. Higgins's text again:

"I will describe the ingestion of a piece of currant cake, as it best illustrates the phenomena of mastication. During mastication there is a complex series of co-ordinated, unconscious and automatic contractions of the muscles of the cheeks, the lips the jaws, the tongue and the soft palate, excited by afferent and efferent impulses. As the starch is transformed into dextrose it is dissolved by the saliva. If it was allowed to remain in the anterior buccal cavity [in the cheeks] it would inhibit the further action of the ptyalin [ferment contained in the saliva]. This is prevented by the action of the tongue and soft palate, alternately producing positive and negative pressures in the closed mouth. From time to time samples of the fluid contents of the anterior buccal cavity are withdrawn into the buccal passage (its further progress may possibly be arrested by the pressure of the tongue against the hard palate if it is not acceptable to the end organs in the neighborhoods of the circumvallate papillæ*) where it passes on to the posterior buccal cavity. When sufficient has collected, a swallowing impulse is excited. It is presumed that the tongue is pressed upwards

*Papilla, the Latin word for nipple, is applied to one of those numerous projections which cover the tongue and project from its surface. The circumvallate papillæ are about ten.

against the hard palate so as to form a point of support for the contraction of the soft palate, to close the posterior buccal cavity and to help in the expulsion of its contents. The region at the root of the tongue in contracting makes the laryngeal furrows more vertical. The fluid contents are then forced out into the pharynx [throat], the buccal cavity is reclosed and the material is collected for the next poltrophagic deglutition. When the process of mastication and deglutition is completed there is nothing left but some almost dry currant skins and stones. Even these may possibly be disposed of if the teeth are good enough to divide them finely."

The moral is that man should make himself as poltrophagic as possible. Many men and women are poltrophagists to a varying degree without being aware of it. They may only notice that they eat more slowly than other people. However, an entirely psomophagic man has never been met with. But the curse of our country is the psomophagic tendency of the age. The poltrophagic protest is Fletcherism.

READING THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE

MANY professional and business men, and more especially those who superintend the labors of large numbers of employees, suffer loss from their inability to judge accurately the capacity and character of those with whom they are brought into contact. It is seldom realized that one of the rarest forms of human ability is what Talleyrand termed "ability to estimate ability in others." In our country the mere money loss entailed by placing incapable men in positions of supreme responsibility is incalculable. An eminent British administrator has said that ninety per cent. of men of a high order of ability, when placed in positions of supreme responsibility, fail utterly. If, then, there be such a thing as a science of character-reading and a science of capacity-reading, it must be still very little understood notwithstanding the various learned works now in print on the subject.

However, a serious attempt to place this branch of knowl-

edge upon a solid basis has been made by James G. Matthews, who has spent nearly a generation in detailed study of the human countenance as an index to ability and character.* "That so useful and simple an accomplishment is untaught and almost unstudied," he says, "is to be regretted." No branch of human knowledge could be more useful in the choice of friends or of a wife. The business and the professional man may pay for a mistake of this sort by the failure of an important enterprise. Instead, however, of studying this branch of science methodically, we all learn it as we can or not at all. Hence we are deceived in some. We fail to impress others as we would.

"Every living face is a bulletin-board of thought, molded first by the inherited character, and thereafter by the thoughts and passions that most often move that face to expression. As a thought of shame enlarges the capillaries in the face, producing the blush; as



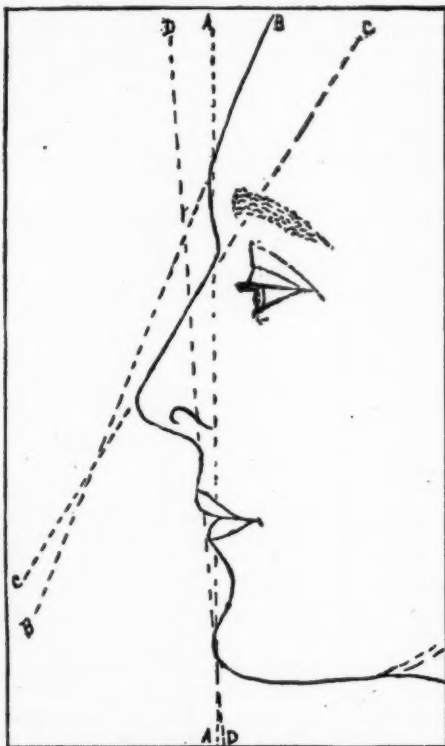
DETAILS IN NASAL
EXPRESSION

The nose, relatively, should be long rather than short if the character be adequately balanced in point of aggressiveness and reason. The ancient Greeks very scientifically gave long noses to their statues of Minerva.

*A SOUVENIR OF HUMAN NATURE. The Onalochens, Publishers, Dayton, Ohio.

a thought of fear raises the upper lip, or a thought of amatory love puffs up the lower eyelid, so do thoughts of hatred, anger, devotion, destructiveness, courage, wisdom, generosity, and selfishness each develop or contract certain muscles in the face. The muscles thus affected by the most frequently recurring thoughts become shrunken or over-developed as the case may be."

Inexperienced students of the human countenance may, on noting the most striking peculiarity of a face, estimate the entire character in the light of this one characteristic. This should never be done. Over-development of one "trait-sign" will make other signs in the same face seem under-developed or vice versa. Never, therefore, says our authority, compare one sign with others in the same countenance. Estimate each sign at its own value by comparison with the same sign



WHY NO MAN SHOULD MARRY THE GIBSON GIRL

Here is a physiognomical analysis of one of the types most pictured in illustrative art. The details should be very carefully studied, as they afford a striking specimen of the kind of female no man should pick out for a wife. Note the line C-C, it is tilted too low relatively to indicate generosity, while the line B-B indicates cold calculation in dealings with a man. The line A-A does not intersect the line D-D until the tip of the chin is reached. This is one of the few good features in the analysis, pointing to tactfulness—perhaps too much tactfulness.

in a normal countenance. The normal countenance is the thing to keep in mind when reading faces. To quote further:

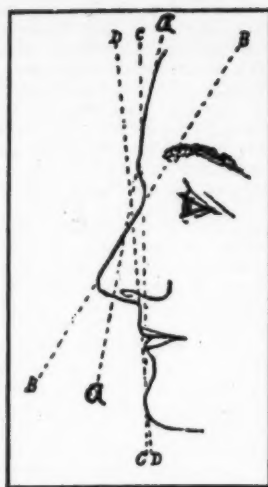
"Also, since one over-developed trait-sign may be counteracted in its indications of character by other under-developed trait-signs, do not estimate the whole character by one sign alone.

"It is best not to try to learn the location of the trait-signs all at once, — look at facial

angles when you wish a moment's diversion, and all unconsciously you will begin observing, with a new interest, the faces seen in passing, and will come to possess an accomplishment that will be an ever-ready avenue to interesting and profitable self-amusement; a constant source of satisfaction; and by enabling you to more favorably impress others by doing and saying the right thing at the right time and in the right place, may help you to a position in the esteem of your friends that comes only to those who can read the motives and desires that actuate others. After a few days' observation of facial angles, lips, and lip positions, you will be interested—even fascinated by the subject in which every young person should receive instruction before mating, and about which any one cannot know too much."

The most telltale indication of character and of aptitude in the whole countenance is the eye and its hue. Heredity, says our observer, is written in the color of the eye. He is confident, after many years of first-hand observation, and after much perusal of the works of those scientists who have attended to this subject, that very dark brown or black eyes denote an impetuous temperament, capable of great extremes of feeling, likes and dislikes, and the most passionate ardor in romantic love. Dark brown eyes denote those traits in a less intense degree, the temperament becoming more placid as the brown grows lighter.

An affectionate disposition, sweet and gentle, accompanies the russet brown eye which is not yellowish. Yellowish brown eyes denote an inconstant, sallow disposition, with little will power and a tendency to las-



THE NORMAL PROFILE

The lettered lines indicate the details in a human countenance that possess significance, although the precise significance of each is not definitely decided.

civiousness. But the ideal of sublime purity of the affections is found to accompany eyes of violet or darkest blue—"eyes as rare as they are heavenly." Those who have not such eyes may take pleasure in the observation that not much intellectuality accompanies them. Clear eyes of lighter blue, calm and tranquil, bespeak a cheerful, constant nature, with intellectual powers and the passions well balanced. Gray denotes intellectuality always and everywhere. Furthermore:

"Pale blue denotes coldness and selfishness, with more intellectuality.

"Blue eyes with greenish tints accompany a predominance of the intellectual powers over the passions—a nature ruled by wisdom and sustained by great moral courage, which may attain high positions.

"Greenish gray eyes are the most intellectual; and if in them may be seen varying shades of blue and orange, we find that strange mixture of the sour and the sweet, of optimism and pessimism, which produces the impressionable temperament of the genius.

"Eyes with a preponderance of greenish shades

denote coquetry and the most artful deceitfulness.

"Eyes of dead colors, dull and expressionless, bespeak a sluggish temperament, listless disposition, and a cold, selfish nature.

"A calm, steadfast glance from a tranquil blue eye, usually large, denotes a clear conscience, sweet, gentle disposition, and a generous nature. From brown eyes it too often denotes amatory love.

"Rapid and constantly shifting motion of the eyes denote a nervous, careful nature.

"The greater the width between the eyes, the more susceptible and impressionable the intellect. Eyes set closely together accompany the obtuse, obstinate nature."

The smaller the eyes, we are further told, the greater the extremes of feeling of which the owner is capable. Large eyes denote calmness, constancy and patience. Eyes deeply set indicate a determined, selfish and even harsh temperament. Bulging eyes reveal culture, refinement and gentility. But it is time to refer to characteristics of a general nature:

"Thought does not laugh: laughing is involuntary, hence thoughtfulness and self-control is shown in the manner and frequency of audible laughing,—the frequent giggle denoting shallow thinking, and the quiet nature, seldom, if ever, known to laugh audibly, though it may often smile, denoting depth of character, intensity of feeling, and thoughtfulness.

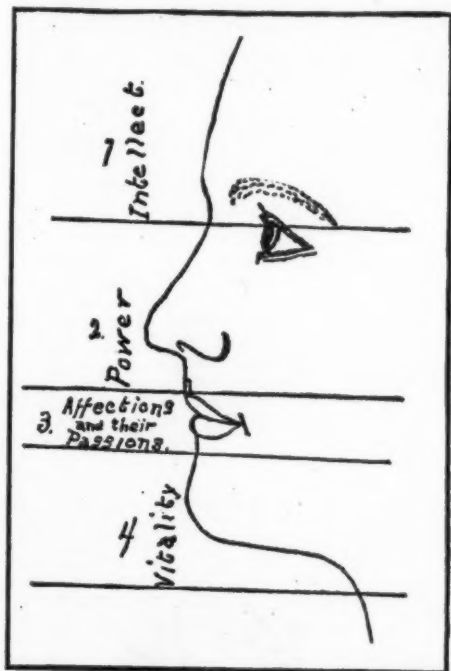
"Curved lines, running from the region of hope to that of integrity, around and back of the corners of the mouth, due to negative destructiveness and positive hope and integrity, are a sure sign of a sweet, gentle, hopeful nature, always patient, generous, and friendly.

"Courage accompanies a broad head."



VARIETIES OF PROFILE

Avoid argument with persons having a profile resembling number one. They are too deep. Avoid business dealings with persons having a profile like number two. They are too shrewd. Avoid fistic encounters with men whose profiles are like number three. Such men are vicious, they never fight fair. Avoid persons with a profile like number four. They are great advocates of mutual love, but they will take every advantage of you, while keeping well within the limits of the law.



THE INDEX OF WOMAN'S NATURE

The feminine countenance, like that of the male, is divisible into four compartments. First is the intellectual domain, which should be ample. Power is the second division and should be a good third of the countenance, for it is the seat of pugnacity, of the quarrelsome traits and of the inspirational forces. If the lips fill a liberal expanse in the third division, affections and passions are strong. Vitality is deficient if space for the chin represents less than one-fifth of the length of the countenance.

METCHNIKOFF ON IMMUNITY IN INFECTIVE DISEASES



WHEN it was recognized that bacteria of disease are everywhere around us, that a perfectly healthy person may carry thousands upon his person, may swallow food in which they abound and yet remain healthy, there first presented itself to science, observes the *Revue Scientifique*, the problem of the microbe. Professor Metchnikoff, whose name will rank in medical annals, says the London *Lancet*, with the names of Harvey, Jenner, Lister and Pasteur, set himself to the solution of the problem of the microbe—what it did to the human body and why it sometimes triumphed and sometimes seemed to be powerless. It was thus that he made his great discovery that the microbes, harmless on the surface of the skin or even when swallowed, become dangerous invaders if admitted to the blood through a wound. There they multiply rapidly, producing poisons or toxins. But the blood has a defensive force of its own. As soon as the invaders are recognized the white corpuscles marshal in force and the blood in its turn—though this last detail is a quite recent discovery—produces other toxins or rather produces anti-toxins. The anti-toxins render the bacteria so powerless that the white corpuscles cluster around them and envelop them until they have perished.

The initial discovery, to quote our authority further, gained a world-wide influence from its application practically throughout the field of scientific research. Investigation showed that the man who recovered from a microbic attack of this sort (that is, from a serious infectious illness) was unlikely to contract it again. His blood had been stimulated to produce so great a number of these anti-toxins that future microbes could be resisted with success. It was comparatively easy, therefore, to make the deduction that as soon as a person was attacked by disease, a rapid cure would probably follow if his blood could be made to produce sufficient anti-toxins to enable the white corpuscles or phagocytes to conquer the bacterial invaders. Therefore all efforts were concentrated on this endeavor and it is now accomplished in two ways. Either small quantities of the actual microbic poison (which can be prepared in laboratories) is injected to evoke all the energy and effort of the defending army (the principle employed in vaccination), or, if the defending army (the

white corpuscles) is in a weak condition, reinforcements are brought in from outside through the injection of the serum or blood from an animal which has been itself injected with continual doses till its forces have been made active and a part of them is drawn off in this serum.

Such is the general principle of the anti-toxin treatment. The exact theory of its action and application is not yet finally understood. But at last we have Metchnikoff's own version of the theories upon which the treatment has been built up. He lays stress upon the word "immunity." It supplies a whole point of view, he contends. The aim of his investigations is not to banish disease—the thing may be impossible. It is not to cause what is termed "cure"—there is always the peril of relapse. Still less would he effect what is popularly termed "prevention"—one cannot outwit nature. The point to bear upon is "immunity." Says Metchnikoff in his treatise recently brought out here:*

"When an animal remains unharmed in spite of the penetration of infective agents, it is said to be immune to the diseases usually set up by these agents. This idea embraces a very great number of phenomena, which can not always be sharply separated from allied phenomena. On the one hand, immunity is closely connected with the process of cure. On the other it is related to the disease. An animal may be regarded as unharmed if the penetration of a very dangerous virus sets up merely an insignificant discomfort. Nevertheless, this discomfort is accompanied by morbid symptoms, though they may be very slight. It is useless and impossible to set up any precise limits between immunity and allied states.

"Immunity presents great variability. Sometimes it is very stable and durable. In other cases, it is very feeble and transient. Immunity may be individual or it may be generic. It may be the privilege of a race, of a species.

"Immunity is often innate, as is the case of the immunity, which is called natural. But it may also be acquired. This last category of immunity may be developed either by natural means, after an attack of an infective disease, or as a result of human intervention. The principal means of obtaining artificially acquired immunity consists in the inoculation of viruses and of vaccines.

"Immunity is a phenomenon which has existed on this globe from time immemorial. Immunity must be of as ancient date as is disease. The most simple and the most primitive organisms have constantly to struggle for their existence. They give chase to living organisms in order to obtain food, and they defend themselves against other organisms in order that they may not become their prey."

*IMMUNITY IN INFECTIVE DISEASES. By Elie Metchnikoff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LOWER JAW AS AN INDEX OF CHARACTER



F there be one point upon which all physiognomists seem agreed, observes that noted student of neurosis, Dr. Louis Robinson, it is that firmness of character is expressed in the chin and lower jaw. We all exercise our knowledge of this branch of the science continually when brought face to face with a stranger, and it hardly ever leads us astray. There is something quite unmistakable in the lower half of the face of a man of determined character. It can be read at a glance and from almost any point of view.

Strictly speaking, although we all talk familiarly of a "firm chin," the anatomical chin is not the part which is chiefly concerned in giving that cast of visage which goes with a determined will. It is possible to have a fairly well developed chin and yet to be as unstable as water. The chin proper may be defined as that part of the lower jaw immediately adjacent to the "symphysis" (or line where the two halves of the bone are joined in front). Some curious facts in anthropology have recently been brought to light through a study of this true chin, but it is in the lower jaw rather than in the chin that we find an index of determination or the reverse.

At first sight, the problem as to the nature of the link which we will admit to exist between the will and the jawbone appears insoluble. Why should a man who has certain mental characteristics, the origin of which must without doubt be looked for in the tissues of the brain, show a clear and unmistakable sign of them in his lower jaw more than anywhere else? Although the pronouncements of phrenologists as to the outward and visible signs of various mental qualities have been to a great extent discredited, we all admit the existence of a certain conformity between the shape of the head and the mental character. One must admit also that this correspondence may depend upon the comparative development of certain lobes of the brain which contain the physical mechanism of this or that mental faculty. But in the case before us there can be no question of "organs" or "bumps," such as the phrenologist depends upon in reading character from the shape of the head,—for the lower jaw is anatomically as independent of the brain as is the hand or foot. How, then, are we to account for the invariable correspondence between a certain shape of jaw and certain mental or moral qualities? We

quote from Dr. Robinson's article in *Blackwood's*:

"Sometimes, especially amongst a mixed race like that inhabiting these islands, a problem such as this can be solved by searching into racial history. Every one knows that among our fellow-men red hair carries with it certain peculiarities of temper. Breeders of domestic animals also recognize many kindred links between inward and outward characteristics. Thus a chestnut horse with white legs usually has a fiery temper, a brown roan horse is almost invariably placid, and a rat-tailed horse can almost certainly be depended upon as a strenuous worker. Correspondences of a like kind can be found among dogs and cattle, especially in the case of the more recent breeds. Black retriever dogs are supposed to have derived both their characteristic coats and treacherous tempers from a strain of wolfish blood imported by way of Newfoundland, while among shorthorn cattle the wildness often observed in white animals may perhaps find its explanation in Chillingham Park [where a wild strain of cattle has long been kept for breeding purposes]. In all probability most of such instances of correlation may be explained by the fact that, among the ancestry of modern mixed races, some tribe of men or breed of animals possesses in a marked degree both the inward and outward characteristics which we now find associated, and that wherever the one shows, the other is still linked with it. Most likely some deep-blooded and hot-blooded Celtic tribe of the prehistoric ages is accountable for the people among us whose temper and complexion have been vulgarly summed up in the word 'ginger.' In like manner one may perhaps infer a primeval race of rat-tailed wild horses who lived a strenuous life in some region where flies and provender were not abundant.

"It does not seem possible, however, to interpret the link between the jaw and the character in this way, since it apparently exists in equal degree among every section of the human race. It is, in fact, almost as easy to form an opinion as to the firmness of character of a Negro, a Chinaman, or a Carib, from the shape of his lower jaw, as in the case of a European. I say *almost* as easy, because, in the case of the primitive savage, the shape of the jaw is generally influenced by the extremely hard work which the teeth have to do in the mastication of coarse food. This fact, although apparently a complication of the problem, if looked at in another way gives us a very useful clue. There can be very little doubt that the jawbone is greatly influenced both in size and shape by the vigorous actions of the muscles attached to its surfaces."

It is surprising how rapidly the shape of many of the bones of the human body may be altered, even in adult life, by the use of muscles or by their disuse. Every surgeon who has to examine the part of a limb which remains intact after an amputation has observed

how rapidly the bones which have been rendered useless diminish in size and strength. A remarkable instance of this kind came under the notice of Dr. Robinson himself recently. It is well known that a blacksmith, by a continual and vigorous use of his right arm, obtains not only remarkable muscular development, but also quite as remarkable bony development. This is most easily observed in the collar bone, which, on the side of the working arm, is thick, crooked and rough for the attachment of powerful muscles.

A working engineer, who had been doing a good deal of anvil work, and whose right arm was developed accordingly, was so unfortunate as to lose the limb in a machinery accident. Almost as soon as the poor fellow was out of the hospital he determined to train his left arm and hand for the work and with splendid resolution he succeeded in doing so. Altho he was already a middle-aged man, not only did the muscles of his left arm grow thick and powerful, but the bones, especially the collar-bone, underwent within a few months a corresponding change. On examining him a short time ago, Dr. Robinson found that his right collar bone had become as slender and as smooth as a woman's. The left one had become not only greatly thickened and strengthened, but had acquired that peculiar "S"-like curve usually found upon a blacksmith's right side. This curious crookedness of the collar bone attached to the smith's smiting arm probably saves the body from the jar which would otherwise be conveyed to it from the use of the hammer.

It is easy to see that, supposing certain powerful muscles, such as are attached to the lower jaw, were to become vigorously active, one might in like manner expect a change in the configuration of the bone and in the outline of the face. That such changes do occur can be shown without the introduction of moral or physiological considerations.

Until within the last few months the crews of British fighting ships have had to live mainly upon hard tack. Such food throws heavy work on the muscles of mastication. As a consequence, one never sees a sailor with a weak jaw. Dr. Robinson's attention was first drawn to this fact when some years ago he had to pass a number of boys from a London parish district into the navy. These lads would from time to time reappear in their old haunts when visiting their relatives. The change in them was indeed remarkable, and was made more manifest when they were consorting with their old schoolfellows and com-

panions who had never left the life of the streets:

"Undoubtedly the most noticeable improvement in them, next to their superior stature and healthy appearance, was the total change in the shape and expression of their faces. On analyzing this, one found that it was to be mainly accounted for by the increased growth and improved angle of the lower jaw.

"Recently a remarkable demonstration of the same fact was seen in a crowded London railway station. A train loaded with some hundreds of blue-jackets was standing in the station just at the time when the platform was thronged with citizens on their way to the suburbs. Most of the sailors were looking out of the windows, and the crowd on the platform was looking at the sailors. The contrast between the two sets of jaws thus brought *vis-à-vis* with one another was most striking. Here, on the one side, one had the average civilian, belonging to no one class (many were obviously tradesmen, mechanics, and clerks), but who had been nourished upon the elaborately prepared food common to all tables among highly civilized peoples. On the other were a number of men, not very different in origin, but who had from their youth up been compelled to chew the notoriously hard biscuit and beef with which our seamen have been provided by hide-bound naval tradition for over a century.

"A similar development of the lower jaw appears to result from the habit of chewing 'gum,' which is common in the United States. Certainly among the classes where the habit is prevalent one can detect a wider dental arch than the average, and also an increased prominence of the lower jaw. Tobacco-chewing, a loathsome habit which happily appears to be going out of fashion among civilized people, has been productive of a cast of countenance which will remain historic for all time. 'Uncle Sam' will probably be for ever portrayed as an individual 'lean of flank and lank of jaw,' as Oliver Wendell Holmes verbally depicts him in his humorous apotheosis. Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American Civil War can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man, these long-faced sallow heroes were tobacco-chewers, as were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember, among sailors and working men of Great Britain, men with long angular jaws and wrinkled sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the 'typical Yankee' of caricature."

There is one facial trait that the chewer of tobacco possesses in common with the man-of-war's man and nearly all hard-living savages. His mouth shuts firmly, conveying the impression that he knows his own mind. The same may be said of most of the portraits which have come down to us from ancient and medieval times. Let anyone curious in such

matters compare these portraits with those of modern people, such as may be seen in any photographer's window, and he will find that it is quite exceptional to see among contemporary faces that easy and firm set of the mouth, depending on the shape of the lips and jaws, which is so necessary to the dignity of the human countenance. Three faces out of four which we encounter as we pass along the street lack "character" for the same reason.

When we consider how many otherwise pleasing faces among the young people of modern times are marred by a certain weakness in the outline of the jaw, probably due to the fact that our food is now so elaborately prepared for us as to need but little muscular effort in mastication, one wonders that none of the astute and pushing people now figuring as improvers of human looks have offered their services as professors of jaw gymnastics.

One result of the "soft tack" on which we are all now living is that the lower jaw does not attain growth sufficient to accommodate all the teeth, which, as a consequence, become crowded and defective. Theories have been put forward that the human species is undergoing an evolutionary change, that the number of the teeth is diminishing, because in some cases the wisdom teeth do not appear above the gum or only appear in a very modified form. This is not sound science if the views of the most noted students of evolution be well based. Probably in almost every case this defective development is due to individual jaw-indolence, and not to racial degeneration. Were the next crop of children to be as lightly clothed and as hardly fed as were the brats of the root-eating and acorn-eating ages, the survivors would have a dental equipment as efficient as that of the ancient Britons.

Having now made it sufficiently plain that the shape of the human jaw may be influenced in early life by the action of muscles upon the bone, let us see what bearing this fact has upon the main question with which we set out. If it can be shown that an innate obstinacy of disposition gives rise to habitual activity of the biting muscles, we shall not be far from a solution.

There can be no doubt that the chief ingredients of our moral natures come into the world with us. Without going into metaphysics and discussing the primal causes as to the constitutional differences between soul and soul, we can say with confidence that certain specific arrangements of the nerve cells of the brain which exist in each of us from the beginning, have to do with the outward manifes-

tations of those differences. Not only is the boy father of the man, but the embryo is father of the boy. Very early in life it is possible to observe the differences between those who are naturally timid and those who are naturally courageous, between the placid nature and the querulous. Every man of obstinate will revealed his nature early in life as a wilful youth and a wilful baby:

"Now everyone knows that when we face a sudden crisis of life in a resolute mood we instinctively 'set our teeth.' To get an answer to the question *why* this is the case we must go back very far indeed to a state of development when practically every serious difficulty, whether social or other,—except such as demanded instant flight,—was settled by vigorous biting. I have repeatedly drawn attention to the fact that we have more relics of primordial instincts and habits in our nervous systems than in our physical structure, and this is no exception to the rule. Although ever so many thousand years out of date, the old nervous currents are still set going by the same *stimuli* that first called them forth. Darwin shows, in his book entitled 'The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,' that a sneer is really the remnant of a very expressive threat, viz., a lifting of the lip to display the formidable canine teeth. In like manner the action of setting the teeth, which consists in bracing the biting muscles (just as a batsman braces the muscles of his arms as the ball approaches), is a relic of the habit of getting ready to tackle a foe, or a difficulty, in the simple prehistoric way: nature for the moment being oblivious of the fact that the old dental tactics have been superseded.

"Moreover, careful observation of very young children has shown that, even before there are any teeth to bite with, the infant in a determined mood clenches its gums together by contracting its *temporal* and *masseter* muscles. I am inclined to think that the action of the *temporal* is more responsible for the determined jaw than that of the *masseter*. This may perhaps explain the difference, which is readily discernible, between the square jaw, which indicates determination, and that to which attention has already been drawn, which comes from chewing hard food. In hard-biting animals, such as the bull-dog and the badger, it is the fully developed temporal muscle which gives the characteristic bulging behind the cheeks; and in a man of determined visage not only do we get the effect of a constant pull of the powerful muscle upon the angles of the lower jawbone, but also the equally characteristic fullness of outline of that part of the head between the upper margin of the ear and the brow, where its fleshy body takes origin from the skull. Broadly speaking—although they both act together, the *temporal* appears to be the biting muscle as far as fighting teeth are concerned, while the *masseter* is the biting muscle as far as chewing teeth are concerned.

"Now, given our infant born with a vigorous and dogged will, who habitually braces the above-mentioned muscles whenever that will is brought into conflict with those of other people, we shall have a corresponding growth of the mandible taking place from the very first. As a rule, in young faces, owing to the changes necessary in the grow-

ing jaw for the formation of teeth, and also to the fact that there is a mask of adipose tissue giving a general roundness to the face, the development of the angle of the jaw is not very obvious. Moreover, during the long educational period when submissiveness to authority is an important virtue, and when most of the serious difficulties of life are met by parents and others, a dogged determination of character and its physical manifestations are not much to the fore. Hence it happens that it is when the real battle of life begins we as a

rule first notice that the round-faced boy or girl has, often within a very short time, become a square-jawed and formidable person.

"Whether the squareness of jaw denote a laudable strength and firmness of character, or mere stupid pig-headedness, is not a part of our present problem. This must depend upon the presence or absence of such brain cells as are necessary for the manifestation of other mental and moral faculties, which are quite distinct from the nervous mechanism of the strong will."

BEES AND BLUE FLOWERS

FLOWERS have become blue because blue is the favorite color of the bee, according to Grant Allen. Be this the case or not, some of the most important generalizations of science have been based upon the idea. "There are few scientific theories which have enjoyed a wider popularity than this which ascribes the origin of flowers to the selective action of insects," says that distinguished evolutionary botanist, Professor G. W. Bulman, in a recent paper in *The Nineteenth Century*. We may safely conclude, says Darwin, that if insects had never existed vegetation would not have been decked with beautiful flowers. The idea thus widely put forth has been taken up and developed in what Professor Bulman deems a remarkable way. The thought that insects, by visiting the flowers for their own ends, have unconsciously played the part of florists and have produced for us the varied blossoms of field and wood, is now denounced by Professor Bulman as error, very misleading error. There is a notion, he points out, that even green flowers have actually "tried to become blue" in response to the solicitation of the bee. What an absurdity, comments the scientist we quote, and how it has misled the ablest scientists! Professor Bulman's argument runs in this way:

"The evolution of the blue flower by the bee became a classic in the fairytales of science. In one of Mr. Grant Allen's fascinating essays he explains the origin of the blue monk's-hood from a plain yellow flower like a buttercup. The story runs as follows: In the far-off past there was a plain buttercup-like flower of a yellow color. Let us call it a buttercup, altho it could not be identified with any living species. To these buttercups the bees resorted for pollen and nectar. Now, amongst them there were some with a tinge of blue. These the bees selected for their visits. They were thus cross-fertilized and produced more numerous and vigorous offspring than those which were not blue and not selected. And in

succeeding generations bluer and bluer flowers chanced to appear, and were selected by the bees in a similar way. Thus the yellow buttercup grew bluer and bluer. At the same time there were trifling variations in the shape of a flower. A petal in some was bent over to form a protection for the nectar. These were selected, and gradually in a similar way the hood of the monk's-hood was evolved. So with the other peculiarities in the shape of the flower. Then it chanced that a plant arose with more numerous flowers on one stem. This was immediately noticed and seized on by the bee. And as flowers appeared more closely grouped on a stem they continued to attract the bee by their greater conspicuousness, and were selected and benefited. At last appeared the tall spiked inflorescence of the monk's-hood with its closely set, blue-hooded flowers. Such is the story of the bee and the blue flower, told in less poetic language, but substantially the same as the more fascinating account of Mr. Grant Allen.

"But there is a white variety of our common blue monk's-hood, and Darwin relates a curious fact about it. 'Dr. W. Ogle [he writes] has communicated to me a curious case. He gathered in Switzerland 100 flower-stems of the common blue variety of the monk's-hood (*Aconitum napellus*), and not a single flower was perforated; he then gathered 100 stems of a white variety growing close by, and every one of the open flowers had been perforated.' This shows, at least, that the white monk's-hood had been frequently visited by bees—it suggests that it may have been more visited than the blue.

"And then there is a yellow species of monk's-hood (*Aconitum vulparia*). Now, was this yellow monk's-hood derived from the blue or the blue from the yellow? Or perhaps we should rather say, was their common ancestor yellow or blue? If the former, then where was the bees' taste for blue during the long ages when the yellow monk's-hood was being evolved from the buttercup? And if the bees' taste came later, how has the yellow monk's-hood remained yellow in spite of it? If, on the other hand, the common ancestor was blue, how could a yellow be derived from it by the 'azure-loving bee'?"

What grounds are there, then, asks Professor Bulman, for supposing that blue is the favorite color of the bee? The belief that bees

prefer blue, which forms so essential a portion of the theory, is founded solely on certain experiments carried out by Lord Avebury. These experiments consisted in placing honey on slips of glass over paper of various colors and noting carefully the visits of a particular bee, or several bees, to this honey. Now, the results of these observations showed not that a bee visited the honey over the blue paper only, but that it paid a larger number of visits to this than to that over any one of the other colors. The experiments showed at the most only a somewhat limited and partial preference for blue on the part of the bee.

Lord Avebury says he put some honey on a piece of blue paper, and when a bee had made several journeys, and thus become accustomed to the blue color, Lord Avebury placed some more honey in the same manner on orange paper about a foot away. And again, having accustomed a bee to come to honey on blue paper, Lord Avebury ranged in a row other supplies of honey on glass slips placed over papers of other colors—yellow, orange, red, green, black and white. But Professor Bulman notes that it was only after a bee had become accustomed to take the honey off blue paper that it was put to the test. Surely the fair test would have been to offer the bee honey on the different colors when it first came. But, as a matter of fact, Professor Bulman believes Lord Avebury's experiments show not that bees prefer blue, but that they can distinguish and appreciate color.

But if the bee does prefer blue, and if Lord Avebury's experiments be held to prove it, they could easily be repeated by others. It is a significant fact that they have never been confirmed by any other observer. It may even be doubted whether Lord Avebury himself has repeated them a sufficient number of times to completely eliminate the element of chance. One scientist who tried similar experiments found that the color of the paper beneath the honey made no difference in the frequency of the bees' visits. But then he had not first accustomed the bees to come to the blue.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that Lord Avebury's experiments had been conducted under sufficiently rigid conditions, that they have been repeated often enough and that he is justified in the conclusions he has drawn from them. Even this would not be enough:

"If this preference on the part of the bee is to make it efficient as an evolver of blue flowers, it must show it by picking out blue flowers for its visits. And if the action of the bee in nature

seems to contradict Lord Avebury's conclusions, it is surely these latter that will have to be explained away. Let us, then, look at the real bee at work among the flowers. It occurs at once that a decisive experiment would be to present a bee with a number of flowers of a similar shape and scent, but differing in color. And anyone who possesses a garden will find all the details for the experiment arranged for him there. He has only to go out, note-book in hand, and jot down the progress of the experiment. A bed of hyacinths, for example, often presents us with the three colors, red, white, and blue together. Watch the bees on such a bed. As they arrive, one goes first to a white flower, another to a blue, and a third to a red. They pass from white to blue or red, from red to blue or white, and from blue to white or red. They take the different colors, in fact, in every order possible on the mathematical theory of permutations. And let us note that Darwin himself observed and recorded the fact that bees pass indifferently from one color to another in the same species.

"Then, again, what are the colors of the flowers on which we see the bees at work in our gardens and in the fields? Consider the case of green flowers, those which, according to the theory, have remained in that state from which the bee has redeemed the more brightly colored. These have presumably remained green because they have not been chosen by the bee. So, then, we should expect to find them neglected by the 'azure-loving' insect. But there are a number of green or greenish flowers much frequented by bees. In April bees innumerable may be seen gathering nectar from the uncompromisingly green flowers of the sycamore."

In other words, we have a sheer delusion, according to Professor Bulman, supported, as the delusion is, by the great name of Darwin and by the weight of names so distinguished as those of Grant Allen and Lord Avebury, used as the basis of generalizations in three important sciences—botany, zoology and biology. Nay, so firmly implanted is the notion of responsibility of the bee for the spread of blue flowers that even to contest the idea is to incur ridicule. Nevertheless, insists Professor Bulman, there is no basis whatever for the belief. It is merely an instance of the readiness of generalizers to accept facts at second hand if only those facts be supported by sufficiently eminent authority. We need not, he adds, pursue the color question through the pinks, reds, purples and other shades to convince ourselves of the grossness of the delusion with which we are now dealing. It would, indeed, be difficult to name any color which bees do not appreciate as much as blue. Not that the bee despises blue flowers. There are blue flowers much visited, but these are neither more numerous in species nor more frequently visited than green, yellow or white. The bee, in fact, is indifferent to the color of the flower it visits.

Recent Poetry



WO of the pupils of Professor Woodberry, late of Columbia University, are in evidence just now in the form of recently published volumes of verse. One of them, Louis V. Ledoux, just misses the note of distinction, and his volume ("The Soul's Progress and Other Poems"), while it has poetic merit, savors a little too much of the thesis. We do not light upon the surprises, either of thought or of expression, that instantly make a captive of the reader, and there is no one poem that compels quotation here. The other pupil, John Erskine, in his volume entitled "Actæon and Other Poems" (John Lane Company), takes his place at once as one of the most promising of our minor poets. His themes are often academic, but the treatment is fresh and virile. The title-poem has real poetic nobility, and we regret that its length will not admit of reproduction in our pages. We reprint the following instead:

WINTER SONG TO PAN

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Pan sleeps within the forest! There I heard
Him piping once, there once I heard him shame
The wild bird with his note, but now he sleeps,
Wrapped in the ragged driftings of the snow,
Half-naked to the wind, and by his side
The magic pipes, long fallen from weary hands.

God of the drowsy noon, awake! awake!
Pipe me a summer tone once more, and pipe
Thy godhead back again. Hast thou forgot
The finger-tips a-tingle on the pipes,
The musing tone a-tremble on the lips,
The sweets divinely breathed, the summer sweets?
Hast thou forgot the noonday peace, the touch
Of forest-greenness resting on the world,
The hollow water-tinkle of the brooks,
The startled drone of some low-circling bee?
Once thou didst love the heat, the hushed bird-song.

The rich half-silence, breathing mystery:
It is full-silence now; now bird and bee
Are silent, and the crystal-frozen brooks
That wind mute silver through the land, like veins
In quarried stone; the forest voice is gone;
Hark to the withered crackle of the leaf
Whose sigh of old was beautiful! The pipes
Of Pan are stopped with icicles, where once
Breath of a god made music. Foolish god!
Thy finger-tips must tingle now with cold,
And only frost be trembling on thy lips.
Thou art but half a god, and see, the cold
Hath gnawed away thy half-divinity,
And made thee seem all beast! The mocking
chill

Of winter parodies our human grief
In thee; those bitter ice-drops on thy cheek,
Was ever human tear so hard and cruel?
Age cannot touch the gods, but see, the snow

Hath crowned thee whiter than a thousand years!
All this is for thy sleep! Awake, O Pan!
Breathe on thy pipes again, O bring me back
One summer day, and be the god of old!
Make loud the brook, and rouse the droning bee,
And come thou to thy kingdom back, and pipe.
I wait for thee, for thee my song I raise,
But at thy waking thou shalt answer me,
And bird and leaf and brook and drowsy noon
Shall meet the wild bee's droning in thy song.
O summer-bringing voice, return, O Pan!

PARTING

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Not in thine absence, nor when face
To face, thy love means most to me,
But in the short-lived parting-space,
The cadence of felicity.

So music's meaning first is known,
Not while the bird sings all day long,
But when the last faint-falling tone
Divides the silence from the song.

Mr. William B. Yeats has of late been abandoning lyrical for dramatic expression, and in his volume of collected "Lyrical Poems" (just published by Macmillans), he confesses, in a preface, to "no little discontent" with his earlier work, when he was influenced by the desire "to be as easily understood as the Young Ireland writers,—to write always out of the common thought of the people." He likens himself to a traveler newly arrived in a city, who at first notices nothing but the news of the market-place, the songs of the workmen, the great public buildings; but who, after some months, has come to let his thoughts run upon some little carving in a niche, some Ogham on a stone, or the conversation of a green countryman. Now, in his dramatic work (a collection of which is to appear in the Spring), he is, he admits, half returning to his first ambition. Mr. Yeats must, of course, follow the laws of literary development, but we could almost wish that he would not only half return, but altogether return to his earlier ambition,—at least that he would now and then turn from his dramatic work to give us more of the glamor and mystery of his early lyrics. We reprint one of his earliest and best-known poems and one of his later lyrics:

THE SONG OF THE HAPPY SHEPHERD

BY WILLIAM B. YEATS

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Gray Truth is now her painted toy;

Yet still she turns her restless head:
 But O, sick children of the world,
 Of all the many changing things
 In dreary dancing past us whirled,
 To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
 Words alone are certain good.
 Where are now the warring kings,
 Word be-mockers?—By the Rood,
 Where are now the warring kings?
 An idle word is now their glory,
 By the stammering schoolboy said,
 Reading some entangled story:
 The kings of the old time are fled.
 The wandering earth herself may be
 Only a sudden flaming word,
 In clanging space a moment heard,
 Troubling the endless reverie.

Then no wise worship dusty deeds,
 Nor seek; for this is also sooth;
 To hunger fiercely after truth,
 Lest all thy toiling only breeds
 New dreams, new dreams; there is no truth
 Saving in thine own heart. Seek, then,
 No learning from the starry men,
 Who follow with the optic glass
 The whirling ways of stars that pass—
 Seek, then, for this is also sooth,
 No word of theirs—the cold star-bane
 Has cloven and rent their hearts in twain,
 And dead is all their human truth.
 Go gather by the humming sea
 Some twisted, echo-harboring shell,
 And to its lips thy story tell,
 And they thy comforters will be,
 Rewording in melodious guile
 Thy fretful words a little while,
 Till they shall singing fade in ruth,
 And die a pearly brotherhood;
 For words alone are certain good;
 Sing, then, for this is also sooth.
 I must be gone: there is a grave
 Where daffodil and lily wave,
 And I would please the hapless faun,
 Buried under the sleepy ground,
 With mirthful songs before the dawn.
 His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
 And still I dream he treads the lawn,
 Walking ghostly in the dew,
 Pierced by my glad singing through,
 My songs of old earth's dreamy youth:
 But ah! she dreams not now; dream thou!
 For fair are poppies on the brow:
 Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.

NEVER GIVE ALL THE HEART

BY WILLIAM B. YEATS

Never give all the heart, for love
 Will hardly seem worth thinking of
 To passionate women, if it seem
 Certain, and they never dream
 That it fades out from kiss to kiss;
 For everything that's lovely is
 But a brief dreamy kind delight.
 O never give the heart outright
 For they, for all smooth lips can say,
 Have given their hearts up to the play.
 And who could play it well enough
 If deaf and dumb and blind with love?
 He that made this knows all the cost,
 For he gave all his heart and lost.

It is a little late for New Year's poetry, but the poem below is a New Year's poem only in name. Mr. Hardy has given us before his strange conception of God. It is "orthodox" neither from a religious nor a poetical point of view, tho it has some likeness to the strange misshapen monsters to whom Hindu worshippers bow in supplication. We reprint from *The Fortnightly Review*:

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY THOMAS HARDY

"I have finished another year," said God,
 "In grey, green, white, and brown;
 I have strewn the leaf upon the sod,
 Sealed up the worm within the clod,
 And let the last sun down."

"And what's the good of it?" I said,
 "What reasons made You call
 From formless void this earth I tread,
 When nine-and-ninety can be read
 Why nought should be at all?"

"Yea, Sire; why shaped You us, 'who in
 This tabernacle groan'?—
 If ever a joy be found herein,
 Such joy no man had wished to win
 If he had never known!"

Then He: "My labors logicless
 You may explain; not I:
 Sense-sealed I have wrought, without a guess
 That I evolved a Consciousness
 To ask for reasons why!"

"Strange, that ephemeral creatures who
 By my own ordering are,
 Should see the shortness of my view,
 Use ethic tests I never knew,
 Or made provision for!"

He sank to raptness as of yore,
 And opening New Year's Day
 Wove it by rote as theretofore,
 And went on working evermore
 In His unweeting way.

There is joy in contrast, and another British novelist who has taken to writing in verse furnishes us about as sharp a contrast to the foregoing as one could conceive of. Marie Corelli has written a hymn for a Sunday-school book. It is very sweet and simple. Five of the stanzas are as follows:

AT EVENTIDE

BY MARIE CORELLI

In our hearts celestial voices
 Softly say:
 "Day is passing, night is coming,
 Kneel and pray!"

Father, we obey the summons;
 Hear our cry.
 Pity us and help our weakness,
 Thou Most High.

For the joys that most we cherish
Praised be Thou.
Good and gentle art Thou ever,
Hear us now.

We are only little children
Kneeling here—
And we want our loving father
Always near.

Take us in Thy arms and keep us
As Thine own.
Gather us like little sunbeams
'Round Thy throne.

In thirty-nine lines the author of the following poem has contrived to embody a surprising amount of the beauty, the thrill and the inspiration of the supreme hour in the life of the discoverer of America. The poem is printed in *Munsey's* with elaborately colored illustrations:

COLUMBUS

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

The night air brings strange whisperings—vague scents—

Over the unknown ocean, which his dreams
Had spanned with visions of new continents—
Fragrance of clove and sandal, and the balms
With which the heavy tropic forest teems,
And murmur as of wind among the palms.

They breathe across the high deck, where he
stands

With far-set eyes, as one who dreams awake,
Waiting sure dawn of undiscovered lands;
Till, on the slow lift of the purple swells,
The golden radiance of the morning break,
Lighting the emblazoned sails of caravels.

Then from the foremost sounds a sudden cry—
The Old World's startled greeting to the New—
For, lo! The land, across the western sky!
The exultant land! Oh, long-starved hopes,
black fears,

Scoffings of courtiers, mutinies of crew—
Answered forever, as that shore appears!

Great Master Dreamer! Grandeur than Cathay,
Richer than India, that new Western World
Shall flourish when Castile has passed away.
Not even thy gigantic vision spanned
Its future, as with Cross, and flag unfurled,
Thy deep Te Deum sounded on the strand!

By this still outpost of the unbounded shore—
This small, bright island, slumbering in the
sea,

A long, resistless tide of life shall pour,
Loosed from its long-worn fetters, joyous, free,
Leaping to heights none ever touched before
And hurrying on to greater things to be.

The end is larger than thy largest plan,
Nobler than golden fleets of argosies
The land and life new-opening to man.
Within the womb of this mysterious morn
Quickened vast cities, mighty destinies,
Ideals and empires, waiting to be born.

But yet—there are but three small caravels,
Wrapped in the magic radiance of the seas,
Slow-moved, and heaving on low-bosomed swells.

Whether the exquisite love-story of Heloise and Abelard needs to be retold in any other form than that which has melted the heart of the world for seven hundred years, is perhaps debatable. No doubt on the subject has deterred Ella Wheeler Wilcox from essaying to put into sonnet form the letters of the lovers, and in doing so she has retained their language, she says, to such an extent that the sonnets are "little more than a rhyming paraphrase of the immortal letters." *The Cosmopolitan* publishes the sonnets in two instalments. We quote several from the February number:

HELOISE TO ABELARD

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

By that vast love and passion which I bore you,
By these long years of solitude and grief,
By all my vows, I pray and I implore you,
Assuage my sorrows with a sweet relief.
Among these holy women, sin abhorring,
Whose snow-white thoughts fly ever to the
Cross,

I am a sinner, with my passions warring,
All unrepentant, grieving for my loss.
Oh, not through zeal, religion, or devotion,
Did I abandon those dear paths we trod;
I followed only one supreme emotion,
I took the veil for Abelard—not God!
O vows, O convent, thou have estranged
My lover's heart, behold my own unchanged!

Within the breast these sacred garments cover,
There is no altar of celestial fire:
I am a woman, weeping for my lover,
The victim of a hungering heart's desire.
Veiled as I am, behold in what disorder
Your will has plunged me; and in vain I try,
By prayer and rite, to reach some tranquil border,
Where virtues blossom and where passions die.
But when I think the conquest gained, some
tender

And radiant memory rises from the past;
Again to those sweet transports I surrender;
Remembered kisses feed me while I fast.
Thou lost my lover, still my love endures;
Thou sworn to God, my life is wholly yours.

Before the altar, even, unrepenting,
I carry that lost dream with all its charms;
Again to love's dear overtures consenting,
I hear your voice, I seek your sheltering arms.
Again I know the rapture and the languor,
By fate forbidden and by vows debarred;
Nor can the thought of God in all His anger
Drive from my heart the thought of Abelard.
My widowed nights, my days of rigorous duty,
My resignation of the world I knew,
My buried youth, my sacrifice of beauty,
Were all oblations offered up to you.
O Master, husband, father, let me move
With those fond names your heart to pitying love.

* * * * *

By all my chains, my burdens, and my fetters,
I plead with you to ease their galling weight,
And with the soothing solace of your letters,
To teach me resignation to my fate.
Since you no more may breathe love's fervent
story,

I would be bride of heaven. Oh, tell me how!
Awake in me an ardor for that glory,
The love divine, so lacking in me now!
As once your songs related all love's pleasures,
Relate to me the rapture of your faith.
Unlock the storehouse of your new-found treasures,
And lend a radiance to my living death.
Oh, think of me, and help me through the years!
Adieu!—I blot this message with my tears.

ABELARD TO HELOISE

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Knowing the years of our delight were past,
And those seductive days no more could lure,
I sought religion's fetters to make fast
The sinful heart, that purposed to be pure.
In this seclusion, to conceal my shame:
In this asylum, to forget. Alas!
The very silence shouts aloud your name:
Through every sunbeam does your radiance
pass.
I fled, to leave your image far behind,
I pictured you the enemy of hope,
Yet, still I seek you, seek you in my mind,
And down the aisles of memory I grope.
I hate, I love, I pray, and I despair,
I blame myself, and grief is everywhere.

Religion bids me hold my thoughts in check,
Since love in me can have no further part;
But as wild billows dash upon a wreck,
So passions rise and beat upon my heart.
The habit of the penitent I wear,
The altars where I grovel bring no peace;
God gives not heed nor answer to my prayer,
Because the flames within me do not cease:
They are but hid with ashes, and I lack
The strength to flood them with a grace di-
vine,

For memory forever drags me back
And bids me worship at the olden shrine.
Your image rises, shrouded in its veil,
And all my resolutions droop and fail.

* * * * *
This mortal love, when dwelt upon with joy,
The love of God may not annihilate.
Oh, would you with old memories destroy
My piety, in its incipient state?
My vows to God grow feeble, in the war
With thoughts of you, and Duty's voices die,
Unanswered, down my soul's dark corridor,
While through my heart sweeps passion's des-
perate cry.

And can you hear confessions such as these,
And thrust your love between my God and me?
Withdraw yourself, unhappy Heloise,
Be heaven's alone, and let my life go free.
Drain sorrow's chalice, bravely take your cross;
To win back God, lies through the creature's loss.

One of the youngest of our new poets is
George Sylvester Viereck, who is scarcely out
from under the academic shades of his alma

mater, yet who has done work in poetry and
prose that has attracted marked attention both
in Germany and America. A volume of his
poems written in German has been published
and well noticed in Berlin, Brentano has pub-
lished a volume of his plays, and Moffat & Yard
are about to publish a volume of his poems in
English. One of them appears in *The Smart
Set*:

THE EMPIRE CITY

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Huge steel-ribbed monsters rise into the air,
Her Babylonian towers, while on high
Like gilt-scaled serpents glide the swift trains
by,
Or underfoot creep to their secret lair.
A thousand lights are jewels in her hair,
The sea her girdle and her crown the sky;
Her veins abound, the fevered pulses fly;
Immense, defiant, breathless, she stands there

And ever listens in the ceaseless din
Waiting for him, her lover who shall come,
Whose singing lips shall boldly claim their
own
And render sonant what in her was dumb,
The splendor and the madness and the sin,
Her dreams in iron and her thoughts of
stone.

From California comes this tribute to the
pioneer. We find it in *The Independent*:

A PIONEER

By MARY AUSTIN

Goodhope came out of Warwick Mead,
Hating the law of the elder son,
And the Old-World rule by which they breed
Each to the guerdon his father won;
Never a chance for God to make
A good true man for his manhood's sake.

Goodhope came to a big new land,
Noblest ever a free man trod,
Hollow and hill-slope fitly planned
Fresh from the glacier mills of God,
Rain-wet steeps where the redwoods grew,
Rivers roaring the valleys through.

That was a land for a man to love;
Rosy the snow the spent cloud spills
Over the dark-spiked pines above,
Rosy with blossom the round-browed hills;
Wind-sown lichens of russet and red,
Never a rock uncomforted.

Goodhope gave of his best to the land—
For a new land takes of a man his best,
Blood and body and brain and hand—
Goodhope trusted the land for the rest,
And the land repaid him the deep-drawn breath,
And the high red pulse that laughs at death.

Paid him the increase of barn and byre,
Drudged for him deep in her secret ways,
Wrought him a balm for his heart's desire,

Rendered him coin of her noble days,
Mothered him, moulded him till he grew
Fittest for working her purpose through.

Goodhope wrestled with flood and wood;
And this is the law of the Pioneer—
Where one true man makes foothold good
Ten true fellows may stand next year.
Into the wilderness drove the wedge;
Men like these were its cutting edge.

Goodhope walked in a fair, large town,
Mill-smoke wreathing the thin white spires—
Whispers of empire ran up and down,
Pulsing over the world-strung wires,
Heard men say with a laugh and a sneer
"There is old Goodhope, the Pioneer."

Goodhope died at the end of days.
Men with their feet in the ruts of trade
Dealt him a tardy dole of praise
For the good they won from the chance he
made,
Said, "It is well that our schemes have room,"
Elbowed and jostled above his tomb.

Raised to him never a monument,
Leaving him prone in his well-loved sod.
Back to its blossoms his ashes went,
But somewhere far in the halls of God,
Farther than prophet or sage can peer,
The spirit of Goodhope is Pioneer.

Here is another poem (in *Scribner's*) that gets
its inspiration from the backward glance:

THE FALL OF THE OAK

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

With front majestic o'er his fellows lifted,
Three hundred years he watched the dawn
come in,
Turn its long lances on the night-mists drifted,
And slope by slope the world to daylight win.

The gaunt, gray figure at his vitals striking
Seems but an infant to the ancient tree
Whose youth looked down on grandsons of the
Viking
And rough newcomers from an unknown sea.

He saw Winonah's wigwams careless cluster
Where now the corn-shocks camp in ordered
files,
And heard low thunders of the bison's muster
Where clouds of sheep now fleck the fertile
miles.

Much, much has passed him down the ages rang-
ing,
Old names of men, old towns and states and
wars—
The fields, the ways, the very earth went chang-
ing—
He only stood—he and the steadfast stars.

And now, alas! low, low behind him wheeling
Sinks the red sun he shall not see go down,
And his own crest, in strangest ruin reeling,
Droops not the slower for its long renown.
The woods look on in silent grief attending,

The winds no mourning make around his
stem—
Too weak their wailing for a giant's ending—
The oak's own downfall is his requiem,

And now begins; his great heart-strings are
breaking;
His branches tremble; now his mighty head
He stoops, and then, the hillside round him shak-
ing,
With whirlwind roar falls crashing prone and
dead.

And watched afar by many a frowning column
The woodman homeward moves while shadows
run,
And leaves behind him in the twilight solemn
Three hundred years of life and work undone.

Very vivid and true to life is the picture in
the following poem (from *Everybody's*) that
describes an experience familiar to New Yorkers:

CROSSING BY FERRY AT NIGHT

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

Softly, with scarce a tremor to betray,
She slips her noisy moorings for the dark,
Clears the chafed waters where her comrades
sway,
Swings into shadow like a phantom bark,
And we are under way.

The sudden wind comes hushing back our breath,
The darkness takes our sight. This side, that
side,
The nameless river-reaches open wide,
The distance sucks us in; and underneath
We cleave the thwarting tide.

Black air, black water, blackness like a pall,
No moon, and not a star in heaven's height.
Look—like a strange handwriting on the wall—
A beauteous chain unbound along the night,
Each link a light—

The City! . . . Yonder fades the Jersey flare,
As dim as yesterday. The way before
Is like a path of glory, now. We wear
The dark for wings, and set our hearts to dare
That wondrous waiting shore.

A new poem by Julia Ward Howe is an inter-
esting event. The subject in this case makes it
doubly interesting. We quote from *Collier's*:

ROBERT E. LEE

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

A gallant foeman in the fight,
A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the heart of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

Recent Fiction and the Critics



LUCAS MALET (Mrs. Mary St. Legar Harrison), daughter of Charles Kingsley, stands among the foremost English novelists. "Like her handful of peers," remarks the New York *Herald*, "she has too great a respect for her art to scamp performance by overhaste." She has

THE FAR
HORIZON

in fact been even less productive than George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, or the chiefest of her sisters, Mrs. Humphry Ward. Between "Sir Richard Calmody," the last preceding work from her pen, and the publication of her present book,* six years of uninterrupted silence have elapsed. In her new book this gifted writer "experiences" religion. It is a curious fact that the daughter of Charles Kingsley, whose attack on the Roman Catholic faith drew from Cardinal Newman his famous "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," has followed in the footsteps of her father's antagonist. Several years ago, we read, Mrs. Harrison became a convert to the Church of Rome. In the present book she depicts the story of a similar conversion. A significant quotation from Jeremiah faces the title-page: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest." *The Literary World* (London) remarks that an observation made by one of the characters in the book, "There's nothing for making unpleasantness like religion and marriages," would have been an apter text than the quotation given above. "We cannot," says the reviewer, "help deploring certain references to Protestantism that might well have been omitted." *The Times Saturday Review*, in a special editorial, hails the novel as "the book of the year." It adds that the author "is not abroad on the sorry work of proselytizing, which is clearly not in her line at all." The London *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, asserts with no less conviction: "There is an impression of proselytism left on the mind of the reader which immensely detracts from the power of her story." *The Times* editorial especially praises the style of the book. "It is readable in no ordinary way. One does not hurry through its pages intent only on the story, but it both invites and repays leisurely attention. One reads, also, with no very distinct sense of the author's style, which is unobtrusive and free from vagar-

ies." But here again a host of reviewers differ. The *Daily Mail* reviewer, whom we have already quoted, while hesitating to apply the epithet "amateurish" to the novel, deplors the loss of the "masterly grip" that distinguished the author's previous efforts. The New York *Evening Post* avers:

"The style of Lucas Malet does not improve. It is diffuse, artificial, often pretentious: a style which would be considered distinctively literary by unliterary persons. It borders, at its worst, upon that of Miss Corelli. Nor can Lucas Malet's style in the larger sense be commended; her novels are flimsy of structure, and cumbered with superfluities."

"The Far Horizon," it goes on to say, "is not that 'book of the year' toward which, it is understood, the whole creation moves. It does not strike one as a book which had to be written, or will have to be read. But it possesses the treasure of a really original and affecting central motive."

Mrs. Harrison's novel contains no plot to speak of. It is chiefly a study of four characters. Each of these is considered by at least one reviewer to be drawn in most craftsmanlike style. Most critics, however, agree on two of the characters, Dominic Iglesias, a superannuated pensioned London bank-clerk, son of a Spanish father and an Irish mother, and Poppy St. John, a delightful young comedienne with a doubtful past but indubitable kindness of heart. "She is," says the London *Times*, "a chattering actress with innocent eyes to whom Mrs. Harrison contrives to lend a kind of charm. As a matter of fact," it goes on to say, "Poppy is no more and no less than the good-hearted courtesan—the one, that is, who is (and always has been) rescued from her lower nature by the chivalrous hero. She has not yet appeared in real life, but she has had life enough in fiction and on the stage to make up for that with most people by this time."

The two are used as foils. Poppy gives color to the book, Dominic soul. They learn to love each other, but their affection, in the phrase of one reviewer, is "one of the most platonic recorded in fiction." While "Sir Richard Calmody," centered around a crippled dwarf of unprepossessing exterior and brilliant intellectual qualities, the story in "The Far Horizon" is woven about the pensioned bank clerk. There are in the present book none of the objectionable elements of the former.

*THE FAR HORIZON. By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Company.

It is its theme,—the growth of Dominic Iglesias toward the intellectual and even physical repose of the Catholic Church that he had renounced in boyhood, and to which he returns at the age of fifty as a child to its loving mother—that, in the opinion of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, gives Mrs. Harrison's story its power over the reader and its most potent literary significance. Here the author brings into play her keenest intellectual and stylistic gifts. Marvelous is the description of Dominic's redemption:

"Quietly yet fearlessly, as one who comes by long-established right, Dominic walked the length of the nave"—[the scene was Brompton Oratory, and Dominic was then entering a church for the first time in many years]—"knelt devoutly on both knees, prostrating himself as, long ago, in the days of early childhood his mother taught him to do at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Now, after all these years—and a sob rose in his throat—he seemed to feel her hand upon his shoulder, the gentle pressure of which enjoined reverence. Then rising, he took his place in the second row of seats on the gospel side, and remained there, through the concluding acts of the ceremonial, until the silent congregation suddenly finds voice—penetrated by austere emotion—in recitation of the Divine Praises. Some minutes later he knelt in the confessional, laying bare the secrets of his heart. Thus did Dominic Iglesias cast off the bondage of that monstrous mother, London town, cast off the terror of those unbidden companions, Loneliness and Old Age, using freedom—as the world counts such action—to abjure freedom; and taking the risks, humbly reconcile himself to Holy Church."

"The Far Horizon" is easily the most widely discussed book of the year. It is possible that the author's religious point of view may have cost her the sympathy of many reviewers. It should be remembered that, as Mary K. Ford points out in *The Bookman* (New York), while the zeal of the convert is manifest in many pages of the book, there is nothing dogmatic in the central idea of the story, which tells of "godly endeavor faithfully to travel the road which leads to the far horizon touched by the illimitable glory of the Uncreated Light."

"It is almost as if a new Dickens had swum into our ken, but a Dickens who knows how to curb the tendency to indulge in cari-

JOSEPH cature and humorous exaggeration, a
VANCE Dickens whose sentiment escapes the touch of artificiality and mawkishness." With such strong words of praise an austere reviewer salutes the approach of William De Morgan, whose "ill-written autobiography,"* as he himself calls it, is pronounced by *The*

Dial the "fictional surprise of the season." Mr. De Morgan comes as a stranger to the literary chronicler. *The Dial* reviewer welcomes for that reason all the more cheerfully "this singularly rich, mellow, and human narrative, which is garrulous in the genial sense, and as effective as it is unpretending. Possibly," he adds, "the author's frequently reiterated disclaimer of literary intent may be thought to savor of affectation, but we cannot find it in our heart to say anything that has even the suggestion of harshness about a book that has given us so much pleasure."

The Chicago *Evening Post* resents even the comparison with Dickens. It admits that De Morgan writes of the middle class and of the mid-century as Dickens liked to write, but it insists that the latter, great as he was, had no monopoly of either humor or originality. The reviewer goes on to say:

"De Morgan's touch is very delicate. He is not sensational and not sentimental, although 'Joseph Vance' is primarily a story of strong attachments. He thinks from the point of view of the cosmopolitan Englishman, and like him remains English to the end. His Joseph Vance has all the attributes that unite to make an English gentleman a satisfactory product of civilization."

The same reviewer sheds light on the personality of the author, which in the case of a work full of intimate personal touches, cannot but add to the interest. He says:

"In the year 1863 Lady Burne-Jones writes: 'Our friendship with William De Morgan, son of Professor Augustus De Morgan, began in Great Russell street, when his rare wit attracted us before we knew his other lovable qualities.' This is an epitome of the impression made after many days by William Frend De Morgan in his book 'Joseph Vance.' We knew of him as the son of the great mathematician and logician and as an intimate of some artists of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. And at least one house in Chicago possesses fine examples of the famous luster tiles of his designing and manufacturing. Yet an examination of the English 'Who's Who' of 1905 does not discover his name. In truth the achievement that was to bring him before a larger public was still to come. Occasionally there is slight clew to the author's tastes and predilections, as when Joseph Vance gets on because he has a genius for mathematics, or when, later, Joseph Vance and his friend Macallister join in the business of inventing and manufacturing. For engines one might read glazes and titles. Otherwise William De Morgan makes way for his hero."

Of the hero of the book *The Outlook* (New York) remarks:

"Here, in 'Joseph Vance,' is a sweet-spirited old man who has loved much, known many friends worth knowing, suffered in silence for love's sake, and at last has had his reward. He has a kindly perception of the foibles and weak-

*JOSEPH VANCE. *An Ill-written Autobiography*. By William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Company.

nesses of some odd characters with which his story is involved and of the good qualities of others, and soon one feels that he knows these people as intimately as did the narrator. From childhood to old age we accompany Joseph with growing pleasure in his joy and sorrow, in his griefs and troubles. Two characters stand out with singular distinctness—Joseph's father, who, despite his weakness for the bottle and his perversity in distorting names, has rough strength and startling originality; the other, Lossie, Joseph's early and late love, is a charmingly simple and true woman, a character one instinctively classes with Thackeray's Laura. In short, 'Joseph Vance' amuses by its willful divagations from the straight path of narrative, quietly pleases by its wholesome sentiment, and leaves one with an impression of thorough enjoyment such as one had from the 'old-fashioned' novel that preceded the quick-seller and the instantaneous-effect fiction of the day."

Olivia Howard Dunbar, in *The North American Review*, expresses her surprise that a contemporary of James and Meredith should have been so far able to resist the influences of his time as to produce a novel that is mid-Victorian to the least syllable. She offers, however, the ingenious explanation that possibly "the elaborate simplicity of 'Joseph Vance' is the disguise of a shrewd artfulness, and that it was Mr. De Morgan's sophisticated intention to imply a comment on literary fashions with which he may not happen to be in sympathy." However, it is also possible that "the novel's period of incubation may have been unnaturally prolonged, and it may literally be a lonely survival of the age of Dickens and Thackeray, discipleship to both of which masters it frankly displays. In any case," she remarks, "one finds oneself comparing this 'ill-written autobiography,' as the title-page proclaims it, with novels of recognized importance, rather than with the ill-considered companions of its hour of publication. 'Joseph Vance,'" she concludes, "is probably the only book of its kind that the present generation will offer; therefore the most may as well be made of the temperate, mellow, elderly enjoyment it affords."

Mr. E. F. Benson takes a strange delight in morbid psychology. "Paul," his latest effort in this direction, is an exceedingly unpleasant but interesting study of a man who finds a special joy in wanton and malicious cruelty. There is an abundance of melodramatic action; nevertheless, the book,* in the opinion of some of the critics, fails to grip. The result, remarks *The Bookman* (London), must be pronounced subtle rather than passionate. *The Evening Post* seeks to explain the author's failure to convince by his

"curiously feminine talent." "By this," it adds, "we do not mean precisely effeminate":

"He does not mince in his gait or speak in falsetto; but his progress is attended by a kind of emotional *frou-frou*. His characters are always in a flutter of spirits, whether high or low; it is hard to take such volatile persons with becoming seriousness, however grave the predicament into which the author may for the moment immerse them."

The Athenaeum is disposed to rank this novel as the best work accomplished by Mr. Benson since the public ear was captured first by the specious cleverness of "Dodo." The chief character of the novel is a puny man with a nature so crippled as to render him almost inhuman. No devil, says a reviewer, could have been more fiendish than Theodore Beckwith, who throws Norah, his wife, and his secretary, Paul, the man she loves, together of set purpose, who delights to torture and to see his victims writhe in anguish, and whose diabolic cruelty extends beyond the grave. But, remarks Frederick Taber Cooper in *The Bookman* (New York), unpleasant as he is, Beckwith has the merit of being original, and when, half way through the story, the author strikes off his head with a sweep of the pen, the interest of the book dies with him. To quote further:

"A husband who is not only devoid of jealousy, but actually foresees that his wife is likely to fall in love with another man, and makes that man his secretary so as to secure his constant presence in the house, and amuse himself by watching the struggles of the luckless couple against their growing infatuation, is at least a novelty in fiction, although a rather morbid one. But after Paul has simplified the situation by running an automobile over Theodore, there follows a wearisome delay while Paul is mentally outgrowing his boyhood and becoming enough of a man to decide whether he really meant at the last moment to run over Theodore, and if he did mean to do so, whether it is his duty to confess to Norah that he is the murderer of her husband. And when he finally does muster up the courage to tell her, she just looks at him and intimates that she has known it all the time and loves him all the better for it. This ought to satisfy Paul, but it doesn't. He continues to feel that he ought to make some sort of atonement for his sin. The idea stays by him, even after he and Norah are married. But the dead Theodore has left behind him a constant reminder in the shape of an infant son; and after the rearing of infants, it learns in time to use its feet, and one day manages to toddle away from its mother across the railway tracks, directly in the course of an oncoming express train. Paul knows at once that the hour for his atonement has come. He flings himself before the train, fishes Theodore's child from under the engine's wheels and tumbles headlong beyond the tracks. Then the train is gone, and Norah is saying to him, 'You gave your life for the child. You gave it to Theodore!' And Paul answers in all seriousness, 'Yes, at least I meant to.'"

*PAUL. By E. F. Benson. J. B. Lippincott.

Robin Redbreast—By Selma Lagerlof

This little tale by Sweden's noted writer of mystical stories has in it the simplicity of a nursery rhyme and the beauty of perfect art. The translation from the Swedish is made by Volma Swanston Howard for *The Bookman*, with whose permission we reproduce it.



It happened at that time when our Lord created the world, when He not only made heaven and earth, but all the animals and the vegetable growths as well, at the same time giving them their names.

There have been many histories concerning that time, and if we knew them all, we would then have light upon everything in this world which we cannot now comprehend.

At that time it happened, one day, when our Lord sat in His Paradise and painted the little birds, that the colors in our Lord's paint pot gave out, and the goldfinch would have been without color if our Lord had not wiped all His paint brushes on its feathers.

It was then that the donkey got his long ears, because he could not remember the name that had been given him. No sooner had he taken a few steps along the meadows of Paradise than he forgot, and three times he came back to ask his name. At last our Lord grew somewhat impatient, took him by his two ears and said: "Thy name is ass, ass, ass!" And while He thus spake our Lord pulled both of his ears that the ass might hear better, and remember what was said to him.

It was on the same day, also, that the bee was punished.

Now, when the bee was created, it began immediately to gather honey, and the animals and human beings who caught the delicious odor of the honey came and wanted to taste of it. But the bee wanted to keep it all for himself, and with his poisonous sting pursued every living creature that approached his hive. Our Lord saw this and at once called the bee and punished it.

"I gave thee the gift of gathering honey, which is the sweetest thing in all creation," said our Lord, "but I did not give thee the right to be cruel to thy neighbor. Remember well that every time thou stingest any creature who desires to taste of thy honey thou shalt surely die!"

Ah, yes! it was at that time that the cricket became blind and the ant missed her wings.

So many strange things happened on that day!

Our Lord sat there, big and gentle, and planned and created all day long, and towards evening He conceived the idea of making a little grey bird. "Remember your name is robin redbreast," said our Lord to the bird, as soon as it was

finished. Then He held it in the palm of His open hand and let it fly.

After the bird had been testing his wings a bit, and had seen something of the beautiful world in which he was destined to live, he became curious to see what he himself was like. He noticed that he was entirely grey, and that the breast was just as grey as all the rest of him. Robin redbreast twisted and turned in every direction as he viewed himself in the mirror of a clear lake, but he couldn't find a single red feather. Then he flew back to our Lord.

Our Lord sat there on His throne, big and gentle. Out of His hands came butterflies that fluttered about His head, doves cooed on His shoulders, and out of the earth about Him grew the rose, the lily and the daisy.

The little bird's heart beat heavily with fright, but with easy curves he flew nearer and nearer our Lord till at last he rested on our Lord's hand. Then our Lord asked what the little bird wanted.

"I only want to ask you about one thing," said the little bird.

"What is it that you wish to know?" said our Lord.

"Why should I be called redbreast, when I am all grey, from the bill to the very end of my tail? Why am I called redbreast when I do not possess one single red feather?"

The bird looked beseechingly on our Lord with its tiny black eyes—then turned its head. About him he saw pheasants all red under a sprinkle of gold dust, cocks with red combs, parrots with marvelous red-neck bands, to say nothing about the butterflies, the goldfinches and the roses! And naturally he thought how little he needed—just one tiny drop of color on his breast—and he, too, would be a beautiful bird, and not a misnomer. "Why should I be called redbreast when I am so entirely grey?" asked the bird once again, and waited for our Lord to say—Ah! my friend, I see that I have forgotten to paint your breast feathers red, but wait a moment and all shall be done.

But our Lord only smiled a little and said: "I have called you robin redbreast, and robin redbreast shall your name be, but you must look to it that you yourself earn your red breast feathers." Then our Lord lifted His hand and let the bird fly once more—out into the world.

The bird flew down into Paradise, meditating deeply. What could a little bird like him do to earn for himself red feathers? The only thing he could think of was to make his nest in a brier bush. He built it in among the thorns in the close thicket. It looked as if he waited for a roseleaf to cling to his throat and give him color.

Countless years had come and gone since that day, which was the happiest in all the world! Human beings had already advanced so far that they had learned to cultivate the earth and sail the seas. They had procured clothes and ornaments for themselves, and had long since learned to build big temples and great cities—such as Thebes, Rome and Jerusalem.

Then there dawned a new day, one that will long be remembered in the world's history. On the morning of this day robin redbreast sat upon a little naked hillock outside of Jerusalem's walls and sang to his young ones, who rested in a tiny nest in a brier bush.

Robin redbreast told the little ones all about that wonderful day of creation, and how the Lord had given names to everything, just as each redbreast had told it, ever since the first redbreast had heard God's word and gone out of God's hand. "And mark you," he ended sorrowfully, "so many years have gone, so many roses have bloomed, so many little birds have come out of their eggs since Creation day, but robin redbreast is still a little grey bird. He has not yet succeeded in gaining his red feathers."

The young ones opened wide their tiny bills, and asked if their forbears had never tried to do any great thing to earn the priceless red color.

"We have all done what we could," said the little bird, "but we have all gone amiss. Even the first robin redbreast met one day another bird exactly like himself, and he began immediately to love it with such a mighty love that he could feel his breast glow. Ah! he thought then, now I understand! It was our Lord's meaning that I should love with so much ardor that my breast should grow red in color from the very warmth of the love that lives in my heart. But he missed it, as all those who came after him had missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little ones twittered, utterly bewildered, and began to mourn because the red color would not come to beautify their little downy grey breasts.

"We had also hoped that song would help us," said the grown-up bird, speaking in long drawn-out tones. "The first robin redbreast sang until

his breast swelled within him, he was so carried away—and he dared to hope anew. Ah! he thought, it is the glow of the song which lives in my soul that will color my breast feathers red. But he missed it, as all the others have missed it, and as even you shall miss it." Again was heard a sad "peep" from the young ones' half-naked throats.

"We had also counted on our courage and our valor," said the bird. "The first robin redbreast fought bravely with other birds until his breast flamed with the pride of conquest. Ah! he thought, my breast feathers shall become red from the love of battle which burns in my heart. He too missed it, as all those who came after him had missed it, and, as even you shall miss it." The young ones peeped courageously that they still wished to try and win the much-sought-after prize, but the bird answered them sorrowfully that it would be impossible. What could they do when so many splendid ancestors had missed the mark? What could they do more than love, sing and fight? What could—

The little bird stopped short in the middle of the sentence, for out of one of Jerusalem's gates came a crowd of people marching, and the whole procession rushed up towards the hillock where the bird had its nest. There were riders on proud horses, soldiers with long spears, executioners with nails and hammers. There were judges and priests in the procession, weeping women, and above all a mob of mad, loose people running about—a filthy, howling mob of loiterers.

The little grey bird sat trembling on the edge of his nest. He feared each instant that the little brier bush would be trampled down and his young ones killed!

"Be careful!" he cried to the little defenceless young ones, "creep together and remain quiet. Here comes a horse that will ride right over us! Here comes a warrior with iron-shod sandals! Here comes the whole wild, storming mob!" Immediately the bird ceased his cry of warning and grew calm and quiet. He almost forgot the danger hovering over him. Finally he hopped down into his nest and spread his wings over the young ones.

"Oh! this is too terrible," said he; "I don't want you to witness this awful sight! There are three miscreants who are going to be crucified!" And he spread his wings so the little ones could see nothing.

They caught only the sound of hammers, the cries of anguish and the wild shrieks of the mob.

Robin redbreast followed the whole spectacle with his eyes, which grew big with terror. He could not take his glance from the three unfortunates.

"How terrible human beings are!" said the bird after a little. "It isn't enough that they should nail these poor creatures to a cross, but they must needs place a crown of piercing thorns on the head of one of them. I see that the thorns have wounded his brow so that the blood flows," he continued. "And this man is so beautiful—and he looks about him with such mild glances that every one ought to love him. I feel as if an arrow were shooting through my heart when I see him suffer!"

The little bird began to feel a stronger and stronger pity for the thorn-crowned sufferer. Oh! if I were only my brother the eagle, thought he, I would draw the nails from his hands, and with my strong claws I would drive away all those who torture him. He saw how the blood trickled down, from the brow of the crucified one, and he could no longer remain quiet in his nest. Even if I am little and weak, I can still do something for this poor tortured one—thought the bird. Then he left his nest and flew out into the air, striking wide circles around the crucified one. He flew about him several times without daring to approach, for he was a

shy little bird who had never dared to go near a human being. But little by little he gained courage, flew close to him and drew with his little bill a thorn that had become imbedded in the brow of the crucified one. And as he did this there fell on his breast a drop of blood from the face of the crucified one. It spread quickly and colored all the little thin breast feathers.

Then the crucified one opened his lips and whispered to the bird: "Because of thy compassion, thou hast won all that thy kind have been striving after ever since the world was created."

As soon as the bird had returned to his nest his young ones cried to him: "Thy breast is red, thy breast feathers are redder than the roses!"

"It is only a drop of blood from the poor man's forehead," said the bird. "It will vanish as soon as I bathe in a pool or a clear well."

But no matter how much the little bird bathed, the red color did not vanish. And when his little ones grew up, the blood-red color shone also on their breast feathers, just as it shines on every robin redbreast's throat and breast until this very day.

Don Cæsar's Adventure—By Victor Hugo

This humorous skit has never before, so far as we know, been published in English. It is taken from one of the author's note-books as published in the complete edition of his works in France. It is not, of course, a finished product, but a mere sketch or memorandum designed for future use.

[*Madrid. A street in the suburbs.*]

Don CÆSAR—The son of a beggar woman and a captain, draped for twenty years in a fustian clout, the color of which was never known even to himself; academician, spy and thief, an ornament of Helicon.

Don Cæsar: In what was once my pocket and is now a hole, not the meanest farthing jingles with a sou! Your music, O sequins, is better than that of the zither or the lute! A most sinister situation—that of the mortal who has no sequins in his rags! Nothing else resembles their gay music.

(*Don Cæsar pauses in his tatters. Then appears a passer-by magnificently clad, who has a hurried and restless air. Don Cæsar in his rags confronts him and admires his splendor, indulging in a curious monolog. The passer-by returns his greeting, then addresses him.*)

Passer-by: Let us change clothes.

Don Cæsar (with amazement): What!

Passer-by: How much will you sell me your costume for?

Don Cæsar (looking at his rags): A costume, this!

Passer-by: Name your price.

Don Cæsar (showing his vest): This is a posthumous doublet. Yesterday it existed; to-day it is dead. The hideous blasts bite me through this cloak, and I can see the stars through mine ancient hat.

Passer-by: Come, how many crowns do you want? Speak!

Don Cæsar: What! crowns into the bargain! (*He consents in joyous amazement. The passer-by begins to strip Don Cæsar in feverish haste.*)

Don Cæsar: Take care! You are unveiling my nudity to the startled people, and in despite of my weeping modesty.

(*They change clothes. Cæsar becomes a lord and the passer-by a beggar.*)

Don Cæsar (gazing upon the passer-by in rags): How frightful I looked!

(*The passer-by disappears. Don Cæsar takes a few steps, strutting about in his fine clothes. Enter a force of soldiery who surround him.*)

Soldiers: Ah! here he is! 'Tis he! Assassin! Follow us, dog!

Don Cæsar: Sirs, this is a mistake. But what of it? It is an adventure, and I accept it.

(*The gentleman with whom Don Cæsar had exchanged clothes was a man who had been condemned to death and had escaped from prison on the eve of the day set for his execution. Don Cæsar's denial was in vain, and he was imprisoned. A beautiful, rich and noble woman offers him her hand. Astonishment of Don Cæsar. All is explained. The beautiful woman wishes a husband as a step towards being a widow, a charming state. A gentleman about to be hanged will suit her perfectly.*)

Hamlet and Don Quixote

(Continued from page 293)

Dulcinea.") He loves purely, ideally; so ideally that he does not even suspect that the object of his passion does not exist at all; so purely that, when Dulcinea appears before him in the guise of a rough and dirty peasant-woman, he trusts not the testimony of his eyes, and regards her as transformed by some evil wizard.

I myself have seen in my life, on my wanderings, people who laid down their lives for equally non-existent Dulcineas or for a vulgar and oftentimes filthy something or other, in which they saw the realization of their ideal, and whose transformation they likewise attributed to evil—I almost said bewitching—events and persons. I have seen them, and when their like shall cease to exist, then let the book of history be closed forever: there will be nothing in it to read about. Of sensuality there is not even a trace in Don Quixote. All his thoughts are chaste and innocent, and in the secret depths of his heart he hardly hopes for an ultimate union with Dulcinea,—indeed, he almost dreads such a union.

And does Hamlet really love? Has his ironic creator, a most profound judge of the human heart, really determined to give this egotist, this skeptic, saturated with every decomposing poison of self-analysis, a loving and devout heart? Shakespeare did not fall into this contradiction; and it does not cost the attentive reader much pains to convince himself that Hamlet is a sensual man, and even secretly voluptuous. (It is not for nothing that the courtier Rosencrantz smiles slyly when Hamlet says in his hearing that he is tired of women.) Hamlet does not love, I say, but only pretends—and mawkishly—that he loves. On this we have the testimony of Shakespeare himself. In the first scene of the third act Hamlet says to Ophelia: "I did love you once." Then ensues the colloquy:

Ophelia: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet: You should not have believed me . . . I loved you not.

And having uttered this last word, Hamlet is much nearer the truth than he supposed. His feelings for Ophelia—an innocent creature, pure as a saintess—are either cynical (recollect his words, his equivocal allusions, when, in the scene representing the theater, he asks her permission to lie . . . in her lap), or else hollow (direct your attention to the scene between him and Laertes, when Hamlet jumps into Ophelia's grave and says, in language worthy of Bramarbas or of Captain Pistol: "Forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make

up my sum. . . . Let them throw millions of acres on us," etc.).

All his relations with Ophelia are for Hamlet only the occasions for preoccupation with his own self, and in his exclamation, "O, Nymph! in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!" we see but the deep consciousness of his own sickly inanition, a lack of strength to love, on the part of the almost superstitious worshiper before "the Saintess of Chastity."

But enough has been said of the dark sides of the Hamlet type, of those phases which irritate us most because they are nearer and more familiar to us. I will endeavor to appreciate whatever may be legitimate in him, and therefore enduring. Hamlet embodies the doctrine of negation, that same doctrine which another great poet has divested of everything human and presented in the form of Mephistopheles. Hamlet is the self-same Mephistopheles, but a Mephistopheles embraced by the living circle of human nature: hence his negation is not an evil, but is itself directed against evil. Hamlet casts doubt upon goodness, but does not question the existence of evil; in fact, he wages relentless war upon it. He entertains suspicions concerning the genuineness and sincerity of good; yet his attacks are made not upon goodness, but upon a counterfeit goodness, beneath whose mask are secreted evil and falsehood, its immemorial enemies. He does not laugh the diabolic, impersonal laughter of Mephistopheles; in his bitterest smile there is pathos, which tells of his sufferings and therefore reconciles us to him. Hamlet's skepticism, moreover, is not indifference, and in this consists his significance and merit. In his makeup good and evil, truth and falsehood, beauty and ugliness, are not blurred into an accidental, dumb and vague something or other. The skepticism of Hamlet, which leads him to distrust things contemporaneous,—the realization of truth, so to speak,—is irreconcilably at war with falsehood, and through this very quality he becomes one of the foremost champions of a truth in which he himself cannot fully believe. But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive force, and how can we keep it within bounds or show exactly where it is to stop, when that which it must destroy and that which it should spare are frequently blended and bound up together inseparably? This is where the oft-observed tragedy of human life comes into evidence: doing presupposes thinking, but thought and the will have separated, and are separating daily more and more. "And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Shakespeare tells us in the words of Hamlet.

And so, on the one side stand the Hamlets—reflective, conscientious, often all-comprehensive, but as often also useless and doomed to immobility; and on the other the half-crazy Don Quixotes, who help and influence mankind only to the extent that they see but a single point—often non-existent in the form they see it. Unwillingly the questions arise: Must one really be a lunatic to believe in the truth? And, must the mind that has obtained control of itself lose, therefore, all its power?

We should be led very far indeed even by a superficial consideration of these questions.

I shall confine myself to the remark that in this separation, in this dualism which I have mentioned, we should recognize a fundamental law of all human life. This life is nothing else than an eternal struggle and everlasting reconciliation of two ceaselessly diverging and continually uniting elements. If I did not fear startling your ears with philosophical terms, I would venture to say that the Hamlets are an expression of the fundamental centripetal force of nature, in accordance with which every living thing considers itself the center of creation and looks down upon everything else as existing for its sake. Thus the mosquito that settled on the forehead of Alexander the Great, in calm confidence of its right, fed on his blood as food which belonged to it; just so Hamlet, though he scorns himself—a thing the mosquito does not do, not having risen to this level,—always takes everything on his own account. Without this centripetal force—the force of egotism—nature could no more exist than without the other, the centrifugal force, according to whose law everything exists only for something else. This force, the principle of devotion and self-sacrifice, illuminated, as I have already stated, by a comic light, is represented by the Don Quixotes. These two forces of inertia and motion, of conservatism and progress, are the fundamental forces of all existing things. They explain to us the growth of a little flower; they give us a key to the understanding of the development of the most powerful peoples.

I hasten to pass from these perhaps irrelevant speculations to other considerations more familiar to us.

I know that, of all Shakespeare's works, "Hamlet" is perhaps the most popular. This tragedy belongs to the list of plays that never fail to crowd the theater. In view of the modern attitude of our public and its aspiration toward self-consciousness and reflection, its scruples about itself and its buoyancy of spirit, this phenomenon is clear. But, to say nothing of the beauties in which this most excellent expression

of the modern spirit abounds, one cannot help marveling at the master-genius who, tho himself in many respects akin to his Hamlet, cleft him from himself by a free sweep of creative force, and set up his model for the lasting study of posterity. The spirit which created this model is that of a northern man, a spirit of meditation and analysis, a spirit heavy and gloomy, devoid of harmony and bright color, not rounded into exquisite, oftentimes shallow, forms; but deep, strong, varied, independent, and guiding. Out of his very bosom he has plucked the type of Hamlet; and in so doing has shown that, in the realm of poetry, as in other spheres of human life, he stands above his child, because he fully understands it.

The spirit of a southerner went into the creation of Don Quixote, a spirit light and merry, naïve and impressionable,—one that does not enter into the mysteries of life, that reflects phenomena rather than comprehends them.

At this point I cannot resist the desire, not to draw a parallel between Shakespeare and Cervantes, but simply to indicate a few points of likeness and of difference. Shakespeare and Cervantes—how can there be any comparison? some will ask. Shakespeare, that giant, that demigod! . . . Yes, but Cervantes is not a pigmy beside the giant who created "King Lear." He is a man—a man to the full; and a man has the right to stand on his feet even before a demigod. Undoubtedly Shakespeare presses hard upon Cervantes—and not him alone—by the wealth and power of his imagination, by the brilliancy of his greatest poetry, by the depth and breadth of a colossal mind. But then you will not find in Cervantes' romance any strained witticisms or unnatural comparisons or feigned concepts; nor will you meet in his pages with decapitations, picked eyes, and those streams of blood, that dull and iron cruelty, which are the terrible heirloom of the Middle Ages, and are disappearing less rapidly in obstinate northern natures. And yet Cervantes, like Shakespeare, lived in the epoch that witnessed St. Bartholomew's night; and long after that time heretics were burned and blood continued to flow—shall it ever cease to flow? "Don Quixote" reflects the Middle Ages, if only in the provincial poetry and narrative grace of those romances which Cervantes so good-humoredly derided, and to which he himself paid the last tribute in "Persiles and Sigismunda." Shakespeare takes his models from everywhere—from heaven and earth,—he knows no limitations; nothing can escape his all-pervading glance. He seizes his subjects with irresistible power, like an eagle pouncing upon its prey. Cervantes presents his

not over-numerous characters to his readers gently, as a father his children. He takes only what is close to him, but with that how familiar he is! Everything human seems subservient to the mighty English poet; Cervantes draws his wealth from his own heart only—a heart sunny, kind, and rich in life's experience, but not hardened by it. It was not in vain that during seven years of hard bondage* Cervantes was learning, as he himself said, the science of patience. The circle of his experience is narrower than Shakespeare's, but in that, as in every separate living person, is reflected all that is human. Cervantes does not dazzle you with thundering words; he does not shock you with the titanic force of triumphant inspiration; his poetry—sometimes turbid, and by no means Shakespearean—is like a deep river, rolling calmly between variegated banks; and the reader, gradually allured, then hemmed in on every side by its transparent waves, cheerfully resigns himself to the truly epic calm and fluidity of its course.

The imagination gladly evokes the figures of these two contemporary poets, who died on the very same day, the 26th of April, 1616.* Cervantes probably knew nothing of Shakespeare, but the great tragedian in the quietude of his Stratford home, whither he had retired for the three years preceding his death, could have read through the famous novel, which had already been translated into English. A picture worthy of the brush of a contemplative artist—Shakespeare reading "Don Quixote!" Fortunate are the countries where such men arise, teachers of their generation and of posterity. The unfading wreath with which a great man is crowned rests also upon the brow of his people.

A certain English Lord—a good judge in the matter—once spoke in my hearing of Don Quixote as a model of a real gentleman. Surely, if simplicity and a quiet demeanor are the distinguishing marks of what we call a thorough gentleman, Don Quixote has a good claim to his title. He is a veritable *hidalgo*,—a *hidalgo* even when the jeering servants of the prince are lathering his whole face. The simplicity of his manners proceeds from the absence of what I would venture to call his self-love, and not his *self-conceit*. Don Quixote is not busied with himself, and, respecting himself and others, does not think of showing off. But Hamlet, with all his exquisite setting, is, it seems to me,—excuse the French expression—*ayant des airs de parvenu*; he is troublesome—at times even rude,—and he poses and scoffs. To make up for this,

he was given the power of original and apt expression, a power inherent in every being in whom is implanted the habit of reflection and self-development—and therefore utterly unattainable so far as Don Quixote is concerned. The depth and keenness of analysis in Hamlet, his many-sided education (we must not forget that he studied at the Wittenberg University), have developed in him a taste almost unerring. He is an excellent critic; his advice to the actors is strikingly true and judicious. The sense of the beautiful is as strong in him as the sense of duty in Don Quixote.

Don Quixote deeply respects all existing orders—religions, monarchs, and dukes—and is at the same time free himself and recognizes the freedom of others. Hamlet rebukes kings and courtiers, but is in reality oppressive and intolerant.

Don Quixote is hardly literate; Hamlet probably kept a diary. Don Quixote, with all his ignorance, has a definite way of thinking about matters of government and administration; Hamlet has neither time nor need to think of such matters.

Many have objected to the endless blows with which Cervantes burdens Don Quixote. I have already remarked that in the second part of the romance the poor knight is almost unmolested. But I will add that, without these beatings, he would be less pleasing to children, who read his adventures with such avidity; and to us grown-ups he would not appear in his true light, but rather in a cold and haughty aspect, which would be incompatible with his character. Another interesting point is involved here. At the very end of the romance, after Don Quixote's complete discomfiture by the Knight of the White Moon, the disguised college bachelor, and following his renunciation of knight-errantry, shortly before his death, a herd of swine trample him under foot. I once happened to hear Cervantes criticized for writing this, on the ground that he was repeating the old tricks already abandoned; but herein Cervantes was guided by the instinct of genius, and this very ugly incident has a deep meaning. The trampling under pigs' feet is always encountered in the lives of Don Quixotes, and just before their close. This is the last tribute they must pay to rough chance, to indifference and cruel misunderstanding; it is the slap in the face from the Pharisees. Then they can die. They have passed through all the fire of the furnace, have won immortality for themselves, and it opens before them.

Hamlet is occasionally double-faced and heartless. Think of how he planned the deaths of the two courtiers sent to England by the king. Recall his speech on Polonius, whom he murdered.

*Recent biographies of Cervantes give the period of his captivity as five years, and the date of his death April 23rd.—Translator.

In this, however, we see, as already observed, a reflection of the medieval spirit recently outgrown. On the other hand, we must note in the honest, veracious Don Quixote the disposition to a half-conscious, half-innocent deception, to self-delusion—a disposition almost always present in the fancy of an enthusiast. His account of what he saw in the cave of Montesinos was obviously invented by him, and did not deceive the smart commoner, Sancho Panza.

Hamlet, on the slightest ill-success, loses heart and complains; but Don Quixote, pummelled senseless by galley slaves, has not the least doubt as to the success of his undertaking. In the same spirit Fourier is said to have gone to his office every day, for many years, to meet an Englishman he had invited, through the newspapers, to furnish him with a million francs to carry out his plans; but, of course, the benefactor of his dreams never appeared. This was certainly a very ridiculous proceeding, and it calls to mind this thought: The ancients considered their gods jealous, and, in case of need, deemed it useful to appease them by voluntary offerings (recollect the ring cast into the sea by Polycrates); why, then, should we not believe that some share of the ludicrous must inevitably be mingled with the acts, with the very character, of people moved unto great and novel deeds,—as a bribe, as a soothing offering, to the jealous gods? Without these comical crank-pioneers, mankind could not progress, and there would not be anything for the Hamlets to reflect upon.

The Don Quixotes discover; the Hamlets develop. But how, I shall be asked, can the Hamlets evolve anything when they doubt all things and believe in nothing? My rejoinder is that, by a wise dispensation of Nature, there are neither thoro Hamlets nor complete Don Quixotes; these are but extreme manifestations of two tendencies—guide-posts set up by the poets on two different roads. Life tends toward them, but never reaches the goal. We must not forget that, just as the principle of analysis is carried in Hamlet to tragedy, so the element of enthusiasm runs in Don Quixote to comedy; but in life, the purely comic and the purely tragic are seldom encountered.

Hamlet gains much in our estimation from Horatio's attachment for him. This character is excellent, and is frequently met with in our day, to the credit of the times. In Horatio I recognize the type of the disciple, the pupil, in the best sense of the word. With a stoical and direct nature, a warm heart, and a somewhat limited understanding, he is aware of his shortcomings, and is modest—something rare in people of limited intellect. He thirsts for learning,

for instruction, and therefore venerates the wise Hamlet, and is devoted to him with all the might of his honest heart, not demanding even reciprocation. He defers to Hamlet, not as to a prince but as to a chief. One of the most important services of the Hamlets consists in forming and developing persons like Horatio; persons who, having received from them the seeds of thought, fertilize them in their hearts, and then scatter them broadcast through the world. The words in which Hamlet acknowledges Horatio's worth, honor himself. In them is expressed his own conception of the great worth of Man, his noble aspirations, which no skepticism is strong enough to weaken.

"Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

The honest skeptic always respects a stoic. When the ancient world had crumbled away—and in every epoch like unto that—the best people took refuge in stoicism as the only creed in which it was still possible to preserve man's dignity. The skeptics, if they lacked the strength to die—to betake themselves to the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns,"—turned epicureans; a plain, sad phenomenon, with which we are but too familiar.

Both Hamlet and Don Quixote die a touching death; and yet how different are their ends! Hamlet's last words are sublime. He resigns himself, grows calm, bids Horatio live, and raises his dying voice in behalf of young Fortinbras, the unstained representative of the right of succession. Hamlet's eyes are not turned forward. "The rest is silence," says the dying skeptic, as he actually becomes silent forever. The death of Don Quixote sends an inexpressible emotion through one's heart. In that instant the full significance of this personality is accessible to all. When his former page, trying to comfort Don Quixote, tells him that they shall soon again start out on an expedition of knight-errantry, the expiring knight replies: "No, all is now over forever, and I ask everyone's forgiveness; I am no longer Don Quixote, I am again Alonzo the good, as I was once called—Alonso el Bueno."

This word is remarkable. The mention of this nickname for the first and last time makes the reader tremble. Yes, only this single word still has a meaning, in the face of death. All things shall pass away, everything shall vanish—the highest station, power, the all-inclusive genius,—all to dust shall crumble. "All earthly greatness vanishes like smoke." But noble deeds are more enduring than resplendent beauty. "Everything shall pass," the apostle said, "love alone shall endure."



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A REASONABLE OPTIMIST

"Life in Washington," says William H. Taft, Secretary of War, in his recent Yale lectures, "leads most men who are impartial and who take broad views of affairs to a condition of reasonable optimism as to the progress toward better things. . . . It is not unfair to say that there is a high standard of morality and public conduct throughout all the departments and the legislative and executive branches of the Government."